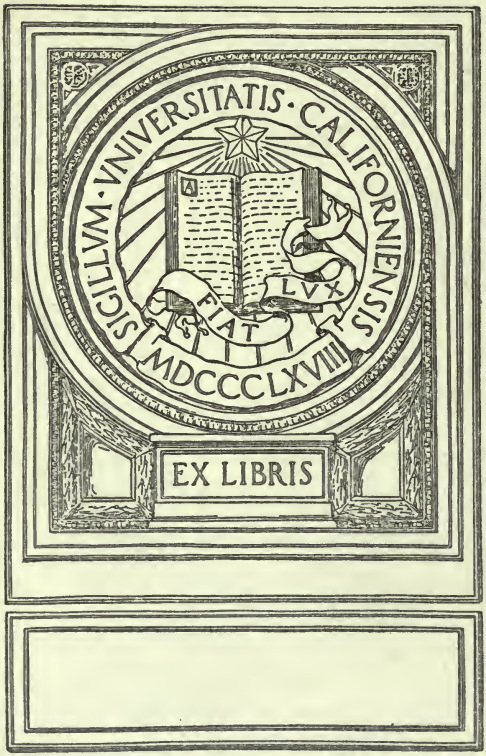
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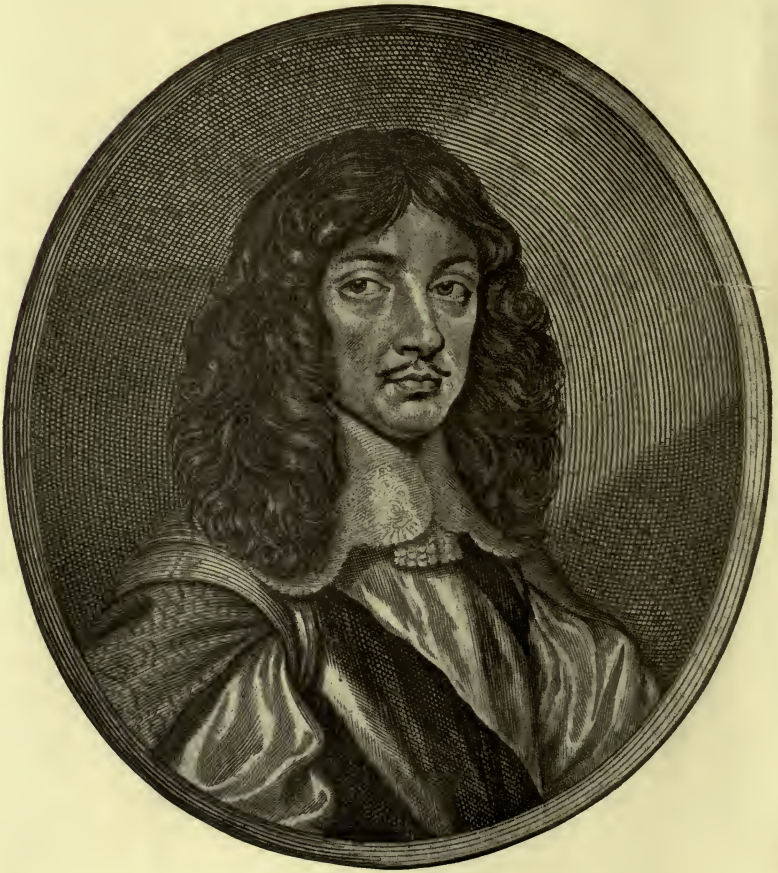
CHARLES II AND HIS COURT



CHARLES II ABOUT 1651

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY FAITHORNE

CHARLES II AND HIS COURT

BY

A. C. A. BRETT

WITH SEVENTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
LONDON: METHUEN & CO. LTD.
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TO
MY FATHER AND MOTHER

257047

PREFACE

I WISH to thank heartily and sincerely for help, the following persons:—In the compilation of the text: my Wife; the Rev. F. A. Hibbert, M.A., Headmaster of Denstone College; Messrs. A. C. Wentworth Lewis, O. Nicholas, A. H. Montagu, and G. A. T. Davies; for reading through the MS., etc., and making many useful suggestions: my Mother, and Professor and Mrs. Herbert Bruce, of Cardiff.

C. B.

ALTON, STAFFORDSHIRE,
14 September, 1910.

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CHARLES II AND HIS COURT

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS, 1630–49

"And that his birth should be more singular,
At noon of day was seen a silver star."
HERRICK, *Pastoral Upon the Birth of Prince Charles.*

Birth and christening of Charles—Stories of his childhood—Lord Newcastle and Brian Duppa, his tutors—Succeeded by Lord Hertford, he by Lord Berkshire—The Civil War—Charles and James at Edgehill—The Prince of Wales at Reading—Oxford—Cropredy Bridge—Newbury—Oxford again—He is made General of the Western Association—Travels by Devizes and Bath to Bristol—Mrs. Wyndham—The Prince in Devonshire and Cornwall—Goes to the Scilly Isles—Debates as to Charles' ultimate destination—Lady Fanshawe's Account of the Scilly Isles and of Jersey—The Prince in Jersey—His household and occupations—He goes to France—His cool reception—His personal appearance—Mlle. de Montpensier—Escape of James of York from England—Attempted sea fight between the Prince and Lord Warwick's fleet—Paris in the Fronde—Poverty of Henrietta Maria—Gilles de Retz—Prince Charles stays with the Prince of Orange—Murder of King Charles—Effect upon the Cavaliers and upon Charles II.

"THE husband of my son's nurse going to France about some business of his wife, I write you this letter by him, believing that you will be very glad to ask him news of my son, of whom, I think, you have seen the portrait that I sent the queen, my mother. He is so ugly that I am ashamed of him; but his size and features supply the want of beauty. I wish you could see

the gentleman, for he has no ordinary mien; he is so serious in all that he does that I cannot help deeming him far wiser than myself. . . . He is so fat that he is taken for a year old, and he is only four months. His teeth are already beginning to come. I will send you his portrait as soon as he is a little fairer, for at present he is so dark that I am ashamed of him."[1]

This baby was Charles, Prince of Wales, born 29 May, 1630; his mother is describing him in a letter to her old governess, Mme. de Motteville. His birth was greeted by innumerable poems, most of them containing some allusion to the star which had been visible as Charles I rode to St. Paul's to give thanks for the Queen's delivery.[2] From this omen "most men presaged that that prince should be of high undertakings and of no common glory among kings." If he had spoken of this later in life, Charles II might well have anticipated the words of Pope's Achilles, "Portents and prodigies are lost on me!" If, however, the star was, as Lilly the astrologer declared, the planet Venus, its appearance was certainly appropriate enough.

"The star-led birth of Charles the Prince," so auspicious for European politics, was the prelude to one of the most troubled and stormy youths ever spent by a royal child. Charles' earliest years, however, were comparatively happy and normal. At his birth he was declared Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester; and he received the Garter at Windsor when he was eight. His christening was a sufficiently splendid ceremony, even though certain hopes of preferment appear to have been disappointed. He was baptized on Sunday "about four in the afternoon, at St. James', in the King's little chapel (not in the Queen's), by my Lord of London,[3] Dean of the Chapel, assisted by the Bishop of

[1] Strickland, viij. 60; Clayton, i.; and Airy, pp. 4, 5.

[2] Cf. Cowley's *Ode on His Majesty's Restauration and Return*, st. i.; Dryden, *Astræa Redux*, ll. 288 *sqq.*; and *Annus Mirabilis*, st. 18; and Waller's poem on *St. James' Park*, etc.

[3] Laud.

the gentleman, for he has no ordinary mien; he is so serious in all that he does that I cannot help deeming him far wiser than myself. . . . He is so fat that he is taken for a year old, and he is only four months. His teeth are already beginning to come. I will send you his portrait as soon as he is a little fairer, for at present he is so dark that I am ashamed of him."[1]

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[3] Laud.

HENRIETTA MARIA OF FRANCE, QUEEN OF ENGLAND

FROM THE PAINTING BY VANDYCK IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Norwich, almoner. The gossips were the French King, the Palsgrave, and the Queen-Mother of France; the deputies, the Duke of Lennox, Marquis Hamilton, and the Duchess of Richmond, which last was exceedingly bountiful. The ordnance and chambers of the Tower were discharged, the bells did ring, and at night were in the streets plenty of flaming bonfires. The Duchess was sent for by 3 lords, divers knights and gentlemen, 6 footmen, and a coach with 6 horses plumed (all the Queen's), and alighted not without the gate, but within the court. Her retinue were 6 women, and gentlemen I know not how many. But all, of both sexes, were clad in white satin, garnished with crimson, and crimson silk stockings. I hear not of any presents from the gossips; but the Duchesse for her own particular, presented to the Queen for the Prince, a jewel estimated at seven or 8000£; to the Welch[1] nurse a chain of rubies estimated at 200£; to the midwife and dry nurse, store of massy plate; to the 6 rockers, each a fair cup, a salt, and a dozen of spoons. All the Lords also gave plate to the nurse. Besides, the Duchess gave to every knight and gentleman of the Queen's who came for her, and brought her back to her house in the Strand, 50 pieces; to the coachman 20, and to every of the 6 footmen, 10 pieces. There were neither lords nor knights made that I hear of, as there was said there would be."[2]

In spite of the obvious reasons for such a description, we need not distrust Eglesfield's glowing account of Charles' good temper and genius as a child, since it is so well confirmed by the Prince's later life. Certain incidents of his childhood are all that remain to us, and not unnaturally, they are all interesting. "When he was but very young, he had a very strange and unaccountable

[1] Qy. Melch = milch? Or more probably Welsh, as the usual custom was for the Prince of Wales to have a Welsh nurse.

[2] Mr. Sam. Meddus to Mr. Jos. Meade, 2 July, 1630; ap. Peck, *Desiderata Curiosa*, ed. 1736; ij. 36, and quoted in Captain Clayton's *Personal History of Charles II*, ed. 1859, vol. i. p. 41.

fondness to a wooden billet, without which in his arms he would never go abroad or lie down in his bed ; from which the more observing sort of people gathered that when he came to years of maturity either oppressors or blockheads would be his greatest favourites ; or else that when he came to reign he would either be like Jupiter's log for everybody to deride and condemn ; or that he would rather choose to command his people with a club than rule them by the sword." Though afterwards so fine an athlete, Charles as a little child was forced to wear iron supports for his legs, which at length so oppressed his spirits, that an old rocker took it upon herself to remove and hide the irons, telling the Countess of Dorset, the head nurse, that she would take the responsibility for the action. The King was at first angry, but on being reminded that Lady Cary had done the same with him in his childhood, with good results, allowed the Prince to leave the irons off. In spite of this early weakness, and a broken arm, fever, and jaundice, in his tenth year, Charles grew gradually stronger, and at ten "he would ride leaping horses, and such as would overthrow others and manage them with the greatest skill and dexterity, to the admiration of all that beheld him."[1]

His advance in health and strength he owed to the Earl of Newcastle, who, together with Brian Duppa,[2] was appointed his tutor in April, 1637. These two early guides, unlike their successors, Hertford and Berkshire, were, perhaps, the best that could have been chosen for the young Prince. Clarendon says of Newcastle that he was "a very fine gentleman, active and full of courage, and most accomplished in those qualities of horsemanship, dancing, and fencing, which accompany a good breeding. Besides that he was amorous of poetry and music, in

[1] Memoirs of the Duke of Newcastle, by his wife.

[2] Then Bishop of Salisbury, and afterwards Bishop of Winchester. Charles always retained an affection for the Bishop, and visited him on his death-bed, and received his blessing.

which he indulged the greatest part of his time. He loved monarchy, as it was the foundation and support of his own greatness; and the Church, as it was well constituted for the splendour and security of the Crown; and religion, as it cherished and maintained that order and obedience that was necessary to both."[1] Newcastle was a little worldly, a little too stiff and ceremonious, a little too conscious of his own magnificence and worth, but one of the most faithful and efficient servants of Charles I. He left England after his defeat at Marston Moor, where his "white-coats" died in their ranks, and we shall meet him again, entertaining Charles II at Antwerp. His instructions to his royal pupil have been preserved and are extremely interesting, not only from the light they throw on Newcastle's opinions, but also from the comparison which they inevitably suggest between their advice and Charles' subsequent actions and course of life. The letter is as follows:[2] "May it please your Highness—since it pleased your most gracious father, his sacred Majesty, to think me worthy to be your governor, I will justify his Majesty's choice; for, what I may want in abilities I will make up with fidelity and duty to his Majesty, in diligence and service to you. Then for your education, sir, it is fit you should have some languages, though I confess I would rather have you study things than words, matter than language; for seldom a critic in many languages hath time to study sense, for words; and best he is, or can be, but a living dictionary. Besides, I would not have you too studious, for too much contemplation spoils action, and virtue consists in that. What you read, I would have it history, and the best chosen histories, that so you might compare the dead with the living; for the same humours

[1] *History of Rebellion.*

[2] From a copy preserved with the Royal Letters in Harl. MS. 6988, Art. 62. Printed by Ellis, *Original Letters*, ser. i. vol. iij. p. 288, and by C. H. Firth, in his edition of the *Life of Duke of Newcastle*, pp. 184–187. Quoted by Airy, *Charles II*, pp. 9–11.

is now as was then ; there is no alteration but in names, and though you meet not with a Cæsar for the Emperor of the whole world, yet he may have the same passions in him ; and you are not to compare fortunes so much as humours, wit, and judgment ; and thus you shall see the excellency and errors both of Kings and subjects ; and though you are young in years, yet living by your wading in all those times, be older in wisdom and judgment than Nature can afford any man to be without this help. For the arts, I would have you know them so far as they are of use, and especially those that are most proper for war and use ; but whensoever you are too studious your contemplation will spoil your government, for you cannot be a good contemplative man and a good commonwealth's man ; therefore, take heed of too much book. Beware of too much devotion for a King, for one may be a good man, but a bad King ; and how many will history represent to you that in seeming to gain the kingdom of heaven have lost their own ; and the old saying is, that short prayers pierce heaven's gates ; but if you be not religious (and not only seem so, but be so), God will not prosper you ; and if you have no reverence to Him, why should your subjects have any to you. At the best, you are accounted, for your greatest honour, His servant, His deputy, His anointed, and you owe as much reverence and duty to Him as we owe to you ; and why, nay justly, may He not punish you for want of reverence and service to Him, if you fail in it, as well as you to punish us ; but this subject I leave to the right reverend Father in God, Lord Bishop of Chichester, your worthy tutor : your tutor, sir, wherein you are most happy, since he hath no pedantry in him ; his learning he makes right use of, neither to trouble himself with it nor his friends ; reads men as well as books ; and goes the next way to everything that he should, and that is what he would, for his will is governed by that law ; the purity of his wit doth not spoil the serenity of his judgment ; travelled, which you shall perceive by his

wisdom and fashion more than by his relations ; and in a word strives as much discreetly to hide the scholar in him, as other men's follies to shew it ; and is a right gentleman, such a one as a man should be. But, sir, to fall back again to your reverence at prayers, so far as concerns reason and your advantage is my duty to tell you ; then I say, sir, were there no heaven or hell, you shall see the disadvantage for your government ; if you have no reverence at prayers, what will the people have, think you ? They go according to the example of the Princes ; if they have none, then they have no obedience to God ; there they will easily have none to your Highness ; no obedience, no subjects ; no subjects—then your power is off that side, and whether it be in one or more then that's King, and thus they will turn tables with you.[1] Of the other side, if any be Bible mad, overmuch burned with fiery zeal, they may think it a service to God to destroy you and say the Spirit moved them and bring some example of a king with a hard name in the Old Testament. Thus one way you may have a civil war, the other a private treason ; and he that cares not for his own life is master of another man's. For books thus much more ; the greatest clerks are not the wisest men ; and the great troublers of the world, the greatest captains, were not the greatest scholars ; neither have I known bookworms great statesmen ; some have heretofore and some are now, but they study men more now than books, or else they would prove but silly statesmen. For a mere scholar,[2] there is nothing so simple for this world. The reason is plain, for divinity teaches what we should be, not what we are ; so doth moral philosophy, and many philosophical worlds' and

[1] Newcastle may seem here to be too much a follower of Machiavelli or the Bacon of the essays, but he is deliberately confining himself to the worldly point of view.

[2] Cf. Bishop Earle's *Microcosmographie* (1628–33), much read at this time, ed. Arber, 1895, p. 40. "A downe right Scholler." This same Earle was afterwards Prince Charles' tutor in Paris, 1646.

before you, or to cry every morning that you are mortal, for I would not have you fall into a divine melancholy, to be an anchorite or a capuchin, or with a philosophical discourse to be a Diogenes in your tub; but to temper yourself so by this means, as to be a brave, noble and just King, and make your name immortal by your brave acts abroad and your unspotted justice at home, qualified by your well temper and mercy."

It may be said that Charles did not forget one of these precepts, though he carried some of them further than Newcastle would have approved. The earliest letter of Prince Charles which we possess, belongs to this time, written between pencil lines, ruled by Peter Massonet, the Prince's writing-master. Henrietta Maria had been applied to by Newcastle, in despair, for he could not make the Prince take his medicine; and Charles wrote after the terrible event to his tutor: "My Lord, I would not have you take too much Phisik, for it doth allwaies make me worse, and I think it will do the like with you. I ride every day, and am ready to follow any other directions from you. Make hast to returne to him that loves you. Charles P. For my lord of Newcastle."[1]

Before we pass out of the sunshine of Charles' boyhood into the shadow of the Civil War, there remains one story of a vision which appeared to him at the age of five, of a large blackbird in a tree of the royal garden; the little Prince sent some one down with a gun to shoot the bird; but to the sportsman's surprise he found, not a bird, but the twelve-year-old widow of Lord Herbert, eldest son of the Earl of Pembroke, engaged in stealing fruit, with which she pelted her hunter, till he consented to take her in a basket to the Prince, as "a butterfly"; when the little Prince opened the basket, she jumped out and kissed him, gaining for herself the Court-name of "Butterfly."[2]

[1] Airy, *Charles II*, pp. 12, 13; Captain Clayton, *Personal History of Charles II*, i.

[2] Lady Burghclere, *George Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham*, pp. 16-17; and Mme. d'Aulnoy, *Memoirs de la Cour d'Angleterre*, ii. 59.

Charles' initiation into serious affairs was on 11 May, 1641, when he carried his father's letter on behalf of Strafford to the Lords, without success. In August, the Earl of Newcastle resigned his charge to William Seymour, Marquis of Hertford, "a man of great honour, great interest in fortune and estate, and of a universal esteem over the kingdom; . . . it is very true, in many respects he wanted those qualities which might have been wished to be in a person to be trusted in the education of a great and hopeful Prince, and in the forming his mind and manners in so tender an age. He was of an age not fit for much activity and fatigue, and loved, and was even wedded so much to, his ease, that he loved his book above all exercises; and had even contracted such a laziness of mind that he had no delight in an open and liberal conversation, and cared not to discourse and argue in those points which he understood very well, only for the trouble of contending; and could never impose upon himself the pain that was necessary to be undergone in such a perpetual attendance. But then those lesser duties might be otherwise provided for, and he could well support the dignity of a governor, and exact that diligence from others which he could not exercise himself; and his honour was so unblemished that none durst murmur against the designation"; though unwilling, through consciousness of his constitutional defects for such a post, the Marquis accepted the governorship of the Prince, because "the refusing it might prove disadvantageous to his Majesty."[1] On 12 January, Charles went to Cambridge, took his honorary M.A., and went away the same day; he was incorporated M.A. of Oxford on All Hallows Day, 1642; while the Duke of York was then made M.A. also.

In February, 1642, Prince Charles came to Greenwich to meet his father, leaving his former residence at Hampton Court, in spite of the Parliament's protests. It was even rumoured that the rebellious party were ready

[1] Clarendon, *History of Rebellion*, iv. 295–296 (ed. Macray, 1888; ij. 563–564).

to take the Prince from his father by force, while the King was at Theobald's; but the danger was averted by continuing the northward march.

In March, Prince Charles found time to write to his sister Mary: "To the hands of the Lady Marie, Princess of Auriana, these presents. Most Royal Sister, Methinks, although I cannot enjoy that former happiness which I was wont in the fruition of your society, being barred those joys by the parting waves, yet I cannot so forget the kindness I owe unto so dear a sister as not to write; also expecting the like salutation from you, that although awhile dissevered, we may reciprocally understand each other's welfare. I could heartily and with a fervent devotion wish your return, were it not to lessen your delights in your royal spouse, the Prince of Orange, who, as I conceived by his last letter, was as joyful for your presence as we are sad and mourning for your absence. My father is very much disconsolate and troubled, partly for my royal mother's and your absence, and partly for the disturbances of this kingdom. Dear sister, we are as much as we may merry, and more than we would sad, in respect we cannot alter the present distempers of these troublesome times. My father's resolution is now for York, where he intends to reside, to see the event or sequel to these bad unpropitious beginnings; whither you direct your letter. Thus much desiring your comfortable answer to these my sad lines, I rest, Your loving brother, Charles Princeps. Royston, 9 March, 1642." [1]

In May his Highness was made Captain of the Prince of Wales' Own Troop of Lifeguards. As Hertford was now required elsewhere, a new tutor was found for the Prince in the Earl of Berkshire, "for no other reason but because he had a mind to it, and his importunity was very troublesome; a man, of any who bore the name of a gentleman, the most

[1] Ellis, *Original Letters*, iv. 2, quoted by Miss Strickland, *Tudor and Stuart Princesses*, ed. 1888, pp. 264–265. The letter was either dictated, or the boy had not yet found his characteristic style.

unfit for that province, or any other that required any proportion of wisdom and understanding for the discharge of it. His affection for the Crown was good; his interest and reputation less than any thing but his understanding."[1]

Unfortunately, Berkshire later had every opportunity of employing his negative qualities in the formation of the Prince's character, and his lack of understanding in his councils. The Prince was present at the setting up of the Royal Standard at Nottingham, and with his brother James at the battle of Edgehill in October. At the beginning of the fight, Dr. Harvey[2] was entrusted with the two Princes, took them to a place apparently safe, sat down, took a book from his pocket, and read till disturbed by a cannon-ball striking ground hard by; whereat he removed his quarters. Later the old Earl of Dorset was bidden by the King take the boys out of danger, but refused, saying that he would not be thought a coward for ever a King's son in Christendom. Hyde then took the Princes, and gives an account[3] of the subsequent events differing somewhat from that of Sir John Hinton, physician to the King, who says in 1679, writing for the King's perusal:[4] "Your Majesty was unhappily left in a large field, at which time I had the honour to attend your person; and seeing the danger, I did with all earnestness, most humbly, but at length somewhat rudely, importune your Highness; at which your Highness was pleased to tell me you feared them not, and drawing pistol resolved to charge them, but I did prevail. But one of those troopers, being excellently mounted, broke his rank, and coming full career, I dismounted him in closing, and Mr. Matthews, a gentleman pensioner, rides up and with a pole-axe decides the contest." Hyde's account is as

[1] Clarendon, *History of Rebellion*, vj. 390; vij. 324 (Macray, ij. p. 533; iij. p. 259).

[2] The great physician.

[3] *History of Rebellion*, p. 358 *sqq.*, and *id. ed.* ij. 353 *sqq.*

[4] Cf. Airy, *Charles II*, p. 16.

follows: "When the King discerned how doubtfully affairs stood, he commanded the prince of Wales and the duke of York, who were both very young, to withdraw to the top of the hill, attended only by his company of pensioners, and commanded Mr. Hyde to wait upon them, and not depart from them; and as they went towards the hill, the evening now approaching, they saw a body of horse which they made no doubt was the King's, and so moved towards them, when sir Richard Grime, an equerry of the King's, rid very little before to know them, which he quickly did, and was beaten off his horse, and so well counterfeited being killed that he was presently stripped; all which being in the prince's view, gave him advertisement what they were, so that he diverted his course to the other hand, and that body moved as quickly from him, being evidently in great apprehension; and the princes had not been long upon the hill before the King sent order they should go to Edgeworth, where his majesty had lain the night before."

In November, Prince Charles was taken ill at Reading, and then spent some time with his new tutor at Oxford, which the Royalists made their head-quarters from 1642–46. Of the appearance of Oxford during the residence of the King and Queen we have a vivid account in "John Inglesant," where a passage from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" is used with appropriateness and effect. "It was really no inapt hyperbole of the classic wits which compared this motley scene to the marriage of Jupiter and Juno of old, when all the gods were invited to the feast, and many noble personages besides, but to which also came a motley company of mummers, maskers, fantastic phantoms, whifflers, thieves, rufflers, gulls, wizards and monsters, and among the rest, Crysalus, a Persian Prince bravely attended, clad in rich and gay attire, and of majestic presence, but otherwise an ass; whom the gods at first seeing him enter in such pomp, rose and saluted, taking him for one worthy of honour and high place, and

whom Jupiter, perceiving what he was, turned with his retinue into butterflies, who continued in pied coats roving about among the gods and the wiser sort of men.[1] Something of this kind here happened, when wisdom and folly, vice and piety, learning and gaiety, terrible earnest even to death and light frivolity, jostled each other in the stately precincts of Parnassus and Olympus."[2] The King and the young Princes lodged in Christ Church, the Queen in Merton, and the whole city was filled with soldiers, courtiers, camp-followers, a new and motley population. Drilling, building, fortifying, provisioning, storing, skirmishes and rumours of skirmishes, were mingled with stage-plays in Christ Church or St. John's Hall, and the giving of honorary degrees, and the preaching of sermons on Divine Right, and the trying of cases at law by Lord-keeper, Lord Chief Justice, and all the great legal officers of the realm.

From November, 1642, till about June, 1644, the Prince of Wales remained in Oxford; on 18 June he came from a visit to Burford to Oxford, on the 23rd went from Oxford to the King at Buckingham, and on the 27th fought by his father's side at Cropredy Bridge. By 15 July he was with the King at Bath, and in November returned to Oxford; during this time he had been into the far West, fought in the second battle of Newbury on 27 October, and doubtless gained a good knowledge of the dissensions and jealousies among the King's nobles, and the hopelessness of the cause. Of the Prince's second stay in Oxford we have two anecdotes preserved; he incurred a blow on the head from his father's staff in S. Mary's Church, being observed "to laugh at sermon-time upon the ladies who sat against him."[3] We are forcibly reminded of certain

[1] Burton, *Anat. Mel.* (ed. 1836, pp. 25–26).

[2] *John Inglesant*, ch. ix. (ed. 1905, pp. 96–97). I make no apology for quoting this again, though Mr. Marriott has already done so in his admirable volume on Falkland in this series, as it is so eminently appropriate.

[3] *Diary of Dr. Edw. Lake* (Camden Soc. Misc. i); quoted by Airy, p. 17.

later scenes in the Royal Chapel, recorded by Pepys and Evelyn. On another occasion, Charles saw a rebel soldier being dragged along the streets, and recommended his immediate hanging, in case his father should pardon him. Of the Prince's earlier stay in Oxford, we are told that by the request of his cousin Rupert, Prince Charles pleaded successfully for the life of Colonel Feilding, condemned to death for his surrender of Reading.

In March, 1645, the King sent his son into the West, and gave him a regular Council, made him Duke of Cornwall, general of the Western Association and generalissimo of all the King's forces in England and Wales. He left Oxford at eleven o'clock, 4 or 5 March, 1645, in an incessant storm of rain, lodged that night at Faringdon, passed thence to Devizes, reached Bath on the 6th or 7th, and stayed there for a few days. Suffering greatly on his journey for lack of food and money, he found Bristol, on 9 April, in a similar state. In Council the Prince of Wales was judiciously repressed by Hyde, who with Prince Rupert, did his best to secure order and efficiency; but Goring and Grenville rendered all measures of reform ineffectual by violence and disobedience, though for a time difficulties were smoothed over at the public meeting at Bridgewater on 23 April; there Mrs. Wyndham, nurse of Charles, first showed her evil influence over the Prince. As wife of the Governor of Bridgewater, she was a woman of some importance, as nurse of the Prince of Wales, she conceived herself to be of still greater moment, and encouraged the boy in less serious, if not absolutely vicious, pursuits; she even tried to weaken his respect for his father, and to set his Council against his household. "Being a woman of great rudeness and a country pride, *nihil muliebre præter corpus gerens*, she valued herself much upon the power and familiarity which her neighbours might see she had with the Prince of Wales, and therefore upon all occasions in company, and when the concourse of people was greatest, would use great boldness towards

him, and sometimes in dancing would run the length of the room and kiss him; add to this, that she affected in all companies a very negligent and disdainful mention of the person of the King, all which made us desire that the Prince should be as little in her company as might be."[1] On 30 April, Charles returned to Bristol, but there the plague broke out, and at the beginning of June he went to Wells, thence to Bridgewater, and thence on the 25th, to Barnstaple, with which "fine sweet place" he was much delighted. On 21 July he writes to Sir George Carteret from Liscard, asking speedy help for Guernsey Castle. Owing to the increasing factions and jealousies in the West, it became impossible for the Royalists to make any effectual resistance to the rebel forces, and the last months of the Prince's stay in England were spent in marching and counter-marching to very little purpose. On 28 July he was at Launceston, on 29 August in Exeter, where, instead of lodging at the Deanery, as he had done on his visit in 1644, he probably slept at the house of Mr. Potter, a merchant, where the ostler, who met him at Bridport in 1651, saw him. The Prince found time to visit his little sister Henrietta Anne, and for her sake he always entertained kindly memories of Exeter; and at her death in 1670, he gave the city her portrait by Lely, which still hangs in the Guildhall there.

On 16 September, Charles was again at Launceston, on 24 October in Liscard, about 21 November in Truro; he then made a great effort to relieve Exeter, starting 26 December, and marching by Bodmin,[2] Tavistock, Totnes, and Dartmouth; as hope of relieving the city

[1] Clarendon, ix. 18–19, vol. iv. p. 23; Airy, pp. 20–21. Clarendon also says, "The Bishop of Salisbury drew attention of the Council when at Barnstable to the bad companionship of a youth named Wheeler, who forthwith was ejected from the town."—Clarendon, ix., quoted by Fea, *Seventeenth Century Beauties*.

[2] It was, perhaps, at this time that he made the remark that Bodmin was "the politest town he had ever seen; half the houses were bowing, and the other half uncovered" (Hone *Table-Book*, i. 348).

vanished, he retreated by Tavistock to Launceston, in January, 1646, to Truro on 12 February, and finally on 17 February to Pendennis Castle, where he stayed till Monday, 2 March, 1646, when he embarked at 10 p.m. with Hyde, Colepeper, and Berkshire, on the "Phœnix" frigate, arriving in St. Mary's, Scilly Isles, on Wednesday afternoon.

During the last months of the struggle in the West, letters were constantly arriving from the King, relative to the ultimate destination of the Prince of Wales, in the worse event. France and Denmark were successively suggested, Scotland and Ireland absolutely forbidden; it was, however, strongly felt that Charles should keep on English territory, and therefore the flight was made to the Scilly Isles. Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Fanshawe, wife of Charles' secretary, thus describes the wretched state of St. Mary's and its visitors. "After being pillaged, and extremely sick, I was set on shore almost dead in the island of Scilly. When we had got to our quarters near the Castle, where the Prince lay, I went immediately to bed, which was so vile, that my footman ever lay in a better, and we had but three in the whole house, which consisted of four rooms, or rather partitions, two low rooms and two little lofts, with a ladder to go up; in one of these they kept dried fish, which was his trade, and in this my husband's two clerks lay, one there was for my sister, and one for myself, and one amongst the rest of the servants. But, when I waked in the morning, I was so cold I knew not what to do, but the daylight discovered that my bed was near swimming with the sea, which the owner told us afterward it never did so but at spring-tide. With this, we were destitute of clothes, and meat, and fuel, for half the Court to serve them for a month was not to be had in the whole island; and truly we begged our daily bread of God, for we thought every meal our Last. The Council sent for provisions to France, which served us, but they were bad, and a little of them."[1] This scarcity, and

[1] *Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe*, p. 71.

the danger from Parliamentary cruisers, induced Charles and his Council to leave the island, and on Thursday, 16 April, they and the three hundred persons of the King's retinue embarked on the "Proud Black Eagle" and two smaller vessels, and arrived in Jersey on Friday evening, "beyond the belief of all beholders from that island; for the pilot not knowing the way into the harbour, sailed over the rocks, but being spring-tide, and by chance high water, God be praised, his Highness and all of us came safe ashore, through so great a danger."[1] On the voyage to Jersey, Prince Charles steered the frigate himself, staying two hours at a time at the helm. One of his first commands on coming to Jersey was that a barge should be built for him at St. Malo; and on 8 June, 1646, it was ready, a perfect model of a pinnace, of great length fore and aft; painted and blazoned with the Prince's arms. She had cushioned stern-sheets, twelve pairs of oars, two masts, and two sails; and in her, thereafter, Charles always went over from the Castle to the mainland. On the second Sunday after his arrival, the Prince came to service in St. Heliers; the church was carpeted, and strewn and decorated with flowers; and his Highness was escorted by a guard of one hundred cavaliers, and two hundred musketeers. While in Jersey, Charles was even more devout than in Cornwall, and Lady Fanshawe says that she only saw him at church, where he occasionally received the Sacrament. While doing his duty in the Council and as commander of the troops Charles did not neglect to win the hearts of the Jersey folk.[2] Chevalier, a gentleman of Jersey, kept a full journal of the Prince's various visits to the island, whence we glean most of our information concerning these matters.

Chevalier's own summary of his Prince is: "C'étoit un Prince grandement bénin." For Charles in Jersey showed

[1] *Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe*, p. 71.

[2] For the life in Jersey, cf. S. E. Hoskins, *Charles II in the Channel Islands*, 1854; Airy, ch. i., etc.

all the tact and care in trifles of courtesy for which he is distinguished. Chevalier describes his table thus: "Quand au sujet du maintien de la table de ce Prince, il étoit tel, que chacun savoit son poste, et les choses y étoient mises pour un si bon ordre, que le tout se faisoit avec plaisir et contentement à les voir, comme chacun étoit prompt à son office." At the upper end of the table were laid silver plate, knife, and fork; in dishes of silver were served up the meat and fish under the direction of Mr. Duncome, the server. First, Charles stood uncovered while a Doctor of Theology pronounced a blessing, then, putting on his hat, seated himself, the Doctor standing at his right hand, and the lords and gentlemen-in-waiting, all uncovered, round him. A page, kneeling on one knee, presented a silvergilt ewer and basin, and a napkin; and after the Prince had washed and dried his hands, each dish in succession was offered to him. The dish selected was taken to a side carver at the opposite end of the table, who carved some slices, and then tasted and laid them on a silver plate, and his Highness then cut up and ate the slices. Another kneeling page gave him bread cut into long thin pieces, on a silver salver, and when he had finished the first course, his plate and the dish partaken of were removed. The cup-bearer then offered the Prince to drink, having first tasted the draught himself, and whilst his Highness drank, held a vessel under his chin, lest a drop should fall upon his clothes. The cup empty, the page took it, retiring with a bow. After the meal, the carver collected the remnants of broken bread, etc., in a silver dish, dessert was served, the chaplain said grace, and the Prince went out. This is all very orderly and stately, far otherwise than the manner of dining in state after the Restoration, where the lords-in-waiting were often unfit by slovenliness of dress, or actual intoxication, to wait upon the King, and when the spectators were not to be kept back by the guards from violently ravishing away the good things. Whether the cooking and selection of the victuals were good, we do not

know; but the Comte de Gramont was once bidden by Charles to observe that the King of England was served on bended knee, a mark of respect not usual at other Courts. "Oh, is that the reason? I thought they were begging your Majesty's pardon for giving you such a bad dinner."

Lady Fanshawe charmingly depicts Jersey at this time: "There are many gentlemen's houses, at which we were entertained; they have fine walks along to their doors, double elms or oaks, which is extremely pleasant, and their ordinary highways are good walks by reason of the shadow. The whole place is grass, except some small parcels where corn is grown. The chiefest employment is knitting; they neither speak English nor good French; they are a cheerful, good-natured people, and truly subject to the present Government."

The stay in Jersey was chiefly spent in intrigues concerning the disposal and destination of the Prince.

Hyde and his supporters desired the Prince to stay in Jersey till the King's fate was decided; but the Queen was earnest that her son should come to France. On 20 June, departure to France was resolved on, and henceforward we find Charles eager to go, and Jermyn anxiously keeping him away from the soberer councillors. "From Tuesday morning that he first intended to goe, he stayed with great impatience, and would never suffer any of his attendants or trayne to goe out of the castle, lest they might be absent in that article of tyme when the winde should serve, which he resolved to lay hold of. So that nobody went to bedd from that tyme till they came into France, and eate only such meate as my Lady Cartwright could suddanly provide. The Lords Capel and Hopton and the Chancellor of the Exchequer went once a day to kisse his handes, and stayed very little tyme, ther growinge every day a visible strangenesse betweene them and the rest, in so much that they had little speech together, and the last day none; the other lords sittinge upon the rock of the

water syde, whilst they walked upon the bowling green with the Prince, who quickly left them, and they returned." On Thursday, 24 June, Charles went on board the frigate, but was beaten back by a contrary wind; but "about five of the clocke, the winde continuinge still contrary, he resolved to try his fortune, and suddanly putt all his company aboard, and himselfe went into his shalley, resolvinge to row over; but within half an hour after he was at sea the winde came fayre, and blew a pretty gale, so that he went into the bigger vessel, and by eleven of the clocke at night reached the French shore, and lay at anchor till daybreak, and then he landed with all his retinue."

Charles' fortune at sea was very different to his mother's, over whose mishaps by water her son and daughter Henrietta made merry to each other in after years. The only personal memento of the Prince's visit to Jersey is a single riding-boot, kept in the armoury of Elizabeth Castle; it is suited for "a boy of sixteen, and made of coarse leather, thick-soled, with a heel made up of many pieces."

On the morning of Friday, 26 June, Charles landed at Cotainville, whence he proceeded to Paris, and afterwards to St. Germains. His reception in France was cool and formal. "The French allow the Prince nothing of their great promises; and I think the Corte wish themselves at Jarsey agayne." Later, Charles Murray writes to Hyde from Fontainebleau: "The Prince hath been at Fontainebleau, and, truly, received as civilly, and with as much respect as could be; being met two leagues on the way by the King and Queen Regent; and they all alighted, and saluting, were taken into the Queen Regent's coach, the Prince sitting on the right hand of the same side of the Coach as the King . . . the Prince behaved himself in the journey so handsomely, that he has gotten the love of all that have seen him, both men and women. Yet though his entertainment has been noble and kind here,

I do not find any thing offered, either by present, or addition to the Queen's exhibition, for his subsistence." While in Paris, Charles read with good Dr. Earle an hour a day, and appeared to be of "a sweetness of nature not easy to be corrupted." Unfortunately, through the manner of life forced on him by circumstances, by the careful ill-training of Mrs. Wyndham, his nature had already become corrupted; and now Buckingham came on the scene, to extend and complete the corruption, aided by Lord Percy, and, if we may believe Burnet, by Hobbes, the Prince's mathematical teacher. Burnet exaggerates Buckingham's evil influence, and the Duke left St. Germains in 1648, to take part in Lord Holland's futile rising at Reigate; but he undoubtedly exerted a strange sway over his old friend, till the end of Charles' life, a sway almost impossible to account for, since Charles saw through Buckingham every whit as well as Dryden; let us assume that the influence was due to mutual affection: for we have proof from the Duke's letters that the feeling was genuine on his side at least.

In whatever excesses the Prince at present indulged, he was outwardly religious, even arousing Anglican fears by going to Charenton, the headquarters of Presbyterianism. The Queen, too, kept him entirely in subjection, made him dependent on Jermyn for pocket-money, and caused English company to be as far removed from him as possible. "Now the English were kept at a great distance, while the French were as familiar with him as could be imagined." The Prince had little or no share in business; he dared not come into his mother's presence uncovered.

In appearance Mme. de Motteville describes Charles at this time as "very well made; his swarthy complexion agreed well with his large bright eyes; his mouth was exceedingly ugly, his figure extremely fine. He was very tall for his age, and carried himself with grace and dignity. His natural tendency to wit and repartee was not noticed,

for at that time he hesitated and even stammered, a defect observed in his father and still worse in his uncle Louis XIII." In later years this stammering was apt to overwhelm Charles in his rare moments of embarrassment, as in reading speeches in Parliament at awkward crises.

Mlle. de Montpensier, daughter of Gaston, Duc d' Orléans and cousin of Louis XIV, was selected by Henrietta Maria as a fitting wife for Prince Charles; and while objecting to the match and to Henrietta's methods, the lady condescends to say of her royal suitor: "He is tall for his age, with a beautiful head, black hair, a swarthy complexion, and a tolerable figure." In spite of Henrietta's frantic exertions, perfunctorily and sulkily seconded by the Prince of Wales, the wooing made no progress, owing to Charles' lack of sincerity and consequent fainéantism, and also to Mademoiselle's exacting nature. Mademoiselle herself was tall and graceful, blue eyed and flaxen haired, with the aquiline Bourbon nose, and a lovely mouth. She was too vivacious and touchy to maintain her dignity in moments of stress, and she was inordinately conceited, and like all her house, "fort appliquée aux bagatelles," a description which with dramatic irony she afterwards applied to Charles. The autumn and winter of 1646–47 were filled with a succession of balls, plays, and masques, at which the Prince appeared in Mademoiselle's colours of black, white and red, handed her to and from her coach, held a torch at her toilette, and followed her like a spaniel—but spoke not a word, leaving conversation and pretty speeches to Prince Rupert. About February, Mademoiselle conceived the idea of marrying the Emperor, and Charles transferred his attentions to the Duchesse de Chastillon. In September, 1647, Mme. de Motteville reports that "Pity and tenderness for his misfortunes added lustre to his good qualities; he is improved in appearance, displays no brilliancy of wit; is reserved, and far from fluent in enunciation." By this, Charles had tired of Court life, and wished

to join the French army in Flanders; but Mazarin checked the idea on the ground that it was beneath the dignity of England's heir to serve in a foreign army: his real object being to keep Charles a semi-prisoner of State.

Affairs in Britain were at a new crisis. Scotland was divided into Covenanters and Engagers, or those for Covenant and King, and those for King and Covenant. After various intrigues, Charles accepted the invitation of the Engaging majority in the Scotch Parliament to come to Scotland. He therefore left St. Germains with Rupert, Culpeper, and Hopton, on 25 June, 1648, intending to join Hamilton, the Engagers' leader; but news of Royalist risings in the south and south-east of England, and of the revolt of part of the fleet, took him to Holland. He arrived at Helvoetsluys on 9 July. Here he found the revolted fleet, with his brother James in nominal command, in utter disorder. He restored some semblance of discipline, and, putting James ashore, set sail on 17 July.

Before we follow the Prince of Wales further, it is worth while to see how James of York came to be on board the new Royalist fleet; for he had been captured in Oxford by Fairfax in June, 1646. Early in April, 1648, Colonel Charles Bampfylde gained access to James, measured his height and his waist with a ribbon, and gave the measurements to Anne Murray, daughter of the King's old tutor. She went to a City tailor, and got some lady's clothes made "of a mixed mohaire of a light colour and black, and y^e^ under petticoate of scarlet," after some surprise on the tailor's part as to the relative length and girth of the required garments. Meanwhile the Duke had been told to play often at hide-and-seek with his brother Henry and his sister Elizabeth, so that he might be often missed for half an hour or so without causing his guards any alarm. On 20 April he sent for the gardener and asked him for his key of the garden-gate, saying that his own was broken. After supper he called his brother and sister to their game, locked his dog into his sister's room, lest it

should follow and betray him, locked the balcony door and threw away the key, and then went downstairs. On the way his foot slipped, and, fearing discovery, he ran to his own room, took up a book, and pretended to read. All was quiet, and he soon made his way downstairs, through the garden, and into the park, treble locking all the doors. At the last gate Bampfylde awaited him with a cloak and wig, which the Duke put on, and "they hied to Spring Gardens as gallants come to heare the nightingale." On the other side of the gardens they entered a coach, drove to the river, took barge and rowed down stream to a house where Anne Murray and her maid awaited them. James was quickly dressed in his disguise, had a meal, and went away with a "woodstreet cake, which," says Anne, "I knew he loved." They had not gone far in the boat when the boy laid his leg upon the cabin table "and plucked up his stocking in so unwomanish a manner," that the bargemaster's suspicions were aroused, and he was hardly persuaded to take them to Gravesend; even then the wind was so violently contrary that the Colonel wished to turn back. But the Duke cried, "Doe any thinge with mee, rather than lett me go back againe," and at last they reached the Dutch vessel that lay waiting for them, and in her they finally reached Middelburgh on Sunday, 22 April.

Charles sailed to Yarmouth, and a little later Lauderdale arrived at the Downs, with instructions from the Committee of Estates. On 16 August, Charles yielded to the Engagers' terms. But soon came the news of their defeat at Preston, and of the fall of Colchester; so that the Prince recommended Lauderdale to go to Holland, whither he would follow with the fleet. But after vain endeavours to persuade the sailors to return to Holland, Charles was compelled to stand to Warwick's fleet on 29 August, in Lee Road. The fight was prevented by a storm, and there being now but one butt of beer and no water in all the fleet, the sailors gave way, and on 3 September Charles anchored at Goree; Warwick followed, but

CHARLES I

AFTER THE PAINTING BY VANDYCK AT WINDSOR

the States ordered Van Tromp to anchor between the fleets and prevent hostilities. On the day of the expected battle, "the Prince behaved himself with as much gallantry and courage in this businesse as ever you saw: when his Lords and all his seamen came to desire him to go down into the hold under the decks, he would not hear of it, and desired them not to speak of it any more." After further negotiations with Scotland, during which the Prince of Wales had a sharp attack of small-pox, Scotland was abandoned for the time, by Hyde's management, and Ireland thought of, whither the Queen wished to accompany her son.

Paris at this time was oppressed by a severe winter, and the turmoils of the Fronde; and Henrietta found herself often without a fire, "or a sou to get a dinner or a gown," insomuch that when visited by Gilles de Retz, Coadjutor-Archbishop of Paris, she was found sitting by her little daughter's bedside, not suffering her to get up owing to the cold. The Coadjutor assisted the Queen, even as he afterwards helped Charles himself.[1] The Prince of Wales now reduced his household and took up winter quarters at Breda as the guest of his brother-in-law, the Prince of Orange. At this time, Charles received three letters from his father, dealing with the Isle of Wight treaty; on 13 January, 1649, he learnt his father's extremity of danger; on 14 January, he appealed personally to the States, and together with their remonstrance sent a blank sheet of paper signed with his name, to the Parliament, on which might be written the conditions of the King's life. On the 18th he appealed to Louis XIV and to Mazarin. On 5 February, Dr. Gough, his chaplain, addressed him as "your Majesty." Charles burst into tears, and rushing into his bedroom wept alone.

Charles was truly and deeply affected by his father's death, but not with that unspeakable horror and frenzy of grief which struck the King's old friends and councillors.

[1] And was in his turn helped by Charles after the Restoration.

For them it was not only murder, but parricide, not only treason, but deadly sin and sacrilege, and in their eyes no acts of retaliation were unjustifiable, as the subsequent open murders of Dorislaus at the Hague and of Ascham in Madrid sufficiently show, as also the plots against Cromwell's life, to which the best and wisest Cavaliers lent countenance, the King only, be it remembered, remaining ignorant of, or disapproving, them.

CHAPTER II

1649–51

"The sweet fruition of an earthly crown."
MARLOWE, *Tamburlaine.*

Charles proclaimed in Scotland—Montrose—Sophia, Princess Palatine—Embassy to Spain—Death of Dorislaus—Mlle. de Montpensier—Her opinion of Charles and James—Charles goes to Jersey—Privations of the Court—Return to France—The King at Ghent—The "Pomme d'Or"—At Breda—Treaty of Breda—Death of Montrose—Charles goes to Scotland—His treatment—Secret interview of the King and Dean King—Battle of Dunbar—Charles' good management in Scotland—The King marches to England—Arrives at Worcester—Battle of Worcester and defeat of the King—Traditions of his escape.

CHARLES, with the advice and co-operation of Hyde, elected his Council from the late King's friends, the only member of the Paris Party being Long, the King's secretary. Ireland, Scotland, and England were the possible fields of action; and Hyde's party inclined to Ireland, the King and his mother also approving that course. On 7 February, Charles was proclaimed King in Edinburgh, but the Scots soon made it clear that the proclamation would be an empty form, unless the King would subscribe the Covenant. But this he would not do. Not only had he Ireland on which to fall back, but also the pure Royalist Scots, Napier, Sinclair, and Montrose, and the Engager Scots, Hamilton and Lauderdale. On the Commissioners' arrival at the Hague, Charles was too occupied with his Easter devotions to receive them, but on 11 April they obtained an audience. The

King temporized, and conferred constantly with Montrose and Hamilton; and on 19 May he replied that he would accept the Covenant—for Scotland only. Nevertheless, he had produced a very good impression, even on Baillie the Kirk's representative: "His Majesty is of a very sweet and courteous disposition; it is all the pities in the world but he were in good company. . . . It is verily a great pity of the King; he is one of the most gentle, innocent, well-inclined Princes, so far as yet appears, that lives in the world; a trimme person and of a manly carriage, understands pretty well, speaks not much. . . . It were a thousand pities that so sweet a man should not be at one with all his people."

The one true and pure figure among all the tortuous intrigues of these times is James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, for ever enshrined in the hearts of all true Cavaliers. Never, save from his bitter foes the Covenanters, rendered all the more venomous by the knowledge that they lied, has a breath tarnished his fair fame; but he passes, a splendid and a mournful figure, across our sight; then, as now, he drew admiration from all, affection from many, and a passionate adoration from a few. His weakness lay in the fact that he was a very perfect gentle knight, a hopelessly chivalrous soul in an age when chivalry was dead, at least in the narrower and more romantic sense of the term. A soldier, a scholar, a poet; and more than all else, a leader of men, rather by his wonderful fascination and utter loftiness of soul, than by skill or mere will-power. Among his worshippers was Sophia, Princess Palatine, to whom Charles at this time paid desultory love. The King, however, won in the end only passionate scorn from his fair cousin, for his desertion of the great Marquis, and if he really had no greater esteem for her than a remark would seem to indicate, Sophia was fortunate in not yielding to her mother's entreaties not to reject so good an alliance. For Charles thought to compliment her, or perhaps indicate that his

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE

AFTER THE PAINTING BY HOUBRAKEN

wooing was at an end, by saying that she was handsomer than his mistress, Mrs. Barlow. When the King next wished for a walk with the Princess, she refused on the ground of a corn on her foot. Hyde speaks of the King at this time as "hopeful for virtue and judgment as you can expect from one of his years and education."

At this critical time, Hyde and Lord Cottington were sent on an embassy to Spain, ostensibly to secure help and money, in reality, perhaps, to get rid of the Chancellor's unwavering opposition to any Scotch advances. At least, the Scots had a better day of it in council than ever before, after Hyde's departure. Charles was now in great straits for lack of funds to organize an expedition, and even for the most ordinary expenses. "He has not enough to maintain his family there one day; and there are few among his followers who can maintain themselves in the most private way; he is furnished with blacks, and other mournful emblems of his father's death, besides all things necessary for his support, by the bounty of the Prince of Orange." The murder of Dorislaus, envoy of the Parliament, in a tavern, and certain other reasons, hastened the King's departure from Holland, and he went in June, cursing the Dutch, to Brussels; here he was civilly used by the Spaniards, but failed, like his ambassadors at Madrid, to raise money. From Brussels, he passed by Valenciennes and Péronne to Compiègne, where the French Court lay.

Mlle. de Montpensier had for some time past been hard pressed by her own and Charles' relations to accept him as her husband. Never really willing to do this, she appealed to the difference in religion as a last resource. Nevertheless, when Charles approached Compiègne, she dressed carefully and accompanied the Court in their coaches to the forest beyond the town, to meet her royal suitor. "After proceeding for about a league further on the road, we saw carriages advancing in the opposite direction, and when they met, we all alighted. The King

of England immediately came forward, and kissed his aunt's hand and his cousin's, who both greeted him with all marks of regard and affection, due to so near and illustrious a relative. He then saluted me, and I could not help observing that he had very much improved in person since his former visit to France. I verily believe, that if his wit and intelligence had been equal to his personal grace, I might at that time have been captivated by him. But, all the way back to Compiègne, he talked of nothing but dogs and horses, with the King, speaking in French of the field sports he had been amusing himself with in Holland, but, when the Queen attempted to engage him in conversation on other subjects, he was dumb ; and when she pressed him for an opinion relative to public affairs, with which he ought to have been conversant, he excused himself from answering on the plea that he could not express himself fluently in our language. From that moment I resolved not to conclude the marriage, conceiving a very bad opinion of a King who, at his age, did not interest himself in his own affairs. At dinner the King threw himself upon an enormous piece of beef, and a shoulder of mutton, as if there had been nothing else. His taste did not appear to me delicate, and I was ashamed." After dinner, the pair were left alone, but Charles was absolutely dumb, until Mademoiselle, in angry despair, called in M. de Comminges, when he talked fast and well. Finally, Mademoiselle persuaded Charles to say a little about her English friends, but he refused to make pretty speeches. After bidding adieu to the King and Queen, Charles said to Mademoiselle, "I believe that M. Jermyn, who speaks better than I do, has explained to you my intentions and desires. I am your very obedient servant." To which Mademoiselle replied, "I am your very obedient servant." Lord Jermyn paid all the necessary compliments, the King bowed and departed to St. Germains. If Mademoiselle had become Queen of England she would undoubtedly have been an even greater intriguer

and broil-maker than her aunt Henrietta, but this might have had either of two effects: an earlier expulsion of the Stuarts, or the effectual awakening of Charles, and a consequent amelioration of government. For Charles would not have married Mademoiselle for love, and she would therefore have possessed little influence over him.

With his mother at St. Germains, Charles was equally reserved, and plainly showed that she must not expect to rule the King as she had ruled the Prince of Wales, or to take an active part in business. "He made no apologies to her, nor any professions of resigning himself to her advice. . . . he did as good as desire her not to trouble herself in his affairs; and finding her passions strong, he frequently retired from her with some abruptness." Charles was accompanied to St. Germains by Lucy Walters, *alias* Mrs. Barlow, but we are not told whether this affected Mademoiselle, though she does say that in a second interview, Charles remarked that on marriage he would give up all irregular connections—a singular whim in which he seems to have believed before his actual marriage with Catherine.[1] This interview took place when Mademoiselle went to the convent of S. Dominique at Poissy. James of York, whom she preferred to Charles, escorted her, but Charles and Henrietta insisted on joining the party. Mademoiselle says of James: "He was then a young Prince of thirteen or fourteen years, very pretty, with good features, fair, who spoke French well, which gave him a much better air than had the King his brother, for, to my mind, nothing so disfigures a man as inability to talk,"—and compliment me, Mademoiselle might have added.

The remainder of the time which Charles spent in France was spent chiefly in disagreements with his mother, and factious contests between their respective supporters. Tom Elliot, Groom of the Bed-chamber, had come from England to the Hague, after Hyde's departure,

[1] Charles once said, "If ever he could be guilty of keeping a mistress after he had a wife, she should never come where his wife was."

and been welcomed by the King, though previously removed from about his person, in 1645, by order of Charles I. Being married to a daughter of Mrs. Wyndham, he persuaded the King to make Colonel Wyndham Secretary of State. Hyde and Cottington, on their way to Spain, came to Paris at this juncture, and strove to prevent the foolish appointment. Cottington at length came into the presence-chamber, and begged that an old falconer of the late King's might be favoured: "It is true that your Majesty keeps no falcons, and the poor man is grown so old and cannot ride as he used to do; but he is a very honest man, and can read very well, and has as audible a voice as a man need have, wherefore I beseech your Majesty to make him your chaplain. . . . I do assure your Majesty the falconer is, in all respects, as fit to be your chaplain as is Colonel Wyndham to be Secretary of State." Under the instant laughter of the Court, in fear of subsequent ridicule, Charles gave up the project. On 12 September, the King left St. Germains for Jersey, went through Normandy with sixty horses and six six-horse coaches, visited Lady Ormonde at Caen, went on the 16th to Coutances and lodged with the Bishop: the jovial prelate accompanied the King on the next day to Cotainville, and provided a banquet with music, in his honour; for this, however, boat and wind being ready, Charles and his train could not stay, and on Monday the 17th the King embarked on his pinnace and, steering it himself, reached Jersey at four o'clock, with four and a half livres in his pocket, out of the 300 pistoles with which he had left St. Germains. Chevalier, who saw the King land, describes him as "about nineteen years old, of middle stature, well formed, and graceful; features sedate, but pleasant; complexion sallow; hair dark brown, inclining somewhat to black. Demeanour dignified; affable in discourse. His dress purple, with a silver star on the left side of the cloak; a purple scarf or ribbon across the chest and a garter of the same colour, with the ends hanging

down behind the leg, round the left knee. The housings of his horse and holster-coverings of plain purple stuff. The Duke of York in his sixteenth year, tall and slight, lively and pleasant; in a black suit with a silver star on his mantle, with purple scarf across his shoulder." He also describes the landing of the Duke of Buckingham from the Normandy packet, 18 January, 1650: "He was a handsome youth, of lofty stature, dressed in black, wearing the silver star on the left breast, purple garter round the left leg, in all respects like the King and Duke of York, but that he wore no purple scarf across his shoulder." The King at first spent his days in hunting, shooting, and yachting, to the great distress of his followers. This idleness was fostered by Mrs. Wyndham, who soon arrived and "governed the King and everyone else like a minister of state": and Lord Byron says on 12 October: "I find that his stay here hath been so far from enabling him in any way, that it hath rather extremely increased his necessities, and that foreign princes begin to look upon him as a person so lazy and careless in his own business that they think it not safe, by contributing to their assistance, to irritate so potent enemies as they fear his rebellious subjects are like to prove." He must go to Ireland, and "not be taken here in a nook of the world with his hands in his pocket." On 30 November, Charles knew from Ormonde that Ireland was lost; and soon Sir George Winram and Silas Titus arrived in Jersey, bringing new overtures from the Scots. "Now is the time," wrote Winram, "to pray that God the Lord will prevent the King with his tender mercies, for indeed he is broght verie low. He has not bread both for himself and his servants, and betwixt him and his brother not one English shilling; and wurse, if I durst write it, . . . I am confident no ingenuous spirit will take advantage of his necessityes . . . soe that his case is very deplorable, being in prison where he is, living in penurie, surrounded by his enemies, and not able to live anywhere else in the world unless he would

come to Scotland by giving them satisfaction to their just demandis. Yet his pernicious and devilish council will suffer him to starve before they will suffer him to take the League and Covenant."

Though three of the King's Council were firmly anti-Scotch, though the gallants talked of throwing Winram over a wall, though the King apparently objected to the Scotch overtures,—yet early in June, 1650, it was decided to treat with the Scots on honourable terms, "without prejudice to his Majesty's affaires under the Marquis of Ormonde or the Marquis of Montrose." After this final council Byron writes in a different strain about the King: "I must not omit, that during this debate, the King expressed such moderate patience and judgement as was admirable in a person of his years, and such truly as I little expected from him; repressing by his excellent temper, those heates and animosities amongst us, which otherwise would utterly have destroyed the busines; and certainly, it is one of the greatest curses God hath laid upon his subjects, that they are so long deprived of the knowledge, and fruits of his vertue and goodness; which I never knew more eminent in any young man." Before leaving Jersey, Charles' clothes were "so spotted and spoiled that they are not to be seen out of this island," and Edward Progers is directed to get an "embroidered sute," a hatband and belt, and "a plain riding sute with an innocent coate." On 13–23 February the King left Jersey, embarking from Elizabeth Castle at nine in the morning, on Captain Amy's frigate. James came on board to say farewell, and thrice embraced his brother, weeping bitterly. At three in the afternoon,[1] Charles reached Cotainville, where he was met by the Bishop of Coutances, at whose house he lay that night. "Friday morning 15 February (O.S.), his Majesty and whole traine left and lay that night at St. Lo; the night following at Caen, when the Lady Marquis of Ormonde,

[1] Another account says 9 p.m., 24 February.

having a desire to kiss the Queen's hands, his Majesty was pleased to take her and the Lady Isabella Thynne with him in his owne Coache, and the next morning passing from Caen, by reason of foule weather and ill wayes came in very late that night to Lisieux. The night following his Majesty lay at Bliosne, a little Burge where there was no good accommodation ; and the next night at Elbœuf, within four leagues of Rouen, upon the river towards Pont l'Arche where he was treated by the Duc d' Elbœuf. There he mett letters from the Queene signifying her intention to be at Beauvais to meete his Majesty, the Thursday following. Soe the next day early, passing over Ponturch he laye at Trippneuve nine leagues short of this towne, and the next day, being Thursday 21 February (O.S.) he arrived here at Beauvais, where her Majesty with Lord Jermyn, &c., came likewise that evening, according to appointment." King and Queen met "with great kindness on both sides," but he was still reserved and obstinate, and at the end of a fortnight matters were in the same case, the Queen coming from her last interview with her son, "very red with anger." A Parliament spy writes of the Court at Beauvais: "I had full satisfaction from my view, and so I think any looker-on would have had, and if these be still the counsellors and this the company, a man that is no witch may foretell the issue ; the discourses, councils, projections, and hopes speake such ridiculous follies, and such extreame debauchery is amongst them, that you will hardly believe the relation." "5 Martii (N.S.) To-morrow morning the Queen returning to Paris, his Majesty intends to goe on to Breda, where wee are likely to be within ten or eleven dayes. . . . The King, (God preserve him) is in very good health, and I hope all will be well, any thing to the contrary notwithstanding." In view of the impending Treaty of Breda, this is in truth dramatic irony.

On 23 March, Charles reached Ghent. Here the governor offered the castle as a lodging, but the King

applied to the burghers, who answered that there were many good inns: the King went to the "Golden Apple," but refused to receive the magistrates. They then asked if he would accept the pipe of Rhenish usually offered to foreign Princes, or a money equivalent. Charles haughtily refused the money; the Rhenish, however, came, and under its influence the Cavaliers behaved so badly that the citizens sent in a bill of 1800 guelders (£180), 200 being charged for salt, vinegar, and butter. King and courtiers were almost penniless after paying this bill, and "could we but have sworn and cursed in Walloon and Dutch as well as in English, the Flemings should have heard how we devoted them to the devil." On Saturday, 26 March, Charles arrived at Breda. So also did the Scots Commissioners. On Tuesday they had an audience in the King's bed-chamber. The conditions involved taking the Covenant, establishing Presbyterianism in all his realms, and abandoning Ormonde and Montrose. Pressed on all sides, by some of his own Council, by his relations, by Christina of Sweden, Charles "with great passion and bitter execration," gave up Cavaliers, Engagers, and Irish Catholics, or in other words, Montrose, Hamilton, and Ormonde. On 1 May, he signed the first draft of the treaty, but its terms were altered to a louder and more vigorous strain when the news came of Montrose's capture at Corbisdale. On 2 June, Charles embarked at Harslaersdyck with Hamilton, Lauderdale, Dunfermline, Brentford, Buckingham, Wilmot, Henry Seymour, Mr. Rhodes, Dr. Fraser, and his two chaplains, having previously received the Communion kneeling, in face of Covenanting opposition. He had already scandalized the godly by "balling and dancing" into the small hours. On the 11th, he signed the latest draft, off Heligoland, swore to the Covenant outside the mouth of the Spey on the 23rd, without deceiving either himself or any one else as to his intentions or sincerity. He disgusted his most faithful adherents, alienated others, caused his mother

horror-stricken sorrow, and killed his sister Elizabeth, "who hath wept daily ever since."

And there remain to us the comments of Jaffray and of Livingstone: "We did both sinfully entangle and engage the nation, ourselves, and that poor young Prince to whom we were sent, making him sign and swear a covenant which we knew from clear and demonstrable reasons that he hated in his heart; yet, finding that upon these terms only he could be admitted to rule over us, all other means having then failed him, he sinfully complied with what we most sinfully pressed upon him. . . . In this he was not so constant to his principles as his father, but his strait and our guiltiness was the greater." So Jaffray; and Livingstone says: "It seems to have been the guilt not of the commissioners only, but of the whole State—yea, of the Church."

Charles landed on 24 June (O.S.), 1650, at Garmouth, and by the Bog o' Gicht and Strathbogie went to Aberdeen,[1] where he was greeted by the burghers loyally and enthusiastically, and by the Parliament with the hand of Montrose nailed on the town gate. On the way to Aberdeen, he crossed the river Ury, and said that the scenery reminded him of his "dear England." At St. Andrews, Charles was presented with the city keys wrought in silver, and entertained with a long oration "on the duties of Kings." On Saturday, 16 July, he passed through Cupar, where dessert was offered him at the Tolbooth, and the schoolmaster was appointed "to give him a music song or two while he was at table." That evening he came to Falkland. While there, "the King's table was well served, and there he sat in majesty, waited upon with decency; he had good horses to ride about to take the air, and was then well attended, and in all public appearances seemed to want nothing that was

[1] An entry among the King's expenses here: "To gold and silver riband and other articles to the maiden, etc., 129. 0. 4. Scotts."—Fea, *King Monmouth*, p. 7; Kennedy, *Annals of Aberdeen*, i. 227.

due to a great king. . . . He could not dispose or order any thing, or himself go to any other place than was assigned to him." . . . "Sentinels being set every night about his lodgings, few daring to speak freely or privately to him, and spies set upon his words and actions, and his bed-chamber is not free to himself, the ministers almost daily thrusting in upon him to catechize and instruct him, and I believe, to exact replies from him." The King "wrought himself into as grave a deportment as he could, heard many prayers, and sermons, some of a great length. I remember in one day there were six sermons preached without intermission. I [Gilbert Burnet] was there myself and not a little weary of so tedious a service."[1] "He was not so much as allowed to walk abroad on Sundays, and if he smiled on those days, received a sharp reproof." There was, of course, no dancing, or cards, allowed. Golf was permitted, with a special guard for the links. But "in the year 1650, to the many fornications and adulteries which he then committed, he added the perpetration of an attempt upon a modest and virtuous lady," and so "incurred the general dissatisfaction of his best friends." Buckingham has let us into the secrets of the unspiritual side of the Covenanting clergy. "The Puritans break downe the hedges and then bid the cattle not to wander. . . . They must have a new Religion, and who but the Clergy? Who but Aaron to make the calfe for 'em? . . . At dinners they lay as fiercely about 'em as in the Pulpit."

On 23 July—2 August, the King left Falkland and went to Perth, where he stayed the night, and wrote in the City Book of Privileges: "Charles R. 24 Julii 1650. Nemo me impune lacessit." At Dunfermline, Charles met Anne Murray, the lady who had helped his brother to escape from England. Not gaining the special notice which she had expected from the King, Anne was

[1] Even at the start of the voyage from Holland, Livingstone and another minister went on board Charles' ship in harbour, thinking it "a pity that the Kg. and Ld. Cassilis should be there, and none to preach to them."

much distressed and persuaded the good old gentleman Richard Harding to speak to the King. Before he left the Earl of Dunfermline's house, Charles came up to Mrs. Murray and said: "Mrs. Murray, I am ashamed that I have been so long a-speaking to you, but it was because I could not say enough to you for the service you did my brother. But, if ever I can command what I have a right to as my own, there shall be nothing in my power I will not do for you." From Dunfermline, the King went to Stirling, and was invited by the Earl of Eglinton to visit the army. On riding to the camp at Leith he was enthusiastically received by the soldiers. "The next day the Commissioners of the King desired me to retire out of the army, pretending it was for the safety of my person, but indeed it was for feare I should get too great an interest with the soldiers." At Dunfermline again, Charles was "narrowly watched by the serious Christians." The Kirk next proceeded to expel as many as possible of the Engagers and Cavaliers from the army, filling their places with "ministers' sons, clerks, and such other sanctified creatures, who hardly ever saw or heard of any sword, but that of the Spirit." This new burst of insanity was then directed against the King, who was required to sign a declaration lamenting his father's opposition to the Covenant, his mother's idolatry, the sins of all his house, and his own delinquencies. Until threatened with immediate betrayal to Cromwell, Charles refused to sign, and then only after alterations did he affix his signature. This was on Friday, 18–26 August, at Dunfermline; that night he rode to Perth, arriving at ten. Here he received a messenger from Ireland, Dr. King, Dean of Tuam, and at one in the morning, in his bed-chamber, spoke as follows to him: "Mr. King, I have received a very good character of you, and I do therefore give you assurance that, however I am enforced by the necessity of my affairs to appear otherwise, I am a true child of the Church of England, and shall remain firm to my first principles. Mr. King, I am

a true Cavalier! . . . Mr. King, the Scots have dealt very ill with me, very ill. I understand you are willing to go into Ireland. My Lord of Ormonde is a person that I depend upon more than any one living. I much fear that I have been forced to do some things which may much prejudice him. You have heard how a declaration was extorted from me, and how I should have been dealt withal if I had not signed it. Yet what concerns Ireland is in noways binding, for I can do nothing in that kingdom without my council there, nor what I have done is nothing, yet I fear it may prejudice my Lord of Ormonde and my friends with him, so that if you would satisfy him in this, you would do a very acceptable service unto me. . . . I have endeavoured to send to my Lord of Ormonde very often, yet I do not find that he hath received anything from me since the treaty. I have endeavoured to the utmost to preserve him and my friends there, but I have been ill-dealt withal. . . . For such of the Irish as have been loyal to me, I will, by God's help, whatsoever my father or I have promised them, make good unto them. . . . I am resolved wholly to be governed in the affairs of that kingdom by my Lord of Ormonde. . . . Tell them that I prefer their particular safeties to any interest of my own in that kingdom, and that I account it not only an error but a misfortune that I came not thither when my Lord of Ormonde invited me."

On 3 September was fought the battle of Dunbar, when Leslie's strong position was abandoned at the clamours of the Kirk, promising victory to themselves "in as confident terms as if God Himself had directed them to declare it." In one hour the Covenanters were utterly defeated, and Cromwell held the south of Scotland. On apocryphal authority we are told that Charles "fell on his knees and thanked God that he was so fairly rid of his enemies"; but he certainly wrote as follows to the Committee of Estates: "We cannot but acknowledge that the stroake and tryal is very hard to be borne, and would be

impossible for us and you, in human strength . . . but in the Lord's we are bold and confident. . . . Our ancestors had only the honour and civil liberties of the land to defend, but we have with you, religion, the gospel, and the Covenant, against which Hell shall not prevail, much less a number of sectaries stirred up by it. . . . We shall strive to be humbled that the Lord may be appeased, and that He may return to the thousands of His people." The ministers "now told God Almighty that it was a small thing to them to lose their lives and estates, but to Him it was a very great loss to suffer His elect and chosen to be destroyed." Meanwhile, the expelled members of the army, and other malcontents, were uniting for the King against the Covenanters, and he decided to join them at the Brigg of Erne, early in October. Unfortunately he told his plans to Buckingham, who told Wilmot, who told Argyle. In spite of the strong measures adopted by the Covenanters, Charles resolved to escape, and on 4–14 October, dined early, afterwards strolling into the garden, where he disputed half an hour with Buckingham, and finally went out of the gate, and with a few gentlemen, took horse and rode towards Fife "without any change of clothes or linens more than was on his body, in a thin riding suit of stuffe." He rode "at a full career" to Lord Dudhope's near Dundee, thence to Lord Buchan's, and thence to the Earl of Airlie's, and finally to Clova, where he rested in a cottage belonging to the Laird, and was found by one of the officers sent in chase "laying in a nastie roome, on ane old bolster, above a matte of segges and rushes, overwearied and verey fearfull." That night Charles slept at Huntly Castle, went to Perth next day in answer to the appealing letter of the Committee of Estates, and "heard sermon in his own Presence Chamber." Hereafter, the King was given more liberty and more voice in affairs, for he had thoroughly startled the Kirk. Yet at the end of the year, fasts were appointed, and Charles had publicly to bewail the sins of his father and grandfather; and as he

said bitterly: "I think I ought to repent too that ever I was born." On 1 January, 1657, Charles was crowned, behaving throughout the ceremony "very seriously and devoutly, so that none doubted of his ingenuity and sincerity." Henceforth he devoted himself to consolidating his power, extending his influence, raising a new army, and strengthening military posts; surprising every one by the wonderful skill, tact, and energy which he brought to bear on his manifold and difficult tasks. Cromwell himself said that "the young man is very active and intelligent"; and Sir Richard Fanshawe writes: "The best is . . . that his Majesty's judgment and activity both in civil and martial affairs are to a degree you would not imagine in so few months' growth as he hath trod upon the stage; being the first and forwardest upon every occasion in either kind, and adventuring his person—I pray God not too much—upon every show of danger, riding continually and being up early and late; with which nevertheless his health is not abated, but, on the contrary, both that and his Majesty's strength increased." On 8 June, the Dean of Tuam was able to write: "The King's power is absolute, all interests are reconciled; all factions composed, the ambitious defeated, the army cheerful, accomplished, numerous. . . . It is a . . . matter for joy, in which your lordship will largely share, to observe the daily acts of his Majesty's prudence, vigilance, and high resolution in the conduct of affairs."

Finally, forced by Cromwell's capture of Perth, and the consequent cutting off of supplies, into a choice between fighting Cromwell, retiring into the Highlands, and invading England, Charles chose the third, and on 1 August began his march into England. On the 5th, at his camp of Woodhouselee on the border, he published a declaration of pardon and oblivion to all who would return to their allegiance, save and except the regicides; and promised that the Scotch army should leave England directly it had served its purpose. The English did not come in to the

King's standard so fast as was expected, and the Duke of Buckingham suggested that this was because the Scotchman Leslie was commander-in-chief; and that therefore he had better be superseded. On being asked who could replace him, Buckingham answered "that he hoped the King would confer the command on him. The next day he renewed his importunity, and was confident what he proposed was "so evidently for his service, that David Lesley himself would willingly consent to it." Charles said his youth made him unfit for the charge. The Duke replied that Henri IV of France won a battle when he was younger than he; "so that in the end the King was compelled to tell him he would have no generalissimo but himself, upon which the Duke was so discontented that he came no more to the council, scarce spoke to the King, neglected everybody else and himself, insomuch that for days he never put on clean linen, nor conversed with anybody, nor did he recover this ill-humour whilst the army stayed at Worcester." He employed himself while in that city, however, in decking out his own regiment in new uniforms.[1] Marching into Lancashire, and receiving there some help from the Earl of Derby, the King routed some rebels at Warrington Bridge, and marched on, harassed by Lambert and Harrison, with Cromwell following him close. On 22 August, after a slight opposition by some rebels, Charles occupied Worcester. He had left Lord Derby in Lancashire, but the Earl was utterly defeated on the 25th at Wigan, and fled towards Worcester. Near Newport he met Richard Sneyd, who took him to Boscobel House on Friday the 29th, where William Penderel and his wife kept the Earl safe till Sunday night, and then conveyed him to Humphrey Elliot's at Gatakar Park; this gentleman lent him £10, and brought him safe to Worcester. On Saturday the 23rd, Charles was proclaimed

[1] In 1660, the Company of Drapers in Worcester petitioned the King for the repayment of £453 3*s*., "requisitioned and expended on red cloth by George Villiers, for his regiment of Foot Guards."

King by the mayor and sheriff, and published a manifesto. On Sunday, Crosby offended the Presbyterians by a sermon in the Cathedral before the King, in which he styled Charles "Supreme Head and Governor of the Church, next unto God." On Tuesday, such as answered Charles' summons to all men between the ages of sixteen and sixty, mustered in Pitchcroft. Few, however, came, and in all the King's army was about 12,000 men, against whom Cromwell was now bringing 30,000 veteran troops.

On the 28th, Major-General Massey was routed at Upton-on-Severn Bridge by Lambert; and under cover of this fight, Oliver advanced to Stoughton, within four miles of the city on the south side, and on the next day appeared on Redhill. That night a camisado, or attack in which all wore their shirts over their armour, was given upon Oliver's camp; it was unsuccessful, owing to the traitorous discovery of the design by one Guyse, a tailor, afterwards hanged as reward. "The fatal 3 September being come, his Majesty this day (holding a council of war upon the top of the college church steeple, the better to discover the enemies' posture), observed some firing at Powick, and Cromwell making a bridge of boats over Severn, under Bunshill, about a mile below the city towards Teammouth; his Majesty presently goes down, commands all to their arms, and marches in person to Powick Bridge to give orders, as well for maintaining that bridge, as for opposing the making the other of boats, and hasted back to his army in the city. Soon after his Majesty was gone from Powick Bridge," Montgomery was routed there by the rebels, and Cromwell finished his pontoon, thus leaving Worcester undefended on that side. "His Majesty being retired from Powick Bridge, marched with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Grandison and some other of his cavalry, through the city and out at Sudbury[1] Gate by the Fort Royal, where the rebels' great shot came frequently near his sacred person. At this time Cromwell was settled

[1] Sidbury.

in an advantageous post at Perry Wood within a mile of the city, swelling with pride and confident in the numbers of his men, having besides raised a breastwork at the cockshoot of that wood, for his greater security; but Duke Hamilton (formerly Lord Lanerick) with his own troop and some highlanders, Sir Alexander Forbus with his regiment of foot and divers English lords and gentlemen volunteers, by his Majesty's command and encouragement, engaged him, and did great execution upon his best men, forced the great Sultan (as the Rhodians in like case did the Turk) to retreat with his Janizaries, and his Majesty was once as absolute master of his great guns as he ought then to have been of the whole land. Here his Majesty gave an incomparable example of valour to the rest by charging in person, which the highlanders especially imitated in a great measure, fighting with the butt-ends of their muskets, when their ammunition was spent; but new supplies of rebels being continually poured upon them, and the main body of Scotch horse not coming up in due time from the town to his Majesty's relief, his army was forced to retreat in at Sudbury[1] Gate in much disorder. . . . At Sudbury[1] Gate (I know not whether by accident or on purpose) a cart laden with ammunition was overthrown and lay cross the passage, one of the oxen that drew it being then killed; so that his Majesty could not ride into the town, but was forced to dismount and come in on foot" by crawling between the wheels of the wagon. "In the Friars Street his Majesty put off his armour (which was heavy and troublesome to him) and took a fresh horse[2]; and then perceiving many of his foot-soldiers begin to throw down their arms and decline fighting, he rode up and down among them, sometimes with his hat in his hand, entreating them to stand to their arms, and fight like men; otherwhiles encouraging them,

[1] Sidbury.

[2] Possibly the horse which Mr. Bagnall, dwelling near the gate, is said to have turned into the street ready saddled, at the cry of a horse for the King.

alleging the goodness and justice of the cause they fought for; but seeing himself not able to prevail, said, 'I had rather you would shoot me, than keep me alive to see the sad consequences of this fatal day': so deep a sense had his prophetic soul of the miseries of his loved country even in the midst of his own danger. . . . When his Majesty saw no hope of rallying his thus discomfited foot, he marched out of Worcester, at St. Martin's Gate (the Fore Gate being mured up) about six of the clock in the evening, with his main body of horse. His retreat was in a measure covered by the desperate stand made by a body of rallied gentlemen in the town." While in Worcester, the King lodged in a house, still standing, at the corner of New Street and the Corn-market; and it is said that he was nearly captured here by Major Corbett, only escaping by the back door, as Corbett came in at the front. The action of the battle lasted from one o'clock in the morning until night, the chief heat of the day being in the east, the streets running with blood in that quarter.

Traditions are, of course, numerous as to Charles' escape at Worcester. In Friars' Street, an old house is still pointed out as a place where Charles changed clothes with his host and was let down from a window in a blanket. A Mrs. Mary Graves petitioned in 1660 for favours, on the ground that she sent the King ten horses "with men and money, and two empty, one of which the King rode at Worcester, escaping from the field on the other." While the King rode out by the Town-ditch into Foregate Street, the cry through the city was nothing but "Save the King!" no one knowing what had become of him. Still another story is told of a Scotch gentleman bringing water in his helmet to Charles as he left the city, and being granted estates in 1660, on condition of bringing water and pouring it over the hands of any Sovereign of England who should cross his lands. The King's route, then, lay up Foregate Street and the Tithing,[1] to Barbourne Bridge,

[1] Though not through the Foregate: see above.

where a halt was called and a consultation held as to the direction of flight. But let the King tell the story of that flight as far as possible in his own words, dictated to Pepys at Newmarket, on Sunday, 3 October, and Tuesday, the 5th, 1680.[1]

[1] The ensuing account is almost entirely in the words of the King's and other relations of the flight (see Preface). The King's own words are in inverted commas, such other quotations as are thus distinguished being in square brackets. For the whole period of the exile, besides original authorities referred to in the notes, cf. Miss Eva Scott's admirable monographs : *The King in Exile* (1905) ; *The Travels of the King* (1907) ; and *Rupert, Prince Palatine* (1900).

CHAPTER III

"AFTER WORCESTER FIGHT"

Sidbury Gate—St. Martin's Gate—Barbourne Bridge—Kinver Edge —Whiteladies—Hobbal Grange—A night walk—At Mr. Woolfe's—Back at Boscobel—Royal Oak—Mr. Whitgreave of Moseley and Mr. Huddleston—At Bentley with Colonel Lane—The ride to Bristol—The blacksmith befooled—Charles and the Meat-Jack—The King discovered at Bristol—He goes to Colonel Wyndham's at Trent—Jane Lane—Charmouth—Bridport—Broadwindsor—Heale House, Salisbury—The ride to Brighton—The "George" at Brighton—Mine host—The skipper—Charles lands at Fécamp—Rouen—Paris.

"AFTER that the battle was so absolutely lost, as to be beyond hope of recovery, I began to think of the best way of saving myself; and the first thought that came into my head was, that, if I could possibly, I would get to London, as soon, if not sooner, than the news of our defeat could get thither: and it being dark, I talked with some, especially with my Lord Rochester, who was then Wilmot, about their opinions which would be the best way for me to escape, it being impossible, as I thought, to get back into Scotland. I found them mightily distracted, and their opinions different, of the possibility of getting to Scotland, but not one agreeing with mine, for going to London, saving my Lord Wilmot; and the truth is, I did not impart my design of going to London to any but my Lord Wilmot. But we had such a number of beaten men with us, of the horse, that I strove, as soon as ever it was dark, to get from them: and though I could not get them to stand by me against the enemy, I could not get rid of them, now I had

a mind to it. So we, that is, my Lord Duke of Buckingham, Lauderdale, Derby, Wilmot, Tom Blague, Duke Darcey, and several others of my servants, went along northwards towards Scotland; and at last we got about sixty that were gentlemen and officers, and slipt away out of the highroad that goes to Lancastershire, and kept on the right-hand, letting all the beaten men go along the great road, and ourselves not knowing very well which way to go, for it was then too late for us to get to London, on horseback, riding directly for it, nor could we do it, because there was yet many people of quality with us that I could not get rid of." [Guided by Richard Walker, one of Lord Talbot's troopers, they rode by Barnhall and Ombersley towards Hartlebury, then by Chester Lane and Green Hill to Broadwaters, across Lea Castle Park, over the Stour by Blakeshall, to Kinver Edge. At Round Hill, Kinver, a second halt was made, and Lord Derby suggested his own place of refuge, Boscobel; towards this place Mr. Charles Giffard and one Yates, a servant, led the way.] "So we rode through a town short of Woolverhampton, betwixt that and Worcester, and went through, there lying a troop of the enemies there that night. We rode very quietly through the town, they having nobody to watch, nor they suspecting us no more than we did them, which I learned afterwards from a country fellow." [Two miles out of Stourbridge, near Wordsley Church, is an old red-brick gabled house where a minute's halt was made and "his majesty drank, and ate a crust of bread, the house affording no better provision."[1] As the King rode on, "he discoursed with Colonel Roscarrock touching Boscobel House and the means of security which the Earl of Derby and he found at that place." The troop of Cavaliers probably rode now by Himley through Wombourne and the Wrottesley Woods to Brewood Forest and Whiteladies.] "We went that night about twenty miles, to a

[1] In France, Charles said that he rode with bread in one hand and meat in the other.

place called Whiteladys, hard by Tong-Castle, by the advice of Mr. Giffard, where we slept." [George Penderel opened the door and seeing Yates, asked news of the battle, and the rest pressed into the house. "After his Majesty and his lords were entered the house, his Majesties horse was brought into the hall, and by this time it was about break of day on Thursday morning." Here the travellers] "got some little refreshment of bread and cheese, such as we could get. . . . And just as we came thither, there came in a country-fellow, that told us, there were three thousand of our horse just hard by Tong-Castle, upon the heath, all in disorder, under David Leslie, and some other of the general officers: upon which there were some of the people of quality that were with me, who were very earnest that I should go to him and endeavour to go into Scotland; which I thought was absolutely impossible, knowing very well that the country would all rise upon us, and that men who had deserted me when they were in good order, would never stand to me when they have been beaten." ["Mr. Giffard presently sent for Richard Penderel who lived near hand at Hobbal Grange, and Colonel Roscarrock caused Bartholomew Martin, a boy in the house, to be sent to Boscobel for William Penderel; meantime Mris. Giffard brought his Majesty some sack and bisket. Richard came first and was immediately sent back to bring a suit of his clothes for the King, and by that time he arrived with them, William came, and both were brought into the parlour to the Earl of Derby, who immediately carried them into an inner parlour (where the King was) and told William Penderel 'This is the King' (pointing to his Majesty); 'thou must have a care of him and preserve him as thou didst me';; and Mr. Giffard did also conjure Richard to have a special care of his charge, to which commands the two brothers yielded ready obedience. Whilst Richard and William were thus sent for, his Majesty had been advised to rub his hands on the back of the chimney and

with them his face, for a disguise; and my Lord Wilmot cut his hair, untowardly notching it with a knife. His Majesty put off his garter, blue ribband, George of diamonds, buff coat, and other princely ornaments, (also a linen doublet and a pair of grey breeches); he gave his watch to the custody of the Lord Wilmot, his George to Colonel Blague, and distributed the gold he had in his pocket among his servants. The King then proceeded nimbly to put on the disguise, being a shirt borrowed from Edward Martin who lived in the house, Richard Penderel's jump and breeches of coarse green cloth, and doeskin leather doublet, a hat of Humphrey Penderel the miller's, George Penderel's band, and William Cresswell's shoes.[1] Then Richard came with a pair of shears and rounded the King's hair; and the King was pleased to take notice of his good barbering, so as to prefer his work before my Lord Wilmot's; and now his Majesty was à la mode the woodman. He had not time to be so exactly disguised as afterwards; for both William and Richard Penderel did advertise the company to make haste away in regard there was a troop of rebels, commanded by Colonel Ashenhurst, quartered at Cotsal but 3 miles distant, some of which troop came to the house within half an hour after the dissolution of the royal troop. Presently the lords took their heavy leave and departed, every one shifting for himself,"[2] "I acquainting none with my resolution of going to London but my Lord Wilmot, they all desiring me not to acquaint them with what I intended to do, because they knew not what they might be forced to confess; on which consideration they, with one voice, begged of me not to tell them what I intended to do. So all the persons of quality and officers who were with me,

[1] Charles says: "I . . . flung my cloaths into a privy-house, that nobody might see that anybody had been stripping themselves." But in the *True Narrative* we are told that the Penderels buried them, and dug them up after five weeks.

[2] Derby was taken and beheaded; Buckingham got safe to Rotterdam; Wilmot accompanied Charles through most of his wanderings.

(except my Lord Wilmot, with whom a place was agreed upon for our meeting at London, if we escaped, and who endeavoured to go on horse-back, in regard, as I think, of his being too big to go on foot,) were resolved to go and join with the three thousand disordered horse, thinking to get away with them to Scotland. But, as I did before believe, they were not marched six miles, after they got to them, but they were all routed by a single troop of horse ; which shews that my opinion was not wrong in sticking to men who had run away." ["The company being departed, a wood-bill was brought and put into the king's hand, and Richard Penderel led him out at a back door, and carried him into an adjacent wood belonging to Boscobel, called Spring Coppice, about half a mile from Whiteladies ; whilst William went home, and Humphrey and George were scouting abroad to bring what news they could learn to his Majesty in the coppice, as occasion required."] "Richard Penderell . . . was a Roman Catholic, and I chose to trust them, because I knew they had hiding-holes for priests, that I thought I might make use of in case of need. I was no sooner gone (being the next morning after the battle, and then broad day) out of the house with this country-fellow, but being in a great wood I set myself at the edge of the wood, near the high-way that was there, the better to see who came after us, and whether they made any search after the runaways, and I immediately saw a troop of horse coming by, which I conceived to be the same troop that beat our three thousand horse ; but it did not look like a troop of the army's, but of the militia, for the fellow before it did not look at all like a soldier." ["But the king had not been an hour in the wood before a troop of horse of the enemy's came to Whiteladies, and enquired if some of the king's horse and himself passed not that way, and if they could give any information of him. To which the town folks answered, that about three hours ago there was a party of horse came thither, and they supposed the king with them, but they made no

stay in the village, but presently departed. They were hereupon so eager in the pursuit, they followed the route and made no further search there. The King straight heard this, by the two aforesaid scouts, who straggled for intelligence into the town."] "In this wood I staid all day, without meat or drink; and by great good fortune it rained all the time, which hindered them as I believe, from coming into the wood to search for men that might be fled thither. And one thing is remarkable enough, that those with whom I have since spoken, of them that joined with the horse upon the heath, did say, that it rained little or nothing with them all the day, but only in the wood, where I was, this contributing to my safety." ["The thickest tree in the wood was not able to keep his Majesty dry, nor was there any thing for him to sit on: thereupon Francis Yates' wife came into the wood, and brought the king a blanket, which she threw over his shoulders to keep him dry, and Richard went to her house and brought another which he folded and laid on the ground for the King to sit on. At the same time, Richard spoke to the goodwife Yates, to provide some victuals, and she brought the king his first meat to eat there, viz., a mess of milk, eggs, and sugar, in a black earthen cup, which the king guessed to be milk and apples, and said he loved it very well. After he had drunk some of it, and eaten part in a pewter spoon, he gave the rest to George,[1] and bid him eat, for it was very good. But his Majesty was a little surpriz'd to see the woman (no good concealer of a secret) and said cheerfully to her, 'Good woman, can you be faithfull to a distressed cavalier?' She answered, 'Yes, sir, I will die rather than discover you,' with which answer his Majesty was well satisfied. There was nothing of moment passed this day in court, but only the King exchanged his wood-bill for Francis Yates' broom-hook, which was something lighter. They had much ado all that day to teach and fashion his Majesty to their country guise, and to order

[1] Richard? Or was George present at the time, reporting?

his steps and straight body to a lobbing Jobson's gait, and were forced every foot to mind him of it; for the language, his Majesty's most gracious converse with his people in his journey to, and at Worcester, had rendered it very easy and very tuneable to him."[1]] "As I was in the wood, I talked with the fellow about getting towards London; and asking him many questions, about what gentlemen he knew; I did not find he knew any man of quality in the way towards London. And the truth is, my mind changed as I lay in the wood, and I resolved of another way of making my escape; which was, to get over Severn into Wales, and so get either to Swansey, or some other of the seatowns that I knew had commerce with France, to the end I might get over that way, that I thought none would suspect my taking; besides that, I remembered several honest gentlemen that were of my acquaintance in Wales." [About five o'clock that evening, the King, with the retinue of Richard, Humphrey, George, and Francis Yates, left the wood, and betook himself to Richard's house, Hobbal Grange, where he went under the name of William Jones, a wood-cutter, newly come thither for work. Against his coming, the good wife for his entertainment for supper was preparing a fricasy of bacon and eggs; and whilst that was doing, the King held on his knee their daughter Nan. After he had eat a little, he asked Richard to eat, who replied: "Yea, sir, I will"; whereto his Majesty answered: "You have a better stomach than I, for you have eaten five times to-day already."[2] After supper ended, the King, according to his resolution to pass into Wales, proposed when it should be dusky, to depart. Before he went, Jane Penderel, mother of the five brethren, came to see the King, before whom she

[1] If this means that Charles could speak the dialect, it contradicts what he himself says later: "The country-fellow desired me not to answer if any body should ask me any questions, because I had not the accent of the country."

[2] Note that Charles says: "Memorandum, that I got some bread and cheese the night before at one of the Penderell's houses, I not going in."

blessed God that had so honoured her children in making them the instruments, as she hoped, of his Majesty's safeguard and deliverance. Here Francis Yates offered the King thirty shillings in silver; the King accepted ten, and bid him put the other up. Humphrey would have gone before to see and view about, but the King would not let him. It being now near night, they took their leave of the King upon their knees, beseeching God to guide and bless him. When the night was dark, Richard Penderel and the King walked through the wood into those enclosures which were farthest from any highway, and making a shift to get over hedges and ditches] "towards the Severn, intending to pass over a ferry, half way between Bridgenorth and Shrewsbury. But as we were going in the night we came by a mill[1] where I heard some people talking, and as we conceived it was about twelve or one o'clock at night,[2] and the country-fellow desired me not to answer if any body should ask me any questions, because I had not the accent of the country. Just as we came to the mill, we could see the miller, as I believed, sitting at the mill door, he being in white cloaths, it being a very dark night. He called out, 'Who goes there?' [having a quarter-staff or a good cudgel in his hand.] "Upon which Richard Penderel answered, 'Neighbours going home,' or some such like words.[3] Whereupon the miller cried out, 'if you be neighbours, stand, or I will knock you down.' Upon which, we believing there was company in the house, the fellow bade me follow him close"; [and the water being shallow, he leapt off the bridge into it, and the King did the like, following Richard by the noise and rattling of his leathern breeches;] "and he run to a gate that went up a dirty lane, up a hill, and opening the gate, the miller cried out, 'Rogues! Rogues!' And thereupon some men came

[1] Evelith Mill.

[2] In reality, about nine o'clock.

[3] "To which Richard, being foremost, thought it not safe to reply" (*True Narrative*).

out of the mill after us, which I believed was soldiers[1]: so we fell a running, both of us, up the lane, as long as we could run, it being very deep, and very dirty, till at last I bade him leap over a hedge, and lie still to hear if any body followed us; which we did, and continued lying down upon the ground about half an hour, when, hearing nobody come we continued our way on to the village upon the Severn;"[2] ["This was so grievous a march, and he was so tired that he was even ready to despair, and to prefer being taken and suffered to rest, before purchasing his safety at such a price. His shoes had after a few miles hurt him so much that he had thrown them away and walked the rest of the way in his ill stockings, which were quickly worn out; and his feet with the thorns in getting over hedges and with the stones in other places, were so hurt, and wounded, that he many times cast himself upon the ground, with a desperate and obstinate resolution to rest there till the morning, that he might shift with less torment what hazard soever he run. But his stout guide still prevailed with him to make a new attempt, sometimes promising that the way should be better, and sometimes assuring him that he had little farther to go; and in this distress and perplexity, before the morning they arrived at the house designed after the walking a few miles;"] "where the fellow told me there was an honest gentleman, one Mr. Woolfe, where I might be with great safety; for that he had hiding-holes for priests. But I would not go in till I knew a little of his mind, whether he would receive so dangerous a guest as me? and therefore stayed in a field, under a hedge, by a great tree, commanding him not to say it was I; but only to ask Mr. Woolfe, whether he would receive an English gentleman, a person of quality,

[1] "The miller being glad he was so rid of them, for (as it afterwards appeared) here were some of the King's scattered soldiers in his mill, and he supposed the other to be Parliamentarians that were upon the scent for his distressed guests" (*True Narrative*).

[2] "Mr. Francis Woolfe lived at Madely" (Huddleston).

to hide him the next day, till we could travel again by night, for I durst not go but by night. Mr. Woolfe, when the country-fellow told him that it was one that had escaped from the battle of Worcester, said, that for his part, it was so dangerous a thing to harbour any body that was known, that he would not venture his neck for any man, unless it were the King himself. Upon which, Richard Penderel, very indiscreetly, and without any leave, told him that it was I. Upon which Mr. Woolfe replied, that he should be very ready to venture all he had in the world to secure me. Upon which Richard Penderel came and told me what he had done. At which I was a little troubled, but then there was no remedy, the day being just coming on, and I must either venture that, or run some greater danger. So I came into the house a back way, where I found Mr. Woolfe, an old gentleman, who told me he was very sorry to see me there; because there was two companies of the militia foot, at that time, in arms in the town, and kept a guard at the ferry, to examine every body that came that way, in expectation of catching some that might be making their escape that way; and that he durst not put me into any of the hiding-holes of his house, because they had been discovered, and consequently if any search should be made, they would certainly repair to these holes; and that therefore I had no other way of security but to go into his barn, and there lye behind his corn and hay. So after he had given us some cold meat, that was ready, we, without making any bustle in the house, went and lay in the barn all the next day; when towards evening, his son, who had been prisoner at Shrewsbury, an honest man, was released and came home to his father's house. And as soon as ever it began to be a little darkish, Mr. Woolfe and his son brought us meat into the barn; and there we discoursed with them, whether we might safely get over the Severn into Wales; which they advised me by no means to adventure upon, because of the strict guards that were kept all along the

Severn, where any passage could be found, for preventing any body's escaping that way into Wales. Upon this I took the resolution of going that night the very same way back again to Penderell's house, where I knew I should hear some news, what was become of my Lord Wilmot, and resolved again upon going for London." ["The day being over, his Majesty adventured to come again into the house, where, his Majesty's hands not appearing sufficiently discoloured, suitable to his other disguise, Mrs. Woolf provided walnut-tree leaves,[1] as the readiest expedient for that purpose. Having for some time refreshed himself, and being furnished with conveniences for his journey,[2] (which was conceived to be safer on foot than by horse) the King with his faithful guide Richard and a maid of the house, who brought them two miles on their way,"] "set out again as soon as it was dark. But, as we came by the mill again, we had no mind to be questioned a second time there; and therefore asking Richard Penderell whether he could swim or no? and how deep the river was? he told me, it was a scurvy river, not easy to be past in all places, and that he could not swim. So I told him, that the river being but a little one, I would undertake to help him over. Upon which we went over some closes to the river-side, and I entering the river first, to see whether I could myself go over, who knew how to swim, found it was but a little above my middle; and thereupon taking Richard Penderell by the hand I helped him over." ["About three of the clock on Saturday morning, being come near the house, Richard went in to see if any soldiers were there, or other danger, where he found Colonel William Carlis (who had seen, not the last man born, but the last man killed, at Worcester), and who, having with much difficulty made his escape from thence,[3]

[1] Decoction of galls?

[2] Mr. Woolfe lent his Majesty some small sum of money; and a pair of green yarn stockings.

[3] Cf. *Exact Narrative and Relation*, etc., 1660.

was got into his own neighbourhood, and for some time concealing himself in Boscobel Wood, was come that morning to the house, to get some relief of William Penderel, his old acquaintance. Richard having acquainted the Colonel that the King was in the wood, the Colonel, with William and Richard go presently thither to give their attendance, where they find his Majesty sitting on the root of a tree ; and the Colonel was so overjoyed with the sight of the King his master, in such sure and safe hands, that he could not refrain weeping, and the King himself was moved with the same passion, and came with them into the house,[1] where he eat bread and cheese heartily, and (as an extraordinary), William Penderel's wife made his Majesty a posset of thin milk and small beer, and got ready some warm water to wash his feet, not only extreme dirty, but much galled with travail. The Colonel pulled off his Majesty's shoes, which were full of gravel, and stockings, which were very wet ; and William's wife cut the blisters, washed the feet, and gave his Majesty some ease. There being no other shoes in the house that would fit him, the good-wife put some hot embers in those to dry them, whilst his Majesty's feet were washing and his stockings shifted. Being thus a little refreshed, Colonel Carless "] "told me that it would be very dangerous for me either to stay in that house or to go into the wood ; there being a great wood hard by Boscobel " ["for though there was a highway near one side of it where the King had entered into it, yet it was large, and all other sides of it opened amongst enclosures."] ; "that he knew but one way how to pass the next day, and that was, to get up into a

[1] Charles says, "When I came to this house, I inquired where my Lord Wilmot was ; it being now towards morning, Penderell's brother told me, that he had conducted him to a very honest gentleman's house, one Mr. Pitchcroft [Whitgreave], not far from Wolverhampton, [at Moseley], a Roman Catholic. I asked him, what news? He told me, that there was one Major Careless in the house," etc. Charles probably confuses the house of John Penderel, which was Whiteladies, where he inquired for Wilmot, and that of William, where he found Carlos.

great oak, in a pretty plain place, where we might see round about us; for the enemy would certainly search at the wood for people that had made their escape." ["Accordingly about nine of the clock that Saturday morning, the 6 September, they went into the wood, and Colonel Carless brought the King to that oak, where before he had himself been lodged. This tree is not hollow, but of a sound, firm trunk, only about the middle of the body of it there is a hole in it, about the bigness of a man's head, from whence it absurdly and abusively (in respect to its deserved perpetual growth, to outlast time itself) is called hollow; and by the help of William Penderell's ladder they got up into the boughs and branches of the tree, which were very thick and well-spread, full of leaves, and lined and covered with ivy; for it"] "had been lopt some three or four years before, and being grown out again, very bushy and thick, could not be seen through." ["When they were both up, William gave them up two pillows to lie upon between the thickest of the branches, and the King, being over-wearied with travel and his sore journey, began to be very sleepy. The Colonel, to accommodate him the best he could, desired his Majesty to lay his head in his lap, and rest the other parts of his body upon the pillow, which the King did; whilst his Majesty was thus sleeping, he chanced so to rest his head upon one of the arms of the Colonel, that by compressing the nervous parts of it, it caused such a stupor or numbness in the part, that he had scarcely strength left in it any longer to support his Majesty from falling off the tree, neither durst he by reason of the nearness of the enemy (now hunting so greedily after him) speak so loud as to awake him; nevertheless, to avoid both the danger of the fall and the surprise together, he was (though unwillingly) constrained to practice so much incivility (as I was credibly informed by a worthy person who received this information from the Colonel's own mouth), as to pinch his Majesty to the end he might awake him to

prevent his present danger. After the King had taken a good nap (William and his wife Joan still peaking up and down,[1] and she commonly near the place, with a neet-hook in her hand, gathering of sticks), he awaked very hungry, and wished he had something to eat, whereupon the Colonel plucked out of his pocket a good luncheon of bread and cheese (which Joan Penderel had given him for provant for that day, and had wrapped it up in a clean linen cloth), of which the King fed very heartily, and was well pleased with the service, and commended highly his good cheer; and some other small relief he had which was put up in the tree with a long hook-stick."] "Memorandum, that while we were in this tree we see soldiers going up and down, in the thicket of the wood, searching for persons escaped, we seeing them, now and then, peeping out of the wood." ["they heard all the discourse how they would use the King himself if they could take him."] "I having, in the meantime, sent [Richard Penderel] to Mr. [Whitgreave's], to know whether my Lord Wilmot was there or no, and had word brought me by him, at night, that my Lord was there; that there was a very secure hiding-hole in Mr. [Whitgreave's] house, and that he desired me to come thither to him. I did not depend upon finding Lord Wilmot, but sent only to know what was become of him; for he and I had agreed to meet at London, at the Three Cranes in the Vintry, and to enquire for Will Ashburnham." ["Richard Penderel was sent to Wolverhampton, some seven miles distant, to buy wine and biscuit and some other necessary refreshments for the King, and withal to speak with one Mr. George Manwaring (a person of known integrity and loyalty) from Colonel Careless, with some instructions about the King's removal, though not expressly the King, but one of that ruined party. In

[1] A warrant was issued in 1663 "for £100 for Joan Pendrell, the person who gathered sticks and diverted the horsemen from the oak his Majesty was in" (*Calendar of State Papers*, 10 July, 1663; and Allan Fea's *Flight of the King*, p. 55).

effect it was to know of him whether he knew of any sure privacy for two such persons; to which he answered he had not himself, but would inquire if a friend of his, one Mr. Whitgreave, of Moseley, could do it. Then Richard returned with his wine, etc., to the King, who, towards evening, came down by the same ladder from the tree, and was brought into the garden of Boscobel House, where he sat in the bower of it, and drank part of the wine, till towards night. Neither was Humphrey Penderel, the miller, unemployed all this while, but was sent to get intelligence how things went. And the easier to come by it, he was sent to a captain of the Rump, one Broadway, at Shifnal, formerly a heel-maker, under pretence of carrying him twenty shillings for the pay of a man in the new-raised militia of their county, for their mistress. While he was there, in came a colonel of the rebels, and asked for Captain Broadway, on purpose to know what further enquiry had been made at Whiteladies for the King, relating Broadway the story of it, to which he replied that he knew nothing of it further than rumour, but that there was one of that place in the house that could give him an account of it. So Humphrey was called, and several questions put to him, which he evaded, but confessed that the King had been there, as was supposed, but there was no likelihood for him to stay there, for there were three[1] families in the house, and all at difference with one another. The colonel told him there was a thousand pounds offered to any that would take or discover him; that the penalty for concealing him was death without mercy; and that they doubted not but within a day or two to have him delivered into their hands. These tidings Humphrey brought with him, and omitted not to tell his Majesty of the price the rebels had set on him; at the telling of which the King looked something dismayed, as having trusted his life into the hands

[1] Five, according to another account.

of so poor men, whom such a sum as that (though both detestable and of inconsiderable value to the purchase) might pervert from their allegiance and fidelity, which made Humphrey to be exceedingly troubled for his rashness, while Colonel Carless assured the King, 'If it were an hundred thousand pounds, it were to no more purpose, and that he would engage his soul for their truth'; which Humphrey also with many urgent asseverations did succeed. His Majesty now finding himself in a hopeful security, permitted William Penderel to shave him, and cut the hair off his head as short at the top as scissors would do it, but leaving some about the ears, according to the country mode; Colonel Carless attending, told his Majesty, William was but a mean barber, to which his Majesty answered, he had never been shaved by any barber before. The King bad William burn the hair which he cut off; but William was only disobedient in that, for he kept a good part of it, wherewith he has since pleasured some persons of honour, and is kept as a civil relique. This night the goodwife (whom his Majesty was pleased to call 'my Dame Joan') provided some chickens for his Majesty's supper; and a little pallet was put into the secret place for his Majesty to rest in, some of the brothers being continually upon duty, watching the avenues of the house and the roadway, to prevent the danger of a surprise. After supper, Colonel Carless asked his Majesty what meat he would please to have provided for the morrow, being Sunday; the King desired some mutton, if it might be had. But it was thought dangerous for William to go to any market to buy it, since his neighbours all knew he did not use to buy such for his own diet, and so it might beget a suspicion of his having strangers at his house. But the Colonel found another expedient to satisfy his Majesty's desires. Early on Sunday morning he repairs to Mr. William Staunton's sheep-cote, who rented some of the demesnes of Boscobel; here he chose one of the best sheep, sticks him with his dagger, then sends William for

the mutton, who brings him home on his back.[1] The King slept very incommodiously, with little or no rest, for the place[2] was not large enough for him; and on Sunday morning, 7 September, his Majesty got up early, and near the place where he lay, had the convenience of a gallery to walk in, where he was observed to spend some time in his devotions, and where he had the advantage of a window which surveyed the road from Tong to Brewood. Soon after his Majesty coming down into the parlour, his nose fell a-bleeding, which put his poor faithful servants into a great fright; but his Majesty was pleased soon to remove it, by telling them it often did so. As soon as the mutton was cold, William cut it up and brought a leg of it into the parlour;[3] his Majesty called for a knife and a trencher, and cut some of it into collops, and pricked them with the knife's point; then called for a frying-pan and butter, and fried the collops himself, of which he ate heartily; Colonel Carless the while being but under-cook (and that honour enough too), made the fire, and turned the collops in the pan. This passage yielded the King a pleasant jocular discourse after his arrival in France, when it amounted to a question, a very difficult case, who was cook, and who was scullion? And the solution of the doubt, when it could not be decided by the lords then present, was referred to the judgment of his Majesty's master-cook, who affirmed that the King was (*hic et nunc*) both of them.[4] His Majesty spent some part of this Lord's Day in reading the

[1] *The True Narrative* says, William brought one of the sheep into the ground-cellar, where the Colonel stuck it with his dagger. "And when William came down, they hung it upon a door and flayed it, and brought up a hind-quarter to the king."

[2] Apparently a small hole, entered by a small square trap-door in the floor of the garret, gallery, or cheese-room. (Fea.)

[3] "The danger being over, honest William began to think of making satisfaction for the fat mutton, and accordingly tendered Mr. Staunton its worth in money; but Staunton, understanding the sheep was killed for the relief of some honest Cavaliers, refused to take the money, but wished, much good might it do them." (Blount's *Boscobel*.)

[4] "The supremacy was of right adjudged to his Majesty." (Blount.)

Scriptures, in a pretty arbour in Boscobel garden, which grew upon a mount, and wherein there was a stone table, and seats about it, and commended the place for its retiredness.[1] That night, they laid the King a sorry bed upon the stair-case, that the meanness of his lodgings might secure him from suspicion. Now his Majesty intended going to my Lord Wilmot at Moseley, and sent John Penderel to tell my lord so, on Sunday morning, but he found my lord gone to Bentley, yet with Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston he went to Bentley and my Lord desired Mr. Whitgreave to meet him at twelve that night, and Mr. Huddleston to name a place where he would meet his Majesty about one o'clock, the same night. John Penderel returned to Boscobel with this information, in the afternoon. Sunday night, at eleven o'clock, was the time appointed for the King's departure to Moseley, and as the King's feet were too bad to walk, a horse was to be found. John was ordered to borrow one of one Stanton[2] of Hatton, but he had lent his out before; when the Colonel remembered that Humphrey the miller had one, and he thereupon was called and desired to lend him for the King's service. It was a kind of war-horse that had carried many a load of provisions and such like, but now he put upon him a bridle, and saddle that had outworn his tree and irons, and at the time prefixed brought him to the gate. As soon as the King had notice of it, out he came, and would have had none but Colonel Carless and John to have gone along with him; but the Colonel humbly took leave of him, being so well known in the country, that his attendance upon his Majesty would in all probability have proved rather a disservice than otherwise; however, his hearty prayers were not wanting for his Majesty's preservation. Colonel Carless and John told his Majesty it was dangerous to venture himself with only two, and therefore entreated him that he would give all the rest

[1] It was probably not here, but at the stone table in the wood. (Fea.)

[2] = Mr. Staunton, who owned the sheep?

leave to go with him, which he granted. Thus then his Majesty was mounted, and thus he rode towards Moseley, attended by William, John, Richard, and George Penderel, and Francis Yates; each of these took a bill or pike-staff on his back, and some of them had pistols in their pockets; two marched before, one on each side of his Majesty's horse, and two came behind aloof off; Humphrey leading his horse by the bridle. They conducted his Majesty through byways: it was nine or ten miles from Boscobel to Moseley, and the way in some places miry, where the horse blundering caused the King to suspect falling, and to complain that 'it was the heaviest dull jade he ever rode on' and bid Humphrey have a care, to which Humphrey answered, 'That that now fortunate horse had carried many a heavier weight in his time, six strike of corn (which measure the King understood not), but now he had a better price on his back, the price of three kingdoms, and therefore would not now shame his master.' Their travel was soon and safe ended, and the King brought the back way to a stile that led to the house, at Pendeford Mill, about two miles from Moseley: Humphrey led the horse into a ditch, and the King alighted off upon the stile; and then William, Humphrey, and George were returning with the horse, and his Majesty forgetting this, was gone five or six steps onward, without taking leave of them; but recalling himself, returned and said: 'I am troubled that I forget to take my leave of my friends; but if ever I come into England, by fair or foul means, I will remember you, and let me see you, whenever it shall so please God.'[1] Richard, John, and Francis then took his Majesty the rest of the way. Now Mr. Whitgreave

[1] "He called to them and said: 'My troubles make me forget myself. I thank you all!' and gave them his hand to kiss." (Blount's *Boscobel*.) There is a story that William Penderel, after the Restoration, came to London, met the King walking in St. James' Park, ran up and took him by the arm; Charles asked who he was, and being told, immediately told Ormonde to see him well provided for. The brothers were afterwards introduced to the King at Court, where he familiarly conversed with them. (Fea.)

awaited and met my Lord Wilmot at a close called Allports Leasow,' and Mr. Huddleston awaited the King at the Moor Close. The King was two hours later than the appointed time,[1] and Mr. Whitgreave, at my Lord's request, went down into the orchard to look for them, and presently saw them coming up the Long Walk, and speedily acquainted my Lord, who desired him to stay at the orchard door, and shew them the way to the stairs, where my Lord expected them with a light. When his Majesty came to the door with his guards, he was so habited like one of them, that Mr. Whitgreave could not tell which was he, only he knew all the rest; he could scarce put off his hat to him, but he discovering by the light the stairs immediately went to them, where his lordship expected him, and took him up to his chamber. My lord kneeled and embraced his Majesty's knees, who kissed my lord on the cheek, and asked him earnestly, 'What is become of Buckingham, Cleveland, and others?' To which my Lord could give little satisfaction, but hoped they were safe. Meanwhile Mr. Whitgreave took the Penderels into the buttery to eat and drink, in order to despatch them away, and secure the house: but ere he had done, Mr. Huddleston comes down, desiring him to come up, which accordingly he did, and coming in at the chamber door, his Majesty and my Lord being both at a cupboard's head nigh to it, talking, his Lordship said to Mr. Whitgreave: 'This gentleman under disguise, whom I have hitherto concealed, is both your master, mine, and the master of us all, to whom we all owe our duty and allegiance"; not knowing that they understood it was the King, whereupon his Majesty was pleased to give them his hand to kiss, and bid them arise, and said he had received from my Lord such a character of their loyalty and readiness in those dangers to assist him and his friends, that he never would be unmindful of me and mine; and the next word after was, 'Where is the private

[1] *I.e.* about 3 a.m.

place my lord tells me of?' which being already prepared and shewed him, he went into it, and when come forth, said it was the best place he was ever in. He then entered my Lord's bedchamber, and sat down on the bedside, and Mr. Whitgreave give him a little biscuit-bread and a glass of sac. While he thus sat, his nose fell a-bleeding, and he then took out of his pocket an old coarse clout, which the Penderels had given him instead of a handkerchief. Mr. Huddlestone then gave him a fair handkerchief, and kept the bloody clout to himself, and afterwards gave it to his kinswoman, Mrs. Brathwayte, who kept it with great veneration, as a remedy for the King's Evil. His Majesty at this time wore a long, white steeple-crowned hat, without any other lining than grease, both sides of the brim so doubled with handling that they looked like two spouts; a leathern doe-skin doublet full of holes, with pewter buttons and half black with grease above the sleeves, collar, and waist; an old green woodreve's coat, threadbare and patched in most places, with a pair of breeches of the same cloth and in the same condition, the flaps hanging down loose to the middle of his legs; a pair of his own flannel riding stockings with the tops cut off, because embroidered; and a pair of stirrup stockings of grey yarn[1] lent him at Madeley, much darned and clouted, especially about the knees. His shoes had been cobbled with leather patches both on the soles and the seams, and the upper leathers so cut and slashed, to adapt them to his feet, that they could no longer defend them either from water or dirt. This exotic and deformed dress, added to his short hair by the ears, his face coloured brown by walnut-tree leaves,[2] and a rough thorn-stick, crooked three or four ways, though not very strong, had so metamorphosed him he became scarcely discernible

[1] Green?

[2] *The Exact Narrative*, etc. (1660), says that Mrs. Lane sent the King some walnut-leaves, boyled in spring water "for that purpose while he was at Mr. Whitgreave's."

who he was, even to those that had been before acquainted with his person and conversant with him. After this, the King went to the fireside, sat down in a chair, and gave Mr. Huddlestone leave to pull off his stockings and shoes, stuffed within with white paper, which with walking had become rolled between his stockings and his skin, so that it had increased the soreness of his skin, already inflamed by the wet and gravelly state of the stockings. Having cleansed and dried his Majesty's feet with warm cloths, and given him new worsted stockings, he changed his coarse noggen or hurden shirt, patched at the neck and wrists, for a flaxen one of his own. His Majesty refused to wear the gloves offered him by Mr. Huddleston, and kept his stick in his hand. Being now refreshed, the King said cheerfully: 'I am now ready for another march, and if it shall please God once more to place me in the head of but eight or ten thousand good men, of one mind, resolved to fight, I shall not doubt to drive these rogues out of my kingdom." After an hour or two's discourse with my Lord Wilmot, in deliberation of what seemed most expedient in the present conjuncture, it being now about five in the morning, his Majesty desired to repose on his bed, and the Pendrells, all but John, were dismissed home. For the better security of his Majesty's retreat, Mr. Whitgreave sent forth all his servants betimes in the morning, each to their several employments abroad, except the cookmaid, a Catholic, who dressed their diet; and it was further pretended that Mr. Huddleston had a cavalier friend or relation, newly escaped from Worcester, who lay privately in his chamber, unwilling to be seen; so that this grand secret was imparted to none in the house but Mr. Whitgreave, Mr. Huddleston, and Mr. Whitgreave's mother, whom my Lord Wilmot presented to the King; and she kneeling down to kiss hand; he most graciously saluted her, and confided in her. At that time, Mr. Huddleston had with him at Moseley, under his tuition, young Sir

John Preston and two other youths, Mr. Thomas Palin, and Mr. Francis Reynolds, nephews to Mr. Whitgreave. While the King stayed, they had leave to play, and were placed at several windows in the garrets, whence they had a prospect of all the passages from all parts of the house, with strict charge given them to bring timely notice of any, whether soldiers or others, that came near the house; and herein the boys were as exact and vigilant as any sentinel could be on his guard. Sir John Preston one night at supper with the other boys said, 'Eat hard, boys, for we have been on the life-guard and hard duty this day [Monday]'; (more truly spoken than he was aware.) It is now Monday, in the forenoon, and John is ordered to go to Bentley, with directions to Colonel Lane to send my Lord's horses at night to Moseley to convey his lordship back to Bentley. His Majesty ate constantly in Mr. Huddleston's chamber; Mr. Whitgreave himself handing up all the dishes from below stairs to Mr. Huddleston's door, and Mr. Huddleston placing them on the table. When all things were brought up, old Mrs. Whitgreave was called in, and commanded to sit down and carve, whilst Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston waited. This day his Majesty spent partly in reposing and refreshing himself from the fatigues of his former journeys and hardships, and partly in recapitulating the late transactions, and taking a view of the present posture of affairs. He recounted his proceedings in Scotland, and described the methods of his march thence to Worcester, and he enquired how the gentlemen of the county were affected towards him, and sent Mr. Whitgreave to Wolverhampton to get intelligence of affairs. In the morning, Mr. Whitgreave's study door being open, his Majesty was pleased to go in, and for diversion to look forth of it into the court and common road, whence he had the sight of divers of his own poor soldiers, and some of his own regiment. Some of these had in their hands pease in straw, gathered from the field-sides as they came along; others were eating cabbage-

stalks and leaves which were thrown out of gardens into the highway, not daring so much as to beg for food; others, again, wounded and maimed, sought for relief at the door, whose sores, Mrs. Whitgreave, with great tenderness and charity, dressed. All the night before his Majesty lay on the bed, Mr. Huddleston watching within, and Mr. Whitgreave without. Before the Lord Wilmot betook himself to bed, he conferred with Mr. Whitgreave, and says: 'If it should so fall out that the rebels have intelligence of your harbouring any of the King's party, and should therefore put you to any torture for confession, be sure you discover me first, which may haply in such a case satisfy them, and preserve the King.' At night my Lord Wilmot's horses arrived, as was appointed, from Bentley, whither his lordship returned, with further directions that Colonel Lane should, the next night following, himself bring the horses back to Moseley in order to the conveyance of his Majesty to Bentley, the King intending to take the benefit, proffered to my Lord Wilmot, of Mrs. Jane Lane's pass, to quit the country. The next day, Tuesday, the King conversed for the most part with Mr. Huddleston, Mr. Whitgreave and his mother being employed in the discharge of their several duties towards his Majesty's accommodation and safeguard below stairs. He was pleased to enquire how Roman Catholics lived under the present usurped Government. Mr. Huddleston told him that they were persecuted both on account of their religion and their loyalty; yet his Majesty should see that they did not neglect the duties of their Church; hereupon he carried him upstairs and shewed him the chapel,—little, but neat and decent. The King, looking respectfully upon the altar, and regarding the crucifix and candlesticks upon it, said, he had an altar, crucifix, and silver candlesticks of his own, till my Lord of Holland brake them, which, added the King, 'he hath now paid for.' His Majesty likewise spent some time in perusing Mr. Huddleston's books, amongst which, attentively reading a

short manuscript by Mr. Richard Huddleston, a Benedictine monk, entitled 'A Short and Plain Way to the Faith and Church,' he said: 'I have not seen anything more plain and clear upon this subject. The arguments here drawn in succession are so conclusive, I do not conceive how they can be denied.' He also took a view of Mr. Turbervill's catechism, and said, 'it was a pretty book, and he would take it along with him.' Mrs. Whitgreave was told by a country-man that came to her house, that he heard the King, upon his retreat, had beaten his enemies at Warrington Bridge, and that there were three Kings come in to his assistance; which story she related to his Majesty, who smilingly said: 'Surely they are the three Kings of Collen come down from Heaven, for I can imagine none else.' This afternoon, Tuesday, the King inclining to sleep, on his bed in the parlour chamber, as Mr. Whitgreave was watching at the window, one of the neighbours came running in, who told the maid soldiers were coming to search, who thereupon came running to the stairs' head, and cried: 'Soldiers, soldiers are coming'; which his Majesty hearing, presently started out of his bed and run to his privacy, where Mr. Whitgreave secured him the best he could, and leaving him, went forth into the street to meet the soldiers, who as soon as they saw him, and knew who he was, were ready to pull him in pieces, and take him away with them, saying he was come from Worcester fight; but after much dispute, and the neighbours also telling them that he was not there, being very ill a great while, they let him go; but till he saw them clearly all gone forth from the town he returned not to release the King, and then told him of his stay, which he thought long, and then began to be very cheerful again. In the interim, while Mr. Whitgreave was disputing with the soldiers, one of them called Southall, the great priest-catcher and Col. Lane's and Mr. Vernon's true cavalier in the plotting time, came in the fold, and asked a smith, as he was shoeing horses there, if he could tell where the King

was, and he should have a thousand pounds for his pains, as the smith, called Holbeard, since several times hath told Mr. Whitgreave and others. Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston then attended the King in his chamber. Mr. Huddleston, knowing that the King was acquainted with his character and function, said: 'Your Majesty is, in some sort, in the same condition with me now,—liable to dangers and perils: but I hope God, that brought you hither, will preserve you here, and that you will be as safe in this place as in any castle of your dominions.' The King, addressing himself to both gentlemen, replied: 'If it please God I come to my crown, both you and all of your persuasion, shall have as much liberty as any of my subjects.' At twelve o'clock Mr. Whitgreave went to the Colonel, who waited at the place appointed, and took Mr. Francis Reynolds with him to hold the horses while the Colonel went up to the house with him, who arriving, Mr. Whitgreave brought him to the orchard stile, where he stay[1] and expect till the King came: of which he being acquainted, he sent Mr. Whitgreave for his mother to come to take leave of him; who bringing with her some raisins, almonds, and other sweet meats, he ate some, and took some with him: afterwards, they all kneeling down, and praying Almighty God to bless, prosper, and preserve him, and begging the King's pardon for any mistakes they might have committed in the discharge of their duty, through ignorance or inadvertence, his Majesty was pleased to salute Mrs. Whitgreave and give her thanks for his kind entertainment, and to give his hand to kiss to Mr. Huddleston and Mr. Whitgreave, saying if it pleased God to restore him, he would never be unmindful of them, he took leave and went, conducted by the two gentlemen to the colonel, at the corner of the orchard, and thence to the horses, where, he having got on horseback, John Penderel holding the stirrup, they kneeled, and kissed his hand again, offering all prayers for his safety. Mr.

[1] [*i.e.* should stay?]

Huddleston, reflecting on the coldness of the season and thinness of his Majesty's disguise, asked him to accept of his cloak, which his Majesty put on, and wore to Bentley. Before he went, his Majesty told them, he was very sensible of the dangers they might incur by entertaining him, if it should become known to the rebels ; therefore he desired them to be very careful of themselves, and gave them directions to repair to a Merchant in London, who should have order to furnish them with moneys and means of conveyance beyond sea, if they thought fit. That night the King came to Bentley and was received by Wilmot, and after a little meal and conference with my Lord and the Colonel, went to bed, and at break of day on Wednesday morning was called by the Colonel, who brought a new suit and cloak of country grey cloth as near as could be contrived like the holiday suit of a farmer's son, putting twenty pounds in the pockets for journey expenses: here his Majesty quitted his leather doublet and green breeches for this new grey suit, and forsook his former name Will Jones for that of Will Jackson. The King, as a tenant's son, was ordered to ride before Mrs. Lane, as her attendant ; Mr. Henry Lassels to ride single, and Mr. John Petre of Horton, Bucks., and his wife, to ride in the same company ; Mr. Petre and his wife little suspecting Will Jackson their fellow-traveller to be King of Great Britain. His Majesty thus refreshed and thus accoutred with all necessaries for a journey in the designed equipage, after he had taken leave of my Lord Wilmot, and agreed on their meeting within few days after at Mr. George Norton's house at Leigh near Bristol, the Colonel conveyed him a back way into the stable, where he fitted his stirrups, and gave him some instructions for better acting the part of Will Jackson, mounted him on a good double gelding, and directed him to come to the gate of the house, which he punctually performed with his hat under his arm. By this time it was twilight, and old Mrs. Lane (who knew nothing of

this great secret) would needs see her beloved daughter take horse, which whilst she was intending, the Colonel said to the King, 'Will, thou must give my sister thy hand!' But his Majesty (unacquainted with such little offices) offered his hand the contrary way, which the old gentlewoman taking notice of, laughed, and asked the Colonel her son what goodly horseman her daughter had got to ride before her."] "But we had not gone two hours on our way but the mare I rode on cast a shoe; so we were forced to ride to get another shoe at a scattering village whose name begins with something like Long——.[1] And as I was holding my horse's foot, I asked the smith what news? He told me, that there was no news, that he knew of, since the good news of the beating of the rogues the Scots. I asked him, whether there was none of the English taken, that joined with the Scots? He answered, that he did not hear that that rogue Charles Stewart was taken; but some of the others, he said, were taken, but not Charles Stewart. I told him, that if that rogue were taken, he deserved to be hanged, more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots. Upon which he said that I spoke like an honest man, and so we parted."[2] [It hath been said that the King took some refreshment at Thorn Farm, Inkberrow, thirteen miles south-east of Bromsgrove, and at the intersection of the roads, at Bearby,] "about a mile before Stratford-on-Avon, a poor old woman that was gleaning in a field, cried out, of her own accord, without occasion given her; 'Master, don't you see a troop of horse before you?' We espied upon the way a troop of horse, whose riders were alighted, and the horses eating some grass by the wayside; staying there, as I thought, while their muster-master provided them quarters. Mrs. Lane's

[1] Bromsgrove.

[2] "'Perhaps,' said the King, 'he has got by by-ways back into Scotland.' 'No, that is not very likely; he rather lurks secretly somewhere in England, and I wish I knew where he were, for I might get a thousand pounds by taking him' . . . upon the road the King told his mistress what discourse he had had with the smith." (Bate, *Elenchus Motuum*, etc.)

sister's husband,[1] who went along with her as far as Stratford, seeing this troop of horse just in our way, said, that for his part he would not go by them, for he had been once or twice beaten by some of the Parliament soldiers, and he would not run the venture again. I hearing him say so, begged Mrs. Lane, softly in her ear, that we might not turn back, but go on, if they should see us turn. But all she could say in the world would not do, but her brother-in-law turned quite round, and went into Stratford another way," [by the road to the left][2] "the troop of horse being then just getting on horseback, about twice twelve-score off:" [crossing the Avon] "we did meet the troop" ["who opened right and left to let them pass, and being saluted by them, only saluted them again, civilly giving hat for hat.[3] Meanwhile, Lord Wilmot, Colonel Lane, and Robert Swan my lord's servant, took horse, with hawk and spaniels with them for a disguise, and arrived that night at Sir Clement Fisher's house at Packington. At Stratford"] "her brother and we parted, he going his way, and we ours towards Long Marston,[4] where we lay at a kinsman's,[5] I think, of Mrs. Lane's; neither the said kinsman, nor her aforementioned brother-in-law, knowing who I was." ["Here Will Jackson, being in the kitchen, in pursuance of his disguise, and the cook-maid busy in providing supper for her master's friends, she desired him to wind up the Jack. Will Jackson was obedient, and attempted it, but hit not the right way, which made the maid in some passion ask: 'What countryman are you, that you know not how to wind up a Jack?' Will Jackson answered: 'I am a poor tenant's son of Colonel Lane in Staffordshire;

[1] Mr. Jo. Petre.

[2] The road from Bearley to Snitterfield, called King's Lane, turning to the right near Snitterfield, and regaining the road they had left close to Stratford.

[3] Père Cyprien says they asked Demoiselle Lane where she lived, and whether she had seen the King of Scots.

[4] Six miles south of Stratford-on-Avon.

[5] Mr. John Tombs, or Tomes.

we seldom have roast meat, but when we have we don't make use of a jack;'[1] which in some measure asswaged the maid's indignation. On Thursday morning 11 September, the King with Mrs. Lane and Mr. Lassels rose early, and after Mrs. Lane had taken leave of Mr. Tombs, they took horse, and without any considerable accident rode by Chipping Campden;[2] and came that night to the 'Crown' inn[3] in Cirencester, in Gloucestershire, about thirty-six miles from Long Marston. After supper, a good bed was provided for Mr. Lassels, and a truckle-bed for Will Jackson in the same chamber; but Mr. Lassels (after the chamberlain had left them) laid his Majesty in the best bed and himself in the other, and used the like due observance, when any opportunity would allow it. The next day being Friday, the Royal Traveller with his attendants left Cirencester, and by the way of Chipping Sodbury, and entering Bristol by Lawford's Gate, crossed the Avon at the Bridge [or by Rownham Ferry?]. They were accordingly to ride quite through the city of Bristol; a place and people the King had been so well acquainted with that he could not but send his eyes abroad to view the great alterations which had been made there, after his departure thence; and when he rode near the place where the great fort had stood, he could not forbear putting his horse out of the way, and rode with his mistress behind him about it; and once they lost their way, till better enquiry informed them; and passing out at Redcliffe Gate, and keeping on the left bank of the Avon, they arrived that evening, sooner than usual, at Mr. Norton's house at Abbots Leigh, some three miles from Bristol; and it being on a holiday they saw many people about a bowling-green that was before the door,

[1] Dauncy says, "The maid . . . asking him where he was born, and what trade he was, he answers, at Brumingham, and a Naylor's son."

[2] Perhaps they rode along the Fosseway from Stow-in-the-Wold and Northleach.

[3] Probably what is now the "Sun," an older inn, of more retired situation, still having a "King Charles' Room." (Fea.)

and the first man the King saw was Dr. Gorges, a chaplain of his own, who was allied to the gentleman of the house, and was sitting upon the rails to see how the bowlers played. Will Jackson walked with his horse into the stable until his mistress could provide for his retreat."] "Mrs. Lane called the butler of the house, a very honest fellow, whose name was Pope, and had served as falconer to Tom Jermyn, a groom of my bed-chamber, when I was a boy at Richmond; and she bade him take care of Will Jackson, for that was my name, as having been lately sick of an ague, whereof she said I was still weak, and not quite recovered. And the truth is, my late fatigues and want of meat had indeed made me look a little pale. Besides this, Pope had been a trooper in the King my father's army; but I was not to be known in that house for any thing but Mrs. Lane's servant." ["By this artifice she caused a good bed to be still provided for him, and the best meat to be sent, which she often carried herself to hinder others doing it. She desired her cousin that a chamber might be provided for him, and a good fire made, for that he would go early to bed, and was not fit to be below stairs; and Mrs. Norton's maid, Margaret Rider, who was commanded to be his nurse-keeper, made William a Carduus-posset and was very careful of him."] "Pope the butler took great care of me that night, I not eating, as I should have done, with the servants, on account of my not being well." ["When it was supper-time, there being broth brought to the table, Mrs. Lane filled a little dish and desired the butler who waited at the table to carry that dish of porridge to William and tell him that he should have some meat sent him presently. The butler carried the porridge into the chamber with a napkin and spoon and bread, and spoke kindly to the young man who was willing to be eating.[1] Dr. Gorges, the King's chaplain, supped with them, and being a man of a cheerful conversation,

[1] Clarendon makes Pope recognize the King here, but compare his Majesty's own account.

asked Mrs. Lane many questions concerning William, of whom he saw she was so careful by sending up meat to him; 'how long his ague had been gone, and whether he had purged since it left him?' and the like; to which she gave such answers as occurred. The doctor, from the final prevalence of the parliament, had, as many others of that function had done, declined his profession, and pretended to study physic. As soon as supper was done, out of good nature, and without telling any body, he went to see William. The King saw him coming into the chamber, and withdrew to the inside of the bed, that he might be furthest from the candle; and the doctor came and sat down by him, and felt his pulse, and asked him many questions, which he answered in as few words as was possible, and expressing great inclination to go to his bed; to which the doctor left him, and went to Mrs. Lane, and told her that he had been with William, and that he would do well, and advised her what she should do if his ague returned."]

"The next morning I arose pretty early, having a very good stomach, and went to the buttery hatch to get my breakfast, where I found Pope and two or three other men in the room, and we all fell to eating bread and butter, to which he gave us very good ale and sack. And as I was sitting there, there was one that looked like a country-fellow sat just by me, who, talking, gave so particular an account of the battle of Worcester, to the rest of the company, that I concluded he must be one of Cromwell's soldiers. But I asking him, how he came to give so good an account of that battle? He told me, he was in the King's regiment; by which I thought he meant one Colonel King's regiment. But questioning him further, I perceived that he had been in my regiment of guards, in Major Broughton's company, that was my major in the battle. I asked him what kind of a man I was? To which he answered by describing exactly both my clothes and my horse; and then looking upon me, he told me that the King was at least three fingers taller than I. Upon

which I made what haste I could out of the buttery, for fear he should indeed know me, as being more afraid when I knew he was one of our own soldiers, than when I took him for one of the enemies. So Pope and I went into the hall, and just as we came into it Mrs. Norton was coming by through it; upon which, I plucking off my hat, and standing with my hat in my hand, as she past by, that Pope looked very earnestly in my face. But I took no notice of it, but put on my hat again, and went away, walking out of the house into the field. I had not been out half an hour, but coming back I went up into the chamber where I lay; and just as I came thither, Mr. Lassells came to me, and in a little trouble said, 'what shall we do? I am afraid Pope knows you; for he says very positively to me that it is you, but I have denied it.' Upon which I presently, without more ado, asked him, 'whether he was a very honest man or no?' Whereto he answering me, that he knew him to be so honest a fellow that he durst trust him with his life, as having been always on our side, I thought it better to trust him, than go away leaving that suspicion upon him; and thereupon sent for Pope, and told him, that I was very glad to meet him there, and would trust him with my life as an old acquaintance. Upon which, being a discreet fellow, he asked me what I intended to do? 'for,' says he, 'I am extremely happy I know you, for otherways you might run great danger in this house. For though my master and mistress are good people, yet there are at this time one or two in it that are very great rogues; and I think I can be useful to you in any thing you will command me.' Upon which I told him my design of getting a ship, if possible, at Bristol; and to that end, bade him go that very day immediately to Bristol, to see if there were any ships going either to Spain or France, that I might get a passage away in. I told him also that my Lord Wilmot was coming to meet me here, this very day. Upon which Pope told me, that it was most fortunate

that he knew me, and had heard this from me; for that if my Lord Wilmot should have come hither, he would have been most certainly known to several people in the house; and therefore he would go. And accordingly went out, and met my Lord Wilmot a mile or two off the house, not far off, where he lodged him till it was night, and then brought him hither, by a back-door, into my chamber; I still passing for a serving-man, and Lassells and I lay in one chamber. So soon after Pope had been at Bristol to enquire for a ship, but could hear of none ready to depart beyond sea sooner than within a month, which was too long for me to stay thereabout, I betook myself to the advising afresh with my Lord Wilmot and Pope what was to be done. And the latter telling me that there lived somewhere in that country, upon the edge of Somersetshire, at Trent, within two miles of Sherburn, Frank Windham, the Knight Marshal's brother, who being my old acquaintance, and a very honest man, I resolved to go to his house. But the night before we were to go away, we had a misfortune that might have done us much prejudice; for Mrs. Norton, who was big with child, fell into labour, and miscarried of a dead child, and was very ill; so that we could not tell how in the world to find an excuse for Mrs. Lane to leave her cousin in that condition; and indeed it was not safe to stay longer there, where there was so great resort of disaffected idle people. At length, consulting with Mr. Lassells, I thought the best way to counterfeit a letter from her father's house, old Mr. Lane's, to tell her that her father was extremely ill, and commanded her to come away immediately, for fear that she should not otherways find him alive; which letter Pope delivered so well, while they were all at supper, and Mrs. Lane playing her part so dexterously, that all believed old Mr. Lane to be indeed in great danger, and gave his daughter the excuse to go away with me the very next morning early." ["While his Majesty lay here, somewhat wearied with imprisonment in his chamber, one day (when his ague

might be supposed to be in intermission) he walked down to a place where the young men played at a game of ball called Fives, where his Majesty was asked by one of the gamesters if he could play, and would take his part at that game. He pleaded unskilfulness and modestly refused. On Tuesday morning, 16 September, his Majesty's being then (as was pretended) in the recess, he repaired to the stable, and there gave orders for making ready the horses, and then it was signified from Mrs. Lane (though before so agreed), that Will Jackson should ride single and carry the portmanteau. Accordingly, they mounted, being attended part of the way by one of Mr. Norton's men, as a guide; and at Castle Cary they met Mr. Kirton, a servant of the King's who well knew the Lord Wilmot, who had no other disguise than the hawk, but took no notice of him nor suspected the King to be there, yet that day made the King more wary of having the Lord Wilmot in his company on the way. Kirton, however, on their being made known, took them to the manor-house of Castle Cary [or his brother's house], where they slept that night."] "I had appointed my Lord Wilmot to meet me at Trent, whom I still took care not to keep with me, but sent him a little before, or left to come after me. I could never get my Lord Wilmot to put on any disguise, he saying that he would look frightfully in it; and therefore did never put on any."[1] ["The appointed hour of their coming to Trent drawing nigh, Wyndham and his wife, as if to take a walk, went out to meet them, and send the King privately into the house by one whom they had chosen for that purpose; Jane and Lassels in the mean time are publicly received as relations, who, coming from a place far distant, were to be gone next day. The King arrived about ten o'clock in the morning, and was espied by the Colonel and his wife as they walked. As soon as his Majesty came near

[1] Going over to England in March, 1655, he did adopt the disguise of a yellow periwig, but nought else; though later he adopted the semblance of a grazier. (Fea.)

the Colonel, he called out, 'Frank, Frank, how dost thou do?' The Colonel instantly conveyed the King and Mrs. Lane into the Lady Wyndham his mother's Chamber. In a short time the Colonel brought the Lord Wilmot to the King, and then the ladies withdrew into the parlour, having first agreed to call Mrs. Lane cousin, and to entertain her with the same familiarity as if she had been their nearest relation. That day she stayed at Trent, and the next morning early Mr. Lassels and she departed."[1]] "When we came to Trent, my Lord Wilmot and I advised with Frank Windham, whether he had any acquaintance at any sea-town upon the coast of Dorset or Devonshire; who told me that he was very well acquainted with Gyles Strangways, and that he would go directly to him, and inform himself whether he might not have some acquaintance at Weymouth or Lyme, or some

[1] Mrs. Lane and the Colonel escaped to France in October, 1651, and Mrs. Lane stayed for some time in Charles' Court at Paris, afterwards entering the service of Mary of Orange, and going to Cöln in 1654. While entirely above suspicion, Charles' affection for her was genuine, and it was a family jest often repeated by the Princess of Orange to call Mrs. Lane the King's wife. We have a few letters written by the King to Jane, of which the following is an example: "The last of June [1652]. Mrs. Lane, I did not thinke I should ever have to begin a letter to you in chiding, but you give so just cause by telling me you feare you are wearing out of my memory, that I cannot chuse but tell you I take it very unkindly, that after the obligations I have to you, 'tis possible for you to suspect I can ever be so wanting to my selfe as not to remember them on all occasions to your advantage; which I assure you I shall, and hope before it be long I shall have it in my power to giue you those testimonyes of my kindnesse to you which I desire. I am very sorry to hear that your father and brother are in prison, but I hope 'tis upon no other score than the generall claping vp of all persons who wish me well, and I am the more sorry for it, since it hath hindered you from commeing along with my sister, that I might have assured you my self how truly I am, your most affectionate friend, Charles R." "For Mrs. Lane."* Charles did not forget his "obligations"; the whole family were enriched, and their arms augmented; while numerous little tokens of affection in the shape of gold watches and the like, were showered upon Mrs. Lane, besides a gift of £1000 and an annual pension of the same sum. After Mrs. Lane's arrival in France, the English papers reported: "The King and the Cavaliers do extremely caress them."

* Hist. MSS. Comm. Rep. vj. p. 473. Quoted in Allan Fea, *Flight of the King*, p. 104 (part), and part again in Eva Scott's *King in Exile*.

of those parts. But Gyles Strangways proved not to have any, as having been long absent from all those places, as not daring to stir abroad, having been always faithful to the King; but he desired Frank Windham to try what he could do therein, it being unsafe for him to be found busy upon the sea coast. But withal he sent me three hundred broad pieces, which he knew were necessary for me in the conditions I was now in; for I durst carry no money about me in those mean clothes, and my hair cut short, but about ten or twelve shillings in silver." ["The Colonel then rode over to Lyme Regis to confer with one Captain William Ellesdon, an acquaintance living in that town. The Captain speaking of a tenant of his, one Stephen Limboy, of Charmouth, master of a coasting vessel, he and Colonel Wyndham went there together, and settled with him that for three-score pounds he should carry over some royalist gentlemen to France, and have his long boat in readiness at Charmouth on the night of 22 September. Hitherto all things succeeding according to their expectation, there only wanted a pretext of staying in lodgings, till all things might be made ready for their passage. For that end, Hugh Peters, Colonel Wyndham's servant, who was privy to the design, applies himself to Margaret Wade, hostess of the 'Queen's Arms' at Charmouth, and told her he was servant to a worthy nobleman, in love with a maid that had neither father nor mother, who lived not far off, and was as deeply in love with him, but that her guardian opposing the marriage, he resolved to steal her away by night. He therefore asks her, if she would for some hours entertain them in her house; and at the same time gives her a small gift as a pledge of a greater reward; and drinks a glass of wine with her. The woman promises to serve them."] "And accordingly we set out from Frank Windham's, and to cover the matter the better, I rode before a cousin of Frank Windham's, one Mrs. Juliana Coningsby, still going by the name of William Jackson. Memorandum, that one day, during my stay at

Trent, I hearing the bells ring (the church being hard by Frank Windham's house) and seeing a company got together in the churchyard, I sent down the maid of the house, who knew me, to enquire what the matter was; who returning came up and told me, that there was a rogue a trooper come out of Cromwell's army that was telling the people that he had killed me, and that that was my buff coat which he had then on. Upon which, most of the village being fanatics, they were ringing the bells, and making a bonfire for joy of it. This merchant having appointed us to come to Lyme, we, viz., myself, my Lord Wilmot, Frank Windham, Mrs. Coningsby, and one servant of Frank Windham's, whose name was Peter, were directed from him to a little village hard by Lyme, the vessel being to come out of the cobb at Lyme, and come to a little creek that was just by this village, whither we went, and to send their boat ashore to take us in at the said creek, and carry us over to France, the wind being then very good at north." ["In this manner travelling, they were timely met by Captain Ellesdon, and by him conducted to a private house of his brother's among the hills near Charmouth, called Elsdon's Farm, in Monckton Wyld. There his Majesty was pleased to discover himself to the Captain, and to give him a piece of foreign gold in which in his solitary hours, he made a hole to put a ribbon in. So they came[1] to a blind inn in Charmouth, where they found many passengers, and so were to be contented with an ordinary chamber, which they did not intend to sleep long in. But as soon as there appeared any light, there was no appearance of the bark."] "So I sent Frank Windham's man, Peters, and my Lord Wilmot to Lyme the next morning to know the reason of it," ["and to join their friends at a Bridport inn at noon, while the King, Mrs. Juliana, and Frank Windham, ride to that town. Wilmot could not go, because his horse had cast a shoe; but Peters got no explanation from the

[1] Probably by Over-compton, Berwick, Pilsdon, Pen, and Lamberts Castle. (Fea.)

astonished Elden, except that the sailors might have been drunk. But it was known afterwards, that the master of the vessel being come home about ten o'clock that night, to take clean clothes and other necessaries for his voyage with him, was locked up in his chamber, and bolted in by his wife; for that very day a proclamation had been made in the town, whereby it was declared death for any person to aid or conceal the King; and a thousand pounds promised to any that could apprehend him. This put the woman into so great a fear, lest her husband in doing that office, which he had confessed to his wife to have taken upon him, might suffer shipwreck upon shore; she therefore used entreaties, tears, and almost violence, to hinder him from it; and at length screamed out thereby to alarm the neighbourhoods. Being therefore overcome by so much importunity he kept at home, and commended himself to the direction of his wife. Meanwhile my Lord Wilmot's horse was being shod, and the prick-eared blacksmith Hamnet, viewing the remaining shoes, said: 'This horse hath but three shoes on, and they were set in three several counties, and one of them in Worcestershire;' which speech of his fully confirmed the ostler's suspicion that one of the inn's guests was the King; and he discovered his jealousies unto his mistress, and was rebuked for his pains; accordingly he went when Peters was with Ellesdon at Lyme, to tell the then parson of Charmouth; who, happening to be then engaged in prayer with his family, spoke not with him, which has reconciled some ever since to extemporary prayer. After the departure of his major towards Bridport, the ostler went a second time to the parson, and fully discovered his thoughts, and told him what the smith had said. The parson thereupon hastened to the inn and saluted the hostess in this manner: 'Why how now, Margaret? You are a maid of honour now.' 'What mean you by that, master Parson?' Quoth he: 'Why Charles Stuart lay last night at your house, and kissed you at his departure; so that now you can't but be a maid of honour.'

The woman began then to be very angry, and told him he was a scurvy-conditioned man to go about to bring her and her house into trouble. 'But,' said she, 'if I thought it was the King, as you say it was, I would think the better of my lips all the days of my life; and so, Mr. Parson, get you out of my house, or else I'll get those shall kick you out.' Then the parson and the smith applied to Mr. John Butler, the nearest Justice of the Peace, to raise the county for his Majesty's apprehension, which he refused to do, thinking them fools. The King passing upon London Road from Charmouth, met many travellers, among whom was one of his father's servants, well known to both his Majesty and the Colonel, who were very well pleased that he was not guilty of so much civility as to salute them. As they drew near to Bridport, the Colonel riding a little before, perceived it "] "full of red-coats, Cromwell's soldiers, being a regiment of Colonel Haynes, viz., fifteen hundred men going to embark to take Jersey, at which Frank Windham was very much startled, and asked me what I would do? I told him that we must go impudently into the best inn in the town, and take a chamber there, as the only thing to be done, because we should otherways miss my Lord Wilmot, in case we went anywhere else, and that would be very inconvenient both to him and me. So we rode directly into [the "George"] the best inn of the place, and found the yard very full of soldiers. I alighted, and taking the horses thought it the best way to go blundering in among them, and lead them through the middle of the soldiers into the stable, which I did; and they were very angry with me for my rudeness. As soon as I came into the stable I took the bridle off the horses, and called the hostler to me to help me, and to give the horses some oats. And as the hostler was helping me to feed the horses, 'Sure, Sir,' says the hostler, 'I know your face?' which was no very pleasant question to me. But I thought the best way was to ask him, where he had lived? whether he had always lived there or no? He told me, that he was

but newly come thither; that he was born in Exeter, and had been hostler in an inn there, hard by one Mr. Potter's, a merchant, in whose house I had lain, in the time of war: so I thought it best to give the fellow no further occasion of thinking where he had seen me, for fear he should guess right at last; therefore I told him, 'Friend, certainly you have seen me then at Mr. Potter's, for I served him a good while, above a year.' 'Oh!' says he, 'then I remember you a boy there'; and with that was put off from thinking any more on it; but desired that we might drink a pot of beer together; which I excused, by saying, that I must go wait on my master, and get his dinner ready for him. But told him, that my master was going for London, and would return about three weeks hence, when he would lie there, and I would not fail to drink a pot with him." ["The King was forced to stay in the stable-yard near half an hour before the Colonel could procure a chamber, and all this while he freely discoursed with his bloody enemies and learnt from them their intended voyage to Jersey and Guernsey. The mutton being ready, the King was called up, who made haste to eat (the door being shut), and so went again to fit the horses whilst they did eat. They took care, the house being full of soldiers, to be served by an old woman, to whom they gave the rest of the mutton, who took out the pan of the close-stool to hide it under."] "As soon as we had dined, my Lord Wilmot came in to the town from Lyme, but went to another inn." ["Peters riding into the 'George' yard, was observed by Mrs. Coningsby from the window, and called up."] "Upon which, we rode out of town, as if we had gone upon the road to London; and when we were got two miles off, my Lord Wilmot overtook us, (he having observed, while in town, where we were) and told us, that he believed the ship might be ready next night; but that there had been some mistake betwixt him and the master of the ship. Upon which, I not thinking it fit to go back again to the same place where we had sat up the night

before, we went to a village called" ["Broadwindsor. For they concluded the London Road very unsafe, and so turned aside to the left through Netherbury towards the said village, which was indeed their preservation, seeing that Captain Macey and his men, in pursuit of his Majesty, rode in to the 'George' inn at Bridport, but a quarter of an hour after his Majesty left it, and finding that the party they looked for, gone on the London Road, went by that way to Dorchester, where not finding whom they sought, they returned to Pilsdon, to the house of Sir Hugh Windham, which they strictly searched, taking a fair young gentlewoman there to be the King disguised; this however not proving so, they left. But to return to his Majesty. Windham goes before, to enquire in what part of the country they were, and the like; and by good luck he stumbled upon the innkeeper of the 'George,' one Rice Jones, an old servant of a friend, who had been also a soldier in the King's army. Pleased with this good fortune, he speaks him kindly, and easily obtained night's lodging for his company. While the horses were being put up, the Colonel desires the host to shew him his most private rooms; the reason he gave was: because his brother-in-law Colonel Bullen Reymes, (whom the Lord Wilmot personated and greatly resembled) had been overstepping the limits assigned him on parole, (the royalists being then confined to five miles distance from their homes), and might therefore be troubled. The good host upon this brought them up into the highest chambers, where privateness recompensed the meanness of the accommodation; and the pleasantness of the host (a merry fellow) allayed and mitigated the weariness of the guests. Soon in comes the constable with almost forty soldiers to be billeted in the inn; all the lower rooms were thronged up with this unexpected company, so that the King was in a manner besieged, there being no passage from above, save through those Guards. Shortly after this, a woman who followed the soldiers fell in labour in the kitchen; and the inhabitants

began to be ill at ease, fearing lest the whole Parish should become reputed father of the child. To avoid the charge of keeping the brat, the chiefest of the parish post to the inn, between whom and the soldiers arose a very hot conflict concerning provision to be made for the mother and the infant. This dispute continued till such time as, according to orders, they were to march to the sea-side, and exercised their minds, which might otherwise have been employed in examining their fellow-guests. While his Majesty and company were in the inn, the hostess came to welcome Colonel Reymes, whom she said she very well knew at Exeter, when she lived with Mrs. Coventry; and how she caressed Lord Wilmot instead of him you may be better informed by his Majesty himself, that to this day hath not forgot it. His Majesty and his attendants rose some hours before day, and returned to Colonel Francis Windham's at Trent. While the King lay at Trent, he used Lady Windham's chamber, that had a secret place near it; and his Majesty's meat was mostly dressed in his own room, the cookery whereof served him for some divertisement of the time. Upon the Sunday morning after the King came, a tailor of the parish informed the Colonel that the zealots of the place intended to search his house for persons of quality hid there. The Colonel told him that his kinsman (meaning my Lord Wilmot) was not private, but public, in his house, and that he believed he would shew himself in church at time of prayers; which he performed, insomuch that the zealots said that Cromwell's late successes against the King had made the Colonel a convert. There is a strange story of a Captain who served under Cromwell at Worcester, reported to two Divines before the blessed Restauration: That he was followed and troubled with dreams for three nights together, that the King was hid at Trent near Sherborne, in a house nigh which stood a grove or patch of trees; but he was holden that he should not go. The day on which his Majesty was returned to Trent, one Mr. Edward Hyde

dined with the company, and in conversing spoke of Colonel Robert Phelips, who had returned to Salisbury. The King therefore"] "sent away presently to Colonel Robert Phelips', to see what he could do for the getting me a ship." ["Lord Wilmot and Hugh Peters went to Salisbury, and took up their quarters at the 'King's Arms,' near the close, a noted resort of the King's friends. My Lord Wilmot then spoke with Mr. John Coventry and with Dr. Humphrey Henchman, both living in the Close, and with Colonel Phelips; and Mr. Coventry gave him some money, and then left my Lord to talk with the Colonel; and the Colonel undertook the service of the King; and Mr. Coventry came to them again, and they drank a bottle or two. Next morning the Colonel met one Mr. Horne, a merchant, who told him of one who would carry over the King, and on Sunday, 28 September, about three in the afternoon, an agreement was made for forty pounds, and the boat to be ready by Wednesday night. But upon going to the 'Bear' inn without Southampton gates, Colonel Phelips was told by Horne and the master, that the bark was pressed to carry provisions to the Parliament's fleet. My Lord and Mr. Coventry and Dr. Henchman judged it safer for his Majesty to leave Trent and remove to Mrs. Hyde's at Heale House, about three miles north-east of Salisbury. The message to this effect was sent to Trent, and one sent back by his Majesty in like manner, which was rolled in a paper bullet, to be swallowed by the messenger in case of danger. On Sunday, 5 October, his Majesty left Trent after a sojourn of nineteen days, with Colonel Phelips, personating a tenant's son of his, riding before Mrs. Coningsby. They went by Sandford-Orcas, North Cheriton, and Charleton Horethorne, and Wincanton to Mere, and dined there at the 'George' inn; the host, Mr. Christopher Philips, whom the Colonel knew to be perfectly honest, sat at the table with his Majesty, and administered matters of discourse, telling the Colonel for news, that he heard the men of Westminster were in a

great maze, not knowing what was become of the King: 'but,' says he, ''tis the most received opinion that he is come in a disguise to London, and many houses have been searched for him there,' at which his Majesty was observed to smile. After dinner mine host familiarly asked the King, 'if he were a friend to Cæsar,' to which his Majesty answered, 'Yes'; 'then,' said he, 'here's a health to King Charles, in a glass of wine,' which the King and the Colonel both pledged, and that evening arrived safely at Heale. And his Majesty since his happy return has been pleased to ask what was become of his honest host at Mere.[1] On the way to Salisbury, in his journey his Majesty passed through the midst of a regiment of horse and presently after met Desborough walking down a hill with three or four men with him who had lodged in Salisbury the night before, all that road being full of soldiers."] "I came into the house" [at Heale] "just as it was almost dark with Robin Philips only, not intending at first to make myself known. But just as I alighted at the door Mrs. Hyde knew me, though she had never seen me but once in her life, and that was with the King my father, in the army, when we marched by Salisbury, some years before, in the time of the war; but she being a discreet woman took no notice at that time of me, I passing only for a friend of Robin Philips, by whose advice I went thither." ["His Majesty first went and warmed himself by the kitchen fire."] "At supper there was with us Frederick Hyde, since a judge, and his sister-in-law a widow, Robin Philips, myself, and Dr. Henchman, since Bishop of London, whom I had appointed to meet me there." ["Though his Majesty was set at the lower end of the table, Mrs. Hyde had much ado to overcome herself, and not carve to him first; however, she

[1] Colonel Phelips was drinking in the cellar with the landlord, when the latter said to the King: "Thou lookest like an honest fellow; here's a health to the King." Charles hesitated in replying, and "made the man expostulate with the colonel, what fellow he had brought." (Fea, *Flight of the King*, p. 158.) Cf. *Highways and Byways in Dorset*, p. 18.

could not refrain from drinking to him in a glass of wine, and giving him two larks when others had but one. After supper Mr. Frederick Hyde discoursed with his Majesty upon various subjects, but wondered to see such rational discourse from a person whose habit spoke him but of mean degree; and when his Majesty was brought to his chamber, Dr. Henchman attended him and had a long and private communication with him there."] "While we were at supper, I observed Mrs. Hyde and her brother Frederick to look a little earnestly at me, which led me to believe they might know me. But I was not at all startled at it, it having been my purpose to let her know who I was; and accordingly after supper Mrs. Hyde came to me, and I discovered myself to her; who told me, she had a very safe place to hide me in, till we knew whether our ship was ready or no. But she said it was not safe for her to trust any body but herself and her sister; and therefore advised me to take my horse next morning, and make as if I quitted the house, and return again about night; for she would order it so that all her servants and everybody should be out of the house, but herself and her sister, whose name I remember not. So Robin Philips and I took our horses, and" ["rode about the Downs, and took a view of the wonder of the country, Stonehenge, where they found that the King's arithmetic gave the lie to the fabulous tale that those stones cannot be told alike twice together,"] "and returned back again to Heale about the hour she appointed, where I went up into the hiding-hole, that was very convenient and safe, and stayed there all alone (Robin Philips then going away to Salisbury) some four or five days," ["during which time the widow only attended with necessaries and brought such letters as the Doctor received from my Lord Wilmot and Colonel Phelips. Meanwhile my Lord Wilmot had visited Colonel Gunter. Betwixt eight and nine of the clock on the night of 7 October, the colonel came home; his wife met him and told him there was in the

parlour a Devonshire gentleman sent by Mr. Hyde, about a reference which none but yourself can decide. At the colonel's coming in, he found his Devonshire gentleman sitting at one end of the chimney, Captain Thomas Gounter at the other, and his lady (which was gone in before) in the middle. The gentleman rose and saluted him. The Colonel presently knew him to be the Lord Wilmot, which the noble lord perceiving took the Colonel aside to the window, 'I see you know me,' (said he) 'do not own me.' Captain Thomas Gounter, the colonel's kinsman, for all he had a long time been in the army and under his command, knew him not, which was strange, my lord being but meanly disguised. After a bottle of sack, which afforded some matter of discourse, by reason of two wasps or rather hornets which came out at the opening, a short collation being made ready as soon as could (his lady having given leave to her servants to be from home that day), my lord's man, one Swan, coming in to wait, whispered his master in the ear, and told him my Lord Wentworth's boy Lorrie was without; and wished him to be careful for fear the boy should know him, being taken by Captain Thomas Gounter in distress at Chelsea, and clothed by him to wait upon him. Supper ended there was whispering betwixt the colonel's kinsman and his lady: and she told him she was confident of a disguise, and that it was the master by his hand. He beat her off it as much as he could suspecting no such matter himself. Within half-an-hour after supper, the colonel offered the noble lord, then by name Mr. Barlowe, it being late and as the greatest courtesy he would shew him, to wait upon him to his chamber, and to bed, which he readily accepted. The colonel took up the candle, the lord following him, his lady and kinsman attending. When he came into the chamber, it being late the colonel desired his wife and kinsman to go to bed and to leave him, for he was bound to wait upon this gentleman awhile, they took leave and bid him good-night. The noble lord and colonel being

alone, he broke the business unto the colonel with these words (sighing): 'The King of England, my master, your master, and the master of all good Englishmen, is near you and in great distress; can you help us to a boat?' The colonel looking very sadly, after some pause said: 'Is he well? is he safe?' He said 'Yes.' The Colonel replied 'God be blessed;' and gave him a reason for his question if he should not be secure, he doubted not but he could secure him till a boat could be gotten. At length the Colonel promised to try for a boat, and left my Lord; coming to his wife, he found her staying up for him, and very earnest to know of this business, which, after leave obtained from my Lord, the Colonel told her, and next morning, Wednesday, 8 October, rode to Emsworth, passing through Westbourne. Finally, by his means, a vessel was hired at Brighthelmstone in Sussex, by the assistance of Mr. Francis Mansel, a merchant of Chichester, and the concurrent endeavours of Captain Thomas Gounter. And on Saturday night, the 11 October, he brought the tidings to my Lord Wilmot and Colonel Phelips; and on Sunday Dr. Henchman went to Heale with the news, and instructions to prepare the King to be ready at the meadow gate opening into the river, when the Colonel would be there by three of the clock in the morning with a led horse for the King. Accordingly the Colonel came to the place appointed, but had the misfortune to have the King's horse, at the entering of the meadow-gate, to break his bridle and run up the river, which after some short time with no small trouble he recovered and brought back, and having in some tolerable manner amended that had been broke, the King and the Colonel set forward for Brighthempson; to meet the Colonel at Clarendon Park Corner, his Majesty went out of the house of Heale at two o'clock in the morning by the back-way and went on foot with Dr. Henchman for two miles. At the appointed time and place, the colonel brought a brace of greyhounds and beat with my Lord Wilmot and

his cousin till the time served, and then left them, resolving to ride on till he met the King, and just as he came to Warnford town end from Old Winchester, he met Colonel Phelips and the King. Being near the houses, the Colonel rid by them and took no notice, went to an inn in the town, called for some beer and took a pipe, and stayed so long that they were atop Old Winchester before he overtook them. When he had overtaken them and done his duty to his Majesty, he directed them the safest way, and he would ride before to find out my Lord Wilmot, which being done, they all came together. The King and my Lord had some private discourse together; and when they came to Broadhalfpenny, a little above Hambledon, the King spake to the Colonel. 'Canst thou get me a lodging hereabouts?' The Colonel told him that his cousin Hyde's house was taken up for him, and very convenient, being near and in the way; but whether his Majesty thought it too public a place, or for some other reason, he said: 'Know you no other?' 'Yes, may it please your Majesty. I know divers yeomanry,' saith Colonel Gounter, 'where for a night we may be welcome, there is one who married my sister, whose house stands privately and out of the way.' 'Let us go thither,' saith the King. The colonel then led them all a private way, the backside of Hambledon, to the house, being but half a mile off. Alighting at the door, the Colonel led them in, Lord Wilmot following, the King putting Colonel Philips before him, saying, 'Thou lookest the most like a gentleman now.' Coming in, the Colonel's sister met him; they all saluted her. She brought them into a little parlour where was a good fire. This was about candle-lighting. Wine, ale, and biscuits were presently set before them with a very cheerful countenance, and in an hour's space they went to supper, being all set promiscuously at a round table; and having half supped, in comes the colonel's sister's husband, Mr. Thomas Symones, who, as it plainly appeared, had been in company that day. 'This is

brave,' said he; 'a man can no sooner be out of the way but his house must be taken up with I know not whom.' And looking in the Colonel's face, 'Is it you?' said he, 'you are welcome, and, as your friends, so they are all.' Passing round the table and viewing all the company, he said: 'These are all Hydes now,' but peeping in the King's face, and observing how little hair William Penderel's scissors had left him, said of him: 'Here is a Roundhead,' and addressing his speech to the Colonel, said, 'I never knew you keep Roundheads' company before.' To which the Colonel replied; 'It is no matter; he is my friend, and I will assure you no dangerous man.' At which words he clapt himself down in a chair next the King and took him by the hand, shaking him and saying, 'Brother Roundhead, for his sake thou art welcome,' all the while making himself one as well as he could act it, the King all the while complying with him. Now and then he would swear before he was aware, for which the King reproved him, saying, 'Oh, dear brother, that is a scape; swear not, I beseech you.' Nevertheless, in that humour he was, he plied them hard with strong waters and beer, the King not knowing well how to avoid it, but by somebody or other, when he looked aside, would take it out of his hand. The King was here observed to be clad in a short juppa of a sad-coloured cloth and his breeches of another species, with a black hat, and without cuffs, somewhat like the meaner sort of country gentlemen. Supper being ended, it being ten of the clock, the Colonel began to bethink himself that the King had rid near forty miles that day and was to undergo a very hard journey the next, and how to get the King out of his company and to his bed he could hardly devise; yet he whispered his kinsman in the ear, saying: 'I wonder how thou shouldst judge so right; he is a Roundhead indeed, and if we could get him to bed the house were our own, and we could be merry.' He readily submitted, and the colonel presently, leaving Lord Wilmot behind, led the King and Colonel

Robert Philips (who lay in the King's chamber) to bed."] "About that time my Lord Southampton, that was then at Titchfield, suspecting, for what reason I don't know,[1] that it was possible I might be in the country, sent either to Robin Philips, or to Dr. Henchman, to offer his services, if he could serve me in my escape. But being then provided of a ship, I would not put him to the danger of having any thing to do with it." ["The King slept well all night, and by break of day, the Colonel putting up two neats' tongues in his pockets, which he thought they might need by the way, they set out and began their journey. But having then no further use for Colonel Phelips, his Majesty dismissed him with thanks for his fidelity and service in this most secret and important affair, and then having also bidden farewell to Mr. Symons and his wife, took horse, attended by my Lord Wilmot and his man, Colonel and Captain Thomas Gunter. When they came near the Lord Lumley's house at Stanstead, in Sussex, it was thought that the greatness of the number of horse might possibly raise some suspicion of them. Captain Thomas Gounter was therefore dismissed with thanks for the service he had done, and his Majesty held on his journey without any stay. They were no sooner come to Arundel Hill, as they rode close by the castle, but the governor, Captain Morley, met them full butt, hunting. The Colonel the better to avoid them, it being a steep hill they were to go down, presently alighted, and his company, (as was agreed before) did as he did, and so happily escaped them. The King being told who it was, replied merrily, 'I did not much like his starched mouchates.' So they came to Houghton, where on horseback they stopped at an alehouse for some bread and drink; and there our neats'-tongues stood them in very good stead and were heartily eaten. From thence being come to Bramber, we found the streets full of soldiers on both sides of the houses, who unluckily and

[1] Mr. Henslow of Burchant, or Burhunt, told the Earl that the King was in hiding. (Fea.)

unknown to the Colonel, were come thither the night before to guard ; but by a special Providence were just then come from their guard at Bramber Bridge into the town for refreshment. We came upon them unawares, and were seen before they suspected anything. My Lord Wilmot was ready to turn back when I stepped in and said, 'If we do we are undone. Let us go on boldly and we shall not be suspected.' 'He saith well,' said the King. The Colonel went before, the King followed, and so passed through without any hindrance. It was then between three and four of the clock in the afternoon; they went on, but had not gone far, when a new terror pursued them ; the same soldiers riding after them as fast as they could ; whereupon the King gave the Colonel a 'hem.' He slacked his pace till they were come up to him, and by that time the soldiers were come, who rudely passed by them, (being in a narrow lane) so that they hardly keep their saddles for them, but passed by without any further hurt, being thirty or forty in number. When they were come to Beeding, a little village where the Colonel had provided a treatment for the King (one Mr. Bagshall's house), he was earnest that his Majesty should stay there awhile till he had viewed the coast ; but my Lord Wilmot would by no means, for fear of those soldiers, but carried the King out of the road the Colonel knew not whither, so they parted ; they where they thought safest, the Colonel to Brightemston, being agreed they should send to him when fixed any where and ready. Being come to the said Brightemston, the Colonel found all clear there and the 'George' inn free from strangers at that time. Having taken the best room in the house and bespoke his supper, as he was entertaining himself with a glass of wine, the King not finding accommodation elsewhere to his mind, was come to the inn ; and up comes the host Smith ; 'More guests,' saith he to the Colonel. He brought them up into another room ; and it was not long but drawing towards the King's room, the Colonel heard the King's voice saying aloud to my Lord Wilmot,

'Here, Mr. Barlow, I drink to you.' 'I know that name,' said the Colonel to the host standing by him. 'I pray enquire whether he was not a major in the King's army.' Which done, he was found to be the man whom the Colonel expected, and presently invited (as was likely) to the fellowship of a glass of wine. From that the Colonel proceeded, and made a motion to join company, and because his chamber was largest, that they would make use of it, which was accepted, and so they became one company again."] "When we came to the inn, we met with one Mansel the merchant who had hired the vessel, in company with her master, Captain Tettershall, the merchant only knowing me, as having hired her to carry over a person of quality escaped from the battle of Worcester, without naming any body." ["At supper, Mr. Mansel sat at the upper end of the table, and Mr. Jackson (for that name his Majesty still retained) at the lower end. At supper the King was cheerful, not shewing the least sign of fear or apprehension of danger, either then or at any time during the whole course of this business."] "And as we were all here, I observed the master of the vessel looked very much upon me. And as soon as we had supped, calling the merchant aside, the master told him that he had not dealt fairly with him; for though he had given him a good price for the carrying over that gentleman, yet he had not been clear with him; 'for,' says he, 'he is the King, and I very well know him to be so.' Upon which, the merchant denying it, saying that he was mistaken, the master answered: 'I know him very well; for he took my ship, together with other fishing vessels at Brighthelmstone, in the year 1648' (which was when I commanded the King my father's fleet, and I very kindly let them go again.) 'But,' says he to the merchant, 'be not troubled at it; for I think I do God and my country good service, in preserving the King, and by the grace of God, I will venture my life and all for him, and set him safely on shore, if I can, in France.' Upon which the merchant came and told me what had

passed between them ; and thereby found myself under a necessity of trusting him. But I took no kind of notice of it presently to him ; but, thinking it not convenient to let him go home, lest he should be asking advice of his wife, or anybody else, we kept him with us in the inn, and sat up all night drinking beer, and taking tobacco with him.[1] And here I also run another very great danger, as being confident I was known by the master of the inn,[2] for as I was standing, after supper, by the fire-side, leaning my hand upon a chair, and all the rest of the company being gone into another room, the master of the inn came in, and fell a talking with me, and just as he was looking about, and saw there was nobody in the room, he, upon a sudden, kissed my hand that was upon the back of the chair, and said to me: 'God bless you wheresoever you go ; I do not doubt, before I die, to be a lord, and my wife a lady' ; so I laughed, and went away into the next room, not desiring then any further discourse with him, there being no remedy against my being known by him, and more discourse might but have raised suspicion. On which consideration, I thought it best for to trust him in that manner, and he proved very honest." ["About a quarter of an hour after, the King went to his chamber, where the colonel followed him, craved his pardon, saying that he was ignorant of the cause how this had happened. 'Peace, peace, colonel,' said the King, 'the fellow knows me and I him, he was one that belonged to the backstairs to my father. I hope he is an honest fellow.' After this the Colonel began to treat with the boatman, asking him in what readiness he was. He answered that he could not be off that night, because for more security he had brought his vessel into creek, and the tide had forsaken it, so that it was on ground. It is observable that all the while the business had been in

[1] The King preferred snuff.

[2] "Who called himself Gaius, runs to the King, catcheth his hand, and kissing it, said, 'It shall not be said but I have kissed the best man's hand in England.'" (Col. Gounter's narrative.)

agitation to this very time, the wind had been contrary. The King then opening the window, took notice that the wind was turned, and told the master of the ship; whereupon, because of the wind and a clear night the Colonel offered ten pounds more to the man to get off that night; but that could not be; however he agreed to take in his company that night. When they thought they had agreed, the boatman starts back and saith no, except the Colonel would insure bark. Argue it they did with him how unreasonable it was, being well paid, etc., but to no purpose, so that they at last yielded to his valuation of two hundred pounds. But then as though he had been resolved to frustrate all by unreasonable demands, he required the Colonel's bond; at which that officer began to be as resolute as he; saying there were more boats to be had besides his; and if he would not act, another should. In this contest the King happily interposed: 'he saith right, a gentleman's word, especially before witnesses, is as good as his bond.' At last the man's stomach came down and carry them he would, whatsoever came of it; and before he would be taken, he would run his boat under the water; so it was agreed that about two in the night they should be aboard. The boatman in the mean time went to provide necessaries; the vessel lay at Shoreham, four miles thence, as yet half laden with coals, which he had not sold, most of the seamen being at Brighthelmstone. Those he knocks up in the night time, bidding them make haste to the vessel, which having slipt its anchors was adrift, and that he would himself follow after. In the mean time he orders his wife to go and buy a bottle of brandy, and another of sack, and to give him clean clothes to take along with him. 'But why so late in the night?' says she: 'would it not do as well in the morning?' He still urging her, and cutting off all delays; 'It's the King,' said the woman, 'whom I suspect you are to carry over. Pray God you may carry him safe, though I and my small children should for ever after go a-begging.' Meanwhile

Colonel Gounter persuaded the King to take some rest in his clothes, and my Lord Wilmot with him, till towards two of the night. Then he called them up, shewing them how the time went, by his watch. Horses being led by the back way towards the beach, they came to the boat and found all ready; so the Colonel took his leave, craving his Majesty's pardon if anything had happened through error, not want of will or loyalty; how willingly he would have waited further but for his family, being many, which would want him, and he hoped his Majesty would not. His only request to the King was, that he would conceal his instruments, wherein their preservation was so much concerned. His Majesty promised nobody should know. The Colonel abided there, keeping the horses in readiness in case anything unexpected had happened. The master of the ship went to Shoreham on horse-back, behind one of the King's company."] "It being low water, and the vessel, not above sixty ton, lying dry, I and my Lord Wilmot got up with a ladder into her, and went and lay down in the little cabin, till the tide came to fetch us off. But I was no sooner got into the ship, and lain down upon the bed, but the master came in to me, fell down upon his knees, and kissed my hand; telling me, that he knew me very well, and would venture life, and all that he had in the world, to set me down safe in France. So about seven o'clock in the morning, it being high-water, we went out of the port; but the master being bound for Poole, laden with sea-coal, because he would not have it seen from Shoreham that he did not go his intended voyage, but stood all the day, with a very easy sail, towards the Isle of Wight. And as we were sailing, the master came to me, and desired me that I would persuade his men to use their endeavours with me to get him to set us on shore in France, the better to cover him from suspicion. Upon which, I went to the men, which were four and a boy, and told them, truly, that we were two merchants that had some misfortunes, and were a little in debt; that we had

some money owing us at Rouen in France, and were afraid of being arrested in England; that if they would persuade the master (the wind being very fair) to give us a trip over to Dieppe, or one of those ports near Rouen, they would oblige us very much, and with that I gave them twenty shillings to drink. Upon which, they undertook to second me, if I would propose it to the master. So I went to the master, and told him our condition, and that if he would give us a trip over to France, we would give him some consideration for it. Upon which he counterfeited difficulty, saying, that it would hinder his voyage. But his men, as they had promised me, joining their persuasions to ours, at last he yielded to set us over. So about five o'clock in the afternoon, as we were in sight of the Isle of Wight, we stood directly over to the coast of France, the wind being then full north; and the next morning, a little before day, we saw the coast. But the tide failing us, and the wind coming about to the south-west, we were forced to come to an anchor, within two miles of the shore, till the tide of flood was done. We found ourselves just before an harbour in France, called Fescamp; and just as the tide of ebb was made, espied a vessel to leeward of us, which, by her nimble working, I suspected to be an Ostend privateer. Upon which, I went to my Lord Wilmot, and telling him my opinion of that ship, proposed to him our going ashore in the little cock-boat, for fear they should prove so, as not knowing, but finding us going into a port of France (there being then a war betwixt France and Spain) they might plunder us, and possibly carry us away and set us ashore in England; the master also himself had the same opinion of her being an Ostender, and came to me to tell me so, which thought I made it my business to dissuade him from, for fear it should tempt him to set sail again with us for the coast of England; yet so sensible I was of it, that I and my Lord Wilmot went both on shore in the cock-boat;[1] and going

[1] Tattersall's mate carried the King on his shoulders from the cock-boat to

up into the town of Fécamp, stayed there all day to provide horses for Rouen. But the vessel which had so affrighted us, proved afterwards only a French Hoy. One particular more there is observable in relation to this our passage into France; that the vessel that brought us over, had no sooner landed me, and I given her master a pass, for fear of meeting with any of our Jersey frigates, but the wind turned so happily for her, as to carry her directly for Poole, without its being known that she had ever been upon the coast of France."[1] ["During the passage, the master wondered that his Majesty understood their course better than he did. Nor is it to be omitted, what an ignorant seaman wittily blurted out by chance. The King whilst the vessel was under sail, sitting with the master in the cabin, the fellow coming in claps down by them and blows the smoke of his tobacco in his face; at which the master being vexed, bid him begone quickly, and not trouble the gentleman with his smoke. The fellow rising to go out in dudgeon made answer: 'A cat might look a King,' a common proverb in England."] "The next day we got to Rouen, to an inn, one of the best in the town, in the Fishmarket, where they made difficulty to receive us, taking us by our clothes to be some thieves or persons that had been doing some very ill thing, insomuch that before we went away the people went into the rooms to see whether we had not stolen something or other: but Mr. Sandburne, a merchant, for whom I sent, came and answered for us." ["Mr. Sandburn and Mr. Parker his partner provided his Majesty with new clothes, dividing his old ones betwixt themselves, to be kept as holy relics. Good Dr. Earle, then at Rouen,

the shore, and at the Restoration Charles pardoned six out of a number of Quakers for whom this man pleaded.

[1] "They were no sooner landed, but the wind turned and a violent storm arose, insomuch that the boatman was forced to cut his cable, and lost his anchor to save his boat, for he required of me £8, and had it. I was not gone out of the town two hours, but soldiers came thither to search for a tall black man, 6 ft. 2ins. high." (Col. Gounter's Narrative.)

heard of his Majesty's arrival, and visited his lodgings, where he saw the King but at first took him to be a servant of the inn."] "We stayed at Rouen one day,[1] to provide ourselves better clothes, and give notice to the Queen, my mother (who was then at Paris) of my being safely landed. After which, setting out in a hired coach I was met by my mother with coaches, short of Paris; and by her conducted thither, where I safely arrived."[2]

[1] His Majesty soon changed his quarters to Mr. Scott's, and finally left Rouen on 29 October. On the way they slept the night at Fleurie, and were met by Henrietta Maria at Morieaux. They came to the Louvre on Thursday, 20 October. (Fea.)

[2] "Perhaps the Reader may think it tedious that I have given so large a relation of his Majesty's escape from that fight at Worcester; but it was a work so full of wonder and providence, and so many false relations there are abroad, that I could do no less than recount all those miseries and hardships which this poor Prince endured for the sakes of his subjects." (John Dauncy, *History of Charles II*, ed. 1660, p. 127.)

CHAPTER IV

1651–60: THE SECOND EXILE

"Of a tall stature, and a sable hue,
Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew,
Twelve years complete, he suffered in exile,
And kept his father's asses all the while.
At length, by wonderful impulse of fate,
The people call him home to help the state,
And what is more, they send him money too,
And clothe him, all, from head to foot, anew."

MARVELL, *An Historical Poem*, ll. 1–8.

Charles arrives at Paris; his treatment there—Mlle. de Montpensier—Duchesse de Chastillon—Privations of English Court in Paris—Factions and quarrels—Charles goes to Germany—Cromwell's spies—The King at Cöln—Attempted conversion of Duke of Gloucester—The "Sealed Knot"—Charles and Spain—He fights at Dunkirk—Goes to Bruges—Death of Cromwell—The King goes to Spain—Charles and his sister—Declaration of Breda and proclamation of Charles in England—He leaves Holland, and lands at Dover—Journey to London.

MOROSINI the Venetian ambassador beheld Charles' entry into Paris, and writes: "His retinue consisted of one gentleman and one varlet, and his costume was more calculated to induce laughter than respect; his appearance, in short, being so changed, that the outriders who first came up with him, thought he must be one of his own menials." This account is somewhat curious, since the King was in a royal carriage with his mother and brother; and we remember that Sambourne of Rouen had provided him with new clothes; but, as we also hear that Charles was

indebted to Lord Jermyn for his first clean shirt, it seems that the good merchant was not over generous to his King and master. Of his travels Charles either said nothing, in performance of his promise, or gave ridiculous and fictitious accounts, accepted and afterwards retailed in perfect good faith, by many of his audience. Not till he was on board the "Naseby" in 1660, returning to his kingdom, did Charles tell the true story of his wanderings.

Meanwhile, Buckingham had also escaped from England, and had landed at Rotterdam, where he began straightway to slander the King, in obedience to some extraordinary whim, saying that Charles "had ill-behaved himself in the battle, and that he lay now hidden in some gentleman's house, and was happier in his own opinions, than if he was upon the throne." Though the King's return cheered his friends, we hear that he himself "is very sad and sombre, that cheerfulness which, against his nature, he strove to assume at his first coming having lasted but a few days, and he is very silent always," even so that "he said not one word" when told of the surrender of Jersey, though James rejoiced over the islanders' valour, "his expressions to that purpose having been judged very childish by the standers-by, as many of his words and actions are daily." To Lady Fanshawe the King seemed to have grown strangely coarse in feature and reckless in expression; but Mlle. de Montpensier thought precisely the contrary; "il avait la meilleure mine du monde, douce, civile, galante." Charles paid his former mistress much attention; "il faisait toutes les mines que l'on dit que les amants font"; "he appeared to me," says Anne-Marie, "a timid and diffident lover, who dared not say all he felt, and who preferred that I should believe him indifferent to his misfortunes, rather than weary me by talking of them. For, to other people, he did not speak of the joy he felt at being in France, nor of his desire to dance."

Throughout the winter of 1651–52, "hunting, dancing, balls, and masking," and *petits jeux* were the order of the

day—and night; and amidst these frivolous surroundings, the King's character did not appear to the best advantage; and after an especially earnest protestation of affection, Mademoiselle retorted that unless Charles very quickly returned to his kingdom, he would hardly regain it. In some surprise, Charles replied: "You would not have me leave you as soon as I have married you?" At last Mademoiselle's suppressed irritation burst out: "Yes, for then I should be more obliged than I am to take your interests to heart, and it would pain me to see you dancing the tricotet and amusing yourself, when instead you should either get knocked on the head or replace your crown upon it, of which you would be unworthy if you would not go to seek it at the point of the sword and the peril of your life." This seems rather hard on the unfortunate Charles, fresh from the horrors of his last attempt for the crown, but it sufficiently shows Mademoiselle's impetuous temper, and also her irrepressible, though only half-acknowledged, dislike to the match. Finally, the lady grew openly cold, and offended the King, who promptly fell in love with Isabelle Angélique, widow of the Duc de Chastillon. At his first visit to the French Court, Charles had shown a distinct preference for this lady, which had been rather encouraged than thwarted, because it gave him "le bel air," and the lady was far too much in love with her own husband to listen to the young Prince. Now, however, Charles even offered to marry the Duchess, until at length dissuaded by Hyde, through political considerations, though the Chancellor and all Charles' Court had fallen victims to the lady's wonderful fascination. For many years Charles remained on terms of friendship with the Duchesse de Chastillon, and under her pet name of Bablon, often alludes to her in his letters to his sister Henrietta. On 4 December, 1662, he writes from Whitehall: "You may easily beleeve that any request which comes from Bablon will be quickly despatched by me. I am striving all I can to take away the difficulties which

obstruct this desire of hers, which in truth are very greate, all these things being farmed, and 'tis not hard to imagine that people on this side the watter, love profit as well as they do every where else; I have sent to inquire farther into it, and within five or six dayes will give you an account, for I am very unwilling not to grante Bablon's desires, especially when they come recommended by you. In the mean time I referre you to this bearer, Monr. Vivonne, who will tell you how truly I am, yours, C. R." Again, on 28 March, 1663: ". . . I am to much Madame de Châtillon's servant, to tell her that I am glad that she is married into Germany; if she knew the country, that's to say the way of liveing there, and the people, so well as I do, she would suffer very much in France, before she would change countries, but this is now past, and I shall desire you to assure her that, upon any occasion that lies within my power, I shall ever be ready to serve Bablon. . . ."

During his stay in France, Charles never ceased to send ambassadors to every Court in Europe, in vain attempts to raise money and soldiers; and when Hyde returned to Paris from Spain, we find in his correspondence a vivid picture of the exile's necessities. Frequently the King had hardly credit enough to borrow twenty pistoles; and though Louis XIV, on being asked by Jermyn whether it were his pleasure that his aunt and cousins should starve, granted them a nominal pension of 6000 livres a month; this money was irregularly and incompletely paid, and when paid, most of it passed into Jermyn's hands for the household expenses. Sea-port governors in France continually made difficulties about harbouring Charles' ships, or detained money resulting from the sale of Prince Rupert's prizes, so that very little came to the royal coffers in that way. It may, therefore, be easily imagined that while the King was barely able to dress and eat decently, to play tennis and billiards, to visit the country about Chantilly, and to indulge the imperious needs of the flesh,

the courtiers hardly existed at all. Only Jermyn "kept an excellent table for those who courted him, and had a coach of his own, and all accommodations incident to a most full fortune." But for the rest, the following extract from Hyde's correspondence is repeated in substance, with wearisome iteration, till the departure from Paris in 1654. "It is no wonder you should desire to be eased as much as may be from all kinds of charges. I am sure I have as much reason as any man living to join with you in that thrift. Yett I cannot avoid the constant expense of seven or eight livres the week for postage of my letters, which I borrow scandalously out of my friends' pockets, or else my letters must more scandalously remain still at the post-house. I am sure all those that concern my private affairs would be received for ten sous a week, so that all the rest are for the King, from whom I have not received one penny since I came hither. And yet it is to no purpose to complain, though I have not been master of a crown these many months, and cold for want of clothes and fire, and owe for all the meat which I have eaten these three months, and to a poor woman that is not longer able to trust. My poor family at Antwerp—which breaks my heart—is in as sad a state, and the King as either of us, being in these very personal distresses. . . ." "It is not possible for you to conceive the miserable and necessitous condition we are in here; no servant having received one penny since I came hither, and what the King gets being not enough to provide him with clothes and meat." In September, 1652, Charles was reduced to eat his meat in taverns, and in December Hyde had not three sous to buy a faggot wherewith to warm his numbed fingers. In June, 1653, he says: "I do not know that any man is yet dead for want of bread, which really I wonder at!" In November, Sir Richard Browne sent "100 Lewises in gold" towards the King's "merry playing, wherewith to passe his time at cards this approaching Christmasse." In April, 1654, Hyde and Ormonde lacked shoes and shirts,

Besides poverty, the Royalists in Paris had to endure taunts and reproaches from their brethren in England and on the Continent, owing to false reports of their lavish and splendid way of living. Moreover, the little Court was torn by factions; at first, the party of the Queen-Mother and Jermyn (the Louvrians) against that of Hyde and the steadier cavaliers; and these quarrels, in spite of the King's tact and humour, involved breaches between him and Henrietta, and between Hyde and the Queen. On the occasion of a Court ball, where Hyde appeared, the Queen-Mother of France asked Charles who the fat man sitting next to the Marquis of Ormonde was. Charles replied audibly. "That was the naughty man who did all the mischief and set him against his mother." But the little which was effected by the King's social diplomacy, was rendered futile by his stubborn indolence. "I do not forget the letters the King should write, but he never sets himself to that work but on Fridays, and that day hath been of late spent otherwise by chance, as it is to-day, in devotion. . . . When any thing is to be done by the King's own hand we must sometimes be content to wait, he being brought very unwillingly to that task, which vexes me exceedingly. . . . By truth itself, he hath more judgment and understanding by many degrees than many who pretend to it, and that is the only thing that breaks my heart, that he makes no more use of it." Charles' bad habits at this time included, need we say, drunkenness and loose living, and we find Hyde employed by the Queen "for the removal of a young lady out of the Louvre, who had procured a lodging there without her Majesty's consent." "All the counsel in the world cannot reform the King, while he is with the Queen, and he cannot be severe or sharp in things or to persons whom he in no degree approves. . . . In a word, the King loves both you and me, and thinks us very honest and useful servants; but he will sometimes use another, of whom he hath not so good an opinion, as well, or better, than either of us. If I did not

serve the King for God's sake I would not stay here a day longer."

The return of Prince Rupert to Paris in April, 1653, added the faction of the "Swordsmen" to the Court, who inclined to the Louvrian party, and were quite hostile to Hyde; and in August, to crown the distresses of the faithful, the King fell ill. "We have been very much afflicted this week with the illness of our Master, who hath kept his bed these five days with a continued burning fever, and been five times let blood. This last night he hath slept very well and is now in much better tempers, so that we hope all danger is over, but it is a very melancholy thing to have him ill." By September he was somewhat recovered, though "very weake and not capable of much discourse," and he went for a change of air to Chantilly in October, which restored him to health. In December, the French Court returned to Paris, and festivities began again, with masques, plays, and dances. Meanwhile the enforced idleness in a dissolute capital were ruining the King's character and his cause; and the reports of his way of life, as well as the false rumour of his conversion to Catholicism,[1] spread dissatisfaction among his subjects. "It is too true and cannot be denied," writes Hyde to Nicholas, "that the King is exceedingly fallen in reputation, which cannot be recovered but by some bold attempt. Besides, I must tell you he is so much given to pleasure that if he stay here he will be undone. Add to this that the usage of the French towards him is not to be endured . . . God send us quickly from this place."

But lack of money prevented Charles from leaving France—as the following letter to Rupert shows: "My dearest Cosen,—If I had not thought you would have bene here before this time, I should have written oftener and fuller to you. The truth is, I do only defer the settinge down of my going from hence and resolvinge which way to

[1] Caused partly by his occasionally spending the afternoon with the Jesuits of the Rue St. Antoine.

goe till I speake with you. You know what I am promised to receive from the French Court for my journey; in the meane tyme, I am sure I am not only without money, but have been compelled to borrow all I have spent neare these three months, so that you may easily judge how some 3600 pistoles will be gone, and yett I must expect no more from hence, but depend upon what you shall bring me for my ships, guns, and my share of the prize. I long to have you here, and am intirely, dearest cosen, your most affectionate cosen, Charles R." Many complications arose about the guns, ending in a quarrel between the cousins; yet on 29 May, Charles was able to take formal leave of the French Court, and after unsuccessful attempts by Jermyn and others to reconcile him with his mother, he left Paris on 10 July, travelling on horseback, his coach-horses drawing a light cart with his clothes and bedding. That night he was the guest of Mme. de Chastillon at Merlou; thence he passed to Péronne, where the French army lay, and bade farewell to his brother James. On 14 July he entered Cambrai, and finally reached Spa on the 19th. And Hyde writes to Taylor: "The King is now as low as to human understanding he can be." At Spa, Charles was the guest of his sister Mary of Orange. Henceforth, the Court was faithfully attended by Cromwell's spies, and it is largely from their reports that we know how the exiles spent their time.

On 6 August, the King writes to Elizabeth of Bohemia: "I am just now beginning this letter in my sister's chamber, where there is such a noise that I never hope to end it, and much less write sense . . . I shall only tell your Majesty that we are now thinking how to pass our time, and in the first place of dancing, in which we find to difficulties, the one for want of fiddlers, the other for somebody both to teach and to assist at the new dances. I have got my sister to send for Silvius as one that is able to perform both. For the fideldedies my lord Taafe does promise to be their convoy, and in the meantime we must

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PRINCE WILLIAM II OF ORANGE AND HIS BRIDE, PRINCESS MARY HENRIETTA STUART

FROM THE PAINTING BY VAN DYCK AT AMSTERDAM

content ourselves with those that make no difference between a himme and a coranto." Later John Adams the spy writes: "There is not a day or night but there are balls and dansinge. I think the ayre makes them indefatigable, for they danse the whole afternoone, then goe to supper and after they goe into the meadows and dance there. None so much commended as our King, who indeede is growne a lustie and proper person; gaines the affection of all by his affable and free carriage amongst them. So doth the Princess Royal who is a gallant lady. 'Tis admirable in Princes to see how loving they are. The Court is full of brave gentlemen, Here is my Lord Ormonde, Lord Taafe, Lord Wentworth, Lord Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, Chancellor Hyde, and Secretary Nicholas expected . . . This morning I was for two hours hearing R. C. [Royal Charles] discoursinge sportinge, and drinkinge the waters upon a mountain near this towne. R. C. is much given to dancinge . . . for all his dancinge, I believe he has a heavy heart. . . . He went in a coach with five horses this morninge to the fountaine and returned on horseback. The traine of R. C. heere is not verie great, he has not above thirtie, but they live well and are very merry, all of them." The increased cheerfulness was partly due to the departure from Paris, and the new scenes: but it was soon dissipated by an epidemic of small-pox which caused the Court to remove hastily to Aachen [Aix-la-Chapelle] on 21 August. "All the Cavaliers here doe bathe themselves daylie, but R. C. himselfe since his coming hither appeares not abroade at all. The reason I do not know, but matter of state, as with Princes." The reason was business: among other things, "R. C." had heard of Middleton's defeat in Scotland, and declared that he would rather die honourably than "live in such contemptible calamityes." On 7 September, Charles and his sister attended vespers in the Cathedral, and after service examined the relics, and the King drawing Charlemagne's sword out of the scabbard, and saluting it

reverently, measured it with his own. After this, Mary began to take the waters, her brother walking every morning to meet her at Cæsar's Bath, dressed in black with white silk stockings, wearing the blue ribbon and Garter; and accompanied by five or six gentlemen. The rest of the stay at Aachen was filled by afternoon visits, morning hunting-parties, and "mirth, singing, dancing, and drinking," at night.

On Thursday, 8 October, Charles and Mary set out towards Cöln, sleeping the night at Juliers, and reaching Cöln about five o'clock in the evening of the 9th. They were received enthusiastically by laity and clergy, and Charles was finally asked to stay in Cöln, which he decided to do; and ever afterwards he retained kindly feelings towards the people of the city; and Evelyn tells us that a few days after the Restoration he received a congratulatory embassy from Cöln, "his Majesty saying they were the best people in the world, the most kind and worthy to him that he ever met with." On the 29 October, King and Princess went by water to Düsseldorf in order to visit Philip William, Count Palatine of Neuburg; by him they were magnificently entertained, and Charles made a new and true friend in the Count. After leaving Düsseldorf the King went on with his sister, on her way to Holland, leaving her on 5 November, and returned to Cöln.

At Cöln that winter, the courtiers were occupied in internal dissensions, thereby greatly pleasuring the Palais Royal faction. Charles "betook himself with great cheerfulness to compose his mind to misfortune, and with a marvellous contentedness prescribed so many hours a day to the study of both the French and Italian languages." For exercise the King hunted and walked, for he kept no coach all the time he was at Cöln. From one hunting "none returned sober but the greatest and Tom Elliot to attend him." "All that I can say now is that R. C. is here with a few in his company. The

weather is very cold, and so almost every day he walks with his said company a-foot about the walls of this city, and they all bare-headed after him; so they get themselves health." Also colds, we imagine: and it would doubtless have been better for many of the courtiers if periwigs had come into fashion: we have a witness to their warmth in a letter of the French ambassador de Comminges to M. de Lionne, 7–17 July, 1664. "Pour ne vous pas laisser alarme de la maladie, vous sçaurais qu'il y a quatre ou cinq jours que le Roy avec les Reines allèrent en barges voir les vaisseaux qui sont sortis du Port de Chatam, et que durant la grande ardeur du soleil, le Roy quitta sa perruque et son pourpoint; à son retour il se trouva fort enrhumé, ce qui obligea les médecins de le faire saigner. Le lendemain il se trouva avec un peu de fièvre, et ce matin il a beaucoup sué, et se trouve fort soulagé, et sans aucune Chaleur."

As regards money the King was better off at Cöln than ever before during his exile, for the Cölners had given him a "house, firing, bread, and wine"; and under the careful management of Sir Stephen Fox, his household and its expenses were being reduced to tolerably good order. Of the lighter relaxations we get many glimpses in Charles' letters to Henry Bennet,[1] and others: "Harry, you may easily believe that my approbation for your coming hither would not be very hard to get, and if you had no other business here, than to give me an account how Arras was relieved, or who danced best at the mask at Paris, you should be as welcome as I can make you. I will not say any more to you now, because I hope it will not be many days before you will see how we pass our time at Collen, which though it be not so well as I could wish, yet I think it as well as some of you do at Paris; at least some that are here would not pass their time so well there as they do here, and it may be you will be one of that number. One of the greatest alterations you will find

[1] Afterwards Lord Arlington.

here is, that my Lord Taff is one of the best dancers in the country, and is the chief man at all the balls ; I believe he is as good at it, as one of your friends at Paris is at making French verses ; I have nothing to add to this, but to tell you you will find me still a true Bablon.[1] Charles Rex."[2]

The most serious business which occupied Charles and his advisers now was the attempted conversion by Henrietta of Henry, Duke of Gloucester. The boy had arrived in Paris before the King's departure, but could not accompany his brother, owing to his youth and the increased expense his presence would entail. Charles left the little Duke with the charge to obey his mother in everything save religion ; to "never miss the chapel on Sunday morning. . . . Intend your book and your exercises diligently, and sett some tyme apart every daye to spend at your book with your tutor, and be always kind and regardful to him." Seizing on an excuse of removing him from bad company, the Queen opened her attack almost immediately after the King's departure, and continued her campaign by alternate caresses and threats, and finally by force, so that had it not been for Henry's courage, his page John Griffith's devotion, and the timely arrival of Ormonde, the Catholics might have gained an important royal convert, exactly when it would have been fatal to the King's interests. Henry's letters to his brother were intercepted, until one of 6 November, 1654 : "Sir,— on Wednesday last I came from Pontoise, and to-day the Queene spoke to me about my religion, telling me that she would have me instructed in hers. Upon that I told her what commands the King my father left me, and what the instructions were that I had received from your Majesty, both to shew the care your Majesty had of me in that, and also to shew that it came from your Majesty's self, and upon that I did desire that the Queen would

[1] *I.e.* servant of Mme. la Duchesse de Chastillon.

[2] 22 December, 1654.

write to your Majesty before I should heare any disputing. Then the Queen told me that I being to go to Mr. Crofts, she did not think fitting that Mr. Lovell should goe with me, but that he should stay here till I should come bake, and that she did not intend to put him away, but to absent him for a little while, and for the time that he shall not be with me she will allow him a pension. This is all that was sayd to me now, and when anything else shall be sayd to me, I shall not faile to give your Majesty an account, as becomes your Majesty's most affectionate, most obedient, and most humble, brother, subject, and servant, Henry." When this reached Charles, the Duke's first letter had also arrived, and Hyde says: "I have never seen the King so awakened as in this business, . . . in so great trouble and perplexity, nor of that quicknesse and sharpnesse in providing against a mischief." Charles at once wrote to Henry as follows: "Dear Brother, I have received yours without a date, in which you mention that Mr. Montagu has endeavoured to pervert you in your religion. I do not doubt but you remember very well the commands I left with you concerning that point, and am confident you will observe them. Yett the letters that come from Paris say it is the Queen's purpose to do all she can to change your religion, which, if you herken to her, or to any one else in that matter, you must never thinke to see Englande or me againe, and whatsoever mischiefe shall falle to me or my affairs upon this thing, I must lay all upon you as being the only cause of it. Therefore consider what it is not only to be the cause of the ruine of a brother that loves you so well, but also of your King and country, and doe not lett them persuade you either by force or fine promises. For the first they will neither dare, nor will use, and for the seconde, as soon as they have got you they will have their end and will care no more for you. I heare also that there is a purpose to put you into the Jesuits' College, which I command you, upon the same grounds, never to consent to. And whensoever anybody

shall goe to dispute with you on religion do not answer them at all, for though you have reason on your side, yet they, being prepared, will have the advantage of anybody that is not upon the same security that they are. I have commanded this bearer, my Lord of Ormonde, to speake more at large to you upon this subject, therefore give him credit in all that he shall say to you, as if it were from myself. And if you doe not consider what I say to you, remember the last words of your deade father, which were, to be constant in your religion, and never to be shaken in it; which, if you do not observe this, shall be the last time you will ever heare from your most affectionat brother, Charles R." On the arrival of the second letter, Charles wrote: "Deare Brother, I have received yours of the 6th of this month, and am very glad to find, both by your own letter as well as by others, your handsome carriage in this businesse, which really has joyed me so much, that I cannot say enough to thank you for it, and to encourage you in the continuance of that which you have so well begun." Ormonde, by care and shrewdness, and at the expense of an open rupture with the Queen, finally rescued the Duke, and travelling through Holland, the boy reached Cöln in May.

In February, 1655, the King seriously alarmed his followers by disappearing from Cöln, leaving no clue as to his intended destination. As a matter of fact, Charles went to Middelburgh in Zealand, hoping to be called to England by the "Sealed Knot" and other Royalists; but a premature rising being easily suppressed, Charles retired in April to Cöln. The expenses of this expedition, and other causes, had reduced the King and Court to extreme poverty, and factions were as prevalent as ever. "The King hath not money enough to provide meate for himself for the next 10 days, nor have I, at any time, seen the Court in greater want, save that there is not any importunity from the inhabitants of this place for the money dew to them. And yet of 2000 dollars borrowed from one

person to inable the King to make his last journey, there remayne still 1200 unpayd. Add to this three months arrears—soe much there will be on Thursday next—for boarde wages to the family, and the extreame necessity many honest men are in who came lately, and indeede come every day from England and Scotland; and then think with yourself how easy this place is like to be to the King and those who are trusted in his affairs. There is nothing to support all these pressures but the expectation of the money from the German Princes who are so slow in paying though they multiply their promises." Meanwhile Charles and Henry both studied Italian, and James or Bennet sent from Paris the *Gazette Burlesque*, and sometimes songs of the last ballet. On 25 May, the King wrote to Bennet: "Pray send me some of Dupré's opiat and water for the Teeth;" on 8 June: "Do not forget to send me the *Gazette Burlesque* every week;" on 5 July: "My cloaths are at last come, and I like them very well all but the sword, which is the worst I ever saw. I suspect very much that it was you that made the choice, and therefore you have no other way to recover your judgment in that particular but to make choice of a better, and, if you go to the shop where I bought mine when I came out of Paris, you can hardly be mistaken. My brother can tell you where it is;" on 17 August: "You must not expect to hear from me very often as long as my sister is here, for you may easily guess that I will be in her company as much as I can while she stays here; and indeed Collen is not a little altered; for from having very little company, and some of those worse than none, we have now as good as can be, and pass our time as well as people can do that have no more money, for we dance, and play as if we had taken the Plate fleet, though I am confident our losses are not so great as Cromwell's is, who for certain has received a very considerable one at Hispaniola: the particulars hereof you will hear from others. I have no more to say at present. Charles Rex;" on 18 August: "I will try

whether Sir S. Compton be so much in love as you say, for I will name Mrs. Hyde before him so by chance, that except he be very much smitten it shall not at all move him. Pray get me pricked down as many new corrants and sarrabands and other little dances as you can, and bring them with you, for I have got a small fiddler that does not play ill on the fiddle. Charles Rex;" on 14 September: "My sister and I go on Monday next to the Fair at Frankfort incognito, . . . It shall be hard but I will find some businesse for you to come where we are this winter, which I hope will not be in this place. Charles Rex;" on 18 October: ". . . P.S. I have given Buckley a note for you to keep the mill going, it should have been more if I had had it." In October, Bennet sent the sword, saying: "It hath the approbation of men of the profession, which makes me hope your Majesty will like it. The workman by the Louvre made it."

The *Mercurius Politicus* of 25 October, 1655, tells us of the journey to the Fair: "Having been lately at Frankfort Fair, I saw there the Scottish King, as they call him, with whom there was his sister the Princess of Orange, and his youngest brother, Henry, who travelled all together from Cologne to Frankfort. That they might seem to go the more privately they took no great retinue with them. Charles had for his attendants, the Marquis of Ormonde, the old Lord Goring,[1] and Mr. O'Neil, groom of his bedchamber. Of the attendants of his sister of Orange there was my Lady Stanhope and Heenvliet her husband, and Mrs. Lane, together with some inferior servants. When they went from Cologne, they were in a coach with six horses, and in this equipage they marched beyond Bonn, the place where the Elector of Cologne used to keep his Court. The next day they had a pleasure-boat met them, wherein they all embarked themselves, and so were drawn up the river all the way to Frankfort. Their way of travelling was very convenient, for, besides the greater,

[1] Earl of Norwich.

they had two lesser boats fastened to it. In one they conveyed all their beds, trunks, and wardrobes, and they made a kitchen of the other, which was a very fine accommodation for this water voyage that continued for four or five days, having all their victuals dressed at hand, and at table there was no state or distinction among them, eating altogether, as I hear, to make the more merry. In the acting of this frolic they would needs pretend to pass incognito, yet carried the matter so notoriously that it was known all abroad, and therefore, in every Prince's country they passed through, they had the civility of a compliment by their chief officers, and were saluted by the great ordnance of all their towns and castles. But the compliment was most remarkable in the Elector of Mayence[1] country, whose grandmaster came and invited them to his master's court. But at present they put off the invitation with an excuse, and sent a lord, the Lord Newburgh, back with the Marshal to give the Elector thanks, and to let him know their great occasions at Frankfort Fair could not be dispensed with then, but in their return they would not fail to visit his Electoral Highness."

While at Frankfort, Charles met the eccentric Christina of Sweden at Königstein, and refused to meet his renegade cousin Charles Louis, Elector Palatine of the Rhine, even leaving the theatre to avoid speaking to him. For, unlike Rupert and Maurice, the Elector had shown strong Parliamentary sympathies, until the murder of his uncle forced him to some show of decent disapproval. In November, the Court returned to Cöln; and "all our company very well pleased with our voyage, for indeed it was as pleasant a journey as ever I saw."

Cromwell had just allied himself with France, and attacked Spain; so in March, 1656, Charles went incognito to Brussels to meet the Spanish ministers Fuensaldanha and Alonzo de Cardenas. On Wednesday, 8 March, he left Cöln with two servants and an escort of twelve horse:

[1] Mainz

leaving his escort outside Spanish territory, he arrived on Saturday at the "Sun" Inn, Louvain, whence de Vic escorted him to Brussels. Flustered and displeased, the Spaniards declined to treat with Charles in person, and requested him to retire to Vilvord, a league from Brussels. Here Charles spent his time reading Spanish, writing letters, and playing cribbage with Rochester and Bennett. On 19 March, the King writes to Ormonde: "Pray send as good news to-morrow as the wine and mutton was to-day. God sende you better lucke at pickett than I have with Harry Bennett at cribbadge. If you can find no other book in Italian worth sending, lett me have, by the first that comes, *Pastor Fido*."[1] On 12 April, a treaty was signed at Brussels between Charles and Spain; and on Wednesday the 19th, the King went to Bruges, lodging at first in the house of the Irish Viscount Taragh, or Tara, in the Old Burgh Street. On 3 June he moved to a house in the High Street, where he stayed till 7 February, 1658, when he went to Brussels. Many Highlanders found their way to Bruges during Charles' residence, and astonished the natives by their national costume. The King found himself once more in great straits for money, to pay his old debts at Cöln and his new ones at Bruges: still he writes to Bennett in Paris, in July, 1656: "I have nothing to say, only that you bespeak six pair of shoes of my Paris shoomaker, such as he sent me last, and as many pair more made by Dyke, but tell this latter that three pair must be black and the other coloured, and a little bigger than those he sent me last. Remember to bespeak my sword"; on 11 August: "I have taken pills this morning; which hinders me from saying much more to you. . . . I would have you bring me two bever hatts. For my Lord Bristol's sword I do by no means like it; do not bespeak mine of that fashion. Charles Rex"; on 1 September: "You will find by my last, that though

[1] By Guarini (1590): translated by Sir Richard Fanshawe, Ambassador from Charles II to the Court of Spain.

I am furnished with one small fidler, yet I would have another to keep him company; if you can get either he you mention, or another that plays well, I would have you do it. Charles Rex."

On 11 June, 1656, Charles and Henry attended the festival of the Society of S. George of Crossbowmen, and on 25 June he honoured that of S. John, of archers. Charles promised a sum of money to the S. Sebastian, and not only gave them, in 1662, a larger amount than that promised, but gave a present also to the crossbowmen of S. George. While in Bruges, Charles found at least one new mistress: Lord Taafe writes to him that Mlle. d'Imercell of the Brussels Court is charming; "if your Majesty be libre, which Mme. Renenbourg saies you are nott, having gott a new wan at Briges." This gives a little support to a report of one of Thurloe's spies about this time, though every word in it need not be believed: "There is now a company of French comedians at Bruges who are very punctually attended by Charles Stuart and his Court, and all the ladies there; their most solemn day of acting it is the Lord's day. I think I may truly say that greater abominations were never practised among people than at this day in Charles Stuart's court. Fornication, drunkenness, and adultery are esteemed no sins among them, so that I persuade myself that God will never prosper any of their attempts."

During 1656, Hyde and Bristol strove desperately with the Spaniards and with each other; the object of both being to induce Spain to help the King to invade England; but Hyde, cautious and practical, sought money first and foremost: Bristol, a brilliant visionary, would have started the expedition while the King starved, and the troops disbanded for lack of pay. One of the conditions of the treaty with Spain was that all English or Irish troops in the service of France should be called into that of Spain; the commander of these troops was James, Duke of York, who was accordingly disappointed and hurt when recalled

to Brussels that he might take the oath to Spain; but the quarrel between the King and his brother was made up by the tactful intervention of Hyde and Ormonde; and on 11 April, the three royal brothers went to Brussels, where they went to the comedy, to dances; and "played at long paume, a Spanish play with balls filled with wire," and also at tennis. Nor did Charles sport all his time away, but ingratiated himself with Don Juan; nevertheless, according to the "Spanish method," business went on very slowly, and was complicated by the death of the emperor Ferdinand III. In 1657, Charles desired earnestly to join the Spanish army, but was at first refused permission, and afterwards, when a grudging leave was wrung from Don Juan, had not enough money, as Hyde writes on 5 September: "I am sufficiently weary of this place; having looked over the state of the debts and finding that every bit of meat, every drop of drink, all the fyre and all the candles that have been spent since the King's coming hither is entirely owed for, and how to get credit for a week, is no easy matter. I would I were at Breda."

In October, Charles went to Bruges, and thence to Dunkirk. Here he constantly risked his life in the trenches, and on the sands, and was a somewhat happier man, for getting even the smell of powder, and of the sea, into his nostrils. In July he had written to Bennett: "If this winter pass without any attempt on my part I shall take very little pleasure in living till the next." The Spanish still refusing to help Charles actively till they could be satisfied as to the actual readiness of the English Royalists for co-operation, Ormonde was sent to England, and returned with a hopeless report. Meanwhile Charles had returned to Bruges, in December, 1657, and by February, 1658, was in Antwerp, where he was joined by his sister Mary. Relations with her had been somewhat strained of late; for the Princess had visited Paris in the winter of 1657, been won over by the Palais Royal faction, and entertained Lord and Lady Balcarres, whom the King

wished to banish from her presence, as he had banished them from his own court. Mary objected with some heat, to which Charles replied in a singularly noble and dignified letter: "I do not desire that you should prosecute all persons I am displeased with, but I certainly may expect from the kindness we have always had together that those who are justly in my disfavour, and who I have told you are so, should not be the better for it, and that all the world should see you favour persons who, I think, deserve the contrary. I shall, for the present, only name my Lord Balcarres, who I cannot choose but take notice of, that you have used him much better since I have been unsatisfied with him than ever you did before. Judge whether I have not reason to be troubled when everybody must take notice of this to both our prejudices. I will only add this was not so two years ago, and I cannot accuse myself of being changed from what I was then; and now, when I have said all this, I do assure you that neither anything you have done, nor anything you can do, shall ever change me from being, with all the kindness imaginable, Yours, &c." The feelings on both sides were embittered by a scandal connecting the Princess and young Henry Jermyn.

At Antwerp, the Comte de Marchin was made a Knight of the Garter, and shortly after the Marchioness of Newcastle gave a great ball. "The ball at my Lord Newcastle's was on Wednesday night, where the Duchess of Lorraine, with her son and daughter, were, with the King and his brothers and sister; M. B., and two or three Frenchmen were also there, and a little room was well filled with most of the English here, and some of the town. . . . The King was brought in with loud music, and all being placed, Major Mohun, that was the player, in a black satin robe and garland of bays, spake a speech in verse, of his Lordship's own poetry, wherein as much was said of compliment to his Majesty as the highest hyperbole could possibly express. After that they danced for two hours, and then

my Lady Moore, dressed all in feathers, came in and sung a song of the same author's, and set and taught by Nicholas Lanier. Then was the banquet brought in, in eight great chargers each borne by two gentlemen belonging to the court, wines and other drinks, which being dispersed to all the company, they danced again for two hours more, and Major Mohun, in the same habit, ended all with another speech by way of prophecy of his Majesty's establishment." The Duchess of Newcastle herself speaks of this ball as a small entertainment, "such as his present condition was able to afford them. . . . And some other time his Majesty passing through the city was pleased to accept of a private dinner at my Lord's house; after which I receiving that gracious favour from his Majesty, that he was pleased to see me, he did merrily and in jest, tell me, "That he perceived my Lord's credit could procure better meat than his own!" "Again, some other time, upon a merry challenge, playing a game of butts with my Lord (when my Lord had the better of him), 'What' (said he) 'my Lord, have you invited me to play the rook with me?' Although their stakes were not at all considerable, but only for pastime."

On 8 March, Mary set out for Breda, accompanied by her three brothers; Charles turned back at Wuestwezel and went to Brussels. On 18 March, the steward of the household, Sir Stephen Fox, writes to Sir Edward Nicholas: "We are in the greatest want that ever I saw in this Court, nor have I the least hope of our arrears. It may be done as a disguise, but it is a very unpleasant one to me, to be forced to shift when I am at the end of my credit, and the day is come for large payments which have been staved off all this while." It was now, too, that Ormonde wrote to Hyde: "I must now freely confess to you that what you have written of the King's unreasonable impatience at his stay in Bruges is a greater danger to my hopes of his recovery than the strength of his enemies, or the weaknesse and backwardnesse of those that professe him

friendship. Modesty, courage, and many accidents may overcome those enemies, and unite and fix those friends, but I fear his immoderate delight in empty, effeminate, and vulgar conversation is become an irresistible part of his nature, and will never suffer him to animate his own designs and others' actions with that spirit which is requisite for his quality, and much more to his fortune. This, to any but to you or him, or from any—unlesse a few—but from mee or from mee at any other time, were too bold a lamentation, for so, God knows, it is. But God bless him, and fit him for his work." It was just now that the business of Lucy Walters was drawing to an end, and after scenes of violence on the part of the King's agents, and threats and recriminations on that of the discarded mistress, the future Duke of Monmouth had been transferred from his mother's care to that of Mr. Thomas Ross.

In June, 1658, Charles had an unsuccessful interview with De Retz at Zevenbergen, and in August retired to Hoogstraaten, where he amused himself with hawking and stag-hunting, and finally started on a tour in the United Provinces, in the course of which, perhaps, he made that secret visit to the Hague in which he was visited by Downing, the English ambassador, in the guise of an old reverend-looking man with a long grey beard, in grey clothes; his visitor strongly counselled speedy flight from Dutch territory, as the King's presence was already known. Charles accordingly returned to Hoogstraaten, and proceeded to fall in love with Henrietta of Orange, who returned his affection; and on the receipt of the news of Cromwell's death, brought to the King by Fox while he played at tennis, Charles formally proposed for her hand. But when the hopes kindled by the Protector's death faded, the Dowager Princess of Orange refused her consent to the marriage, and betrothed her daughter to the Prince of Anhalt. "Eating such things as he could get to eat," his Court torn by factions and duels which he was powerless

to prevent, on bad terms with his relatives, torn from the woman he loved, Charles' position was truly pitiable. Amid all the stormy cries on this side and on that, in this time of wavering and indecision, of lost causes and forlorn hopes, Hyde and Colepeper alone spoke wisdom. "I hope the King will not be prevailed upon to do any sudden thing; we shall have advantages offered if we do not hurt ourselves with projects." Thus far Hyde; Colepeper pointed out that Monk was really master of the situation. "The way to deal with him is by some fit person . . . to shew him plainly, and to give him all imaginable security for it, that he shall better find all his ends (those of honour, power, profit, safety) with the King than in any other way he can take. Neither are we to boggle at any way he shall propose in declaring himself, let it at the first be Presbytery, be King and Parliament, be a third Party, or what he will; so it oppose the present power it will at last do the King's business, and after a little time he will and must alone fall into the track we would have him to go in; when he is engaged past a retreat, he will want you as much as you will want him, and you may mould him into what form you please."

The first week in August Charles spent at Trevuren, where he hawked and hunted; and at 4 a.m., 3–13 August, he left Brussels for Calais, intending to cross to Kent; at Hazebrouck he was overtaken by James, to whom he gave a letter to the governor of Boulogne, and then went on to Calais. Learning there that Kent had not risen, but only Lancashire and Cheshire, he decided to try a landing in the West, and accordingly went by Boulogne and Rouen to St. Malo. But early in September came the news of Sir James Booth's defeat in Cheshire;[1] and Charles, without saying anything to his followers, made for Spain, to see what his personal influence might do in the coming

[1] Cf. Dryden, *Astræa Redux*, ll. 145–6:

> "Booth's forward valour only served to shew
> He durst that duty pay we all did owe."

conference between Mazarin, Don Luis de Haro, and Henry Bennett.

But, with extraordinary contradictoriness, Charles dallied and dawdled on the way through France, as though time and treaties were about to wait for him. On 22 September, Charles, Ormonde, and Bristol reached La Rochelle, where, according to Charles, they waited eight days for a wind, and then passed on towards Toulouse, where the French Court lay. Ormonde was sent thither alone, while the King went to Zaragoza, whence he wrote to Hyde: "You will wonder to find me no further advanced than this place, where I arrived last night, for the truth is our greediness of getting into Spain with all haste has made us lose this tyme, as it falls out more unluckily than could be imagined. For, contrary to all expectations, Don Luis is still at San Sebastian's. . . . I hope God hath decreed all for the best. Our journey hitherto hath been very lucky, having met with many pleasant accidents, and not one ill one to any of our company, hardly so much as the fall of a horse. But I am very much deceived in the travelling in Spaine, for, by all reports, I did expect ill cheere and worse lying, and hitherto we have found both the beds, and espetially the meate, very good. The only thinge I find troublesome is the dust, and particularly in this town, there having fallen no regne on this side the Perineans these four months. God keep you, and sende you to eate as good mutton as we have every meale." On 28 October, Charles arrived at Fuentarabia, in accordance with Don Luis' invitation, and was courteously received and attended.[1] Once at the seat of business, the King behaved himself with consummate tact and ability, and won golden opinions from all.

After extracting innumerable promises, Charles made a final effort to secure Mazarin's hearty help by offering

[1] According to one account, Don Luis met Charles, knelt down in the muddy road, claspt and kissed his knees, afterwards riding bareheaded beside him.

marriage to the Cardinal's niece Hortensia Mancini; he then departed by Hendaye and Bayonne to Flanders. A contemporary comment on the King's behaviour at Font Arabie says: "He has behaved himself as if he had been bred more years in Spain than in France; all his council could not deliver his business better, nor add a syllable to what he says. . . . His dexterity and composedness hath removed the fatal misfortune of not being [*sic*], for till the King be thought to understand his own business and to be able to conduct it, all our striving is against the stream; and towards that good reputation an opinion of his industry is as necessary as of his conception." Mazarin refused the King's offer, saying that the King of England must not stoop so low for a wife. On his journey, Charles visited his mother at Colombes; where "the Queen was in great joy at meeting the King, and the pretty princess his sister no less. Her Highness is so grown the King did not know her, for they brought his Majesty another young lady whom he saluted for his sister, and was in that mistake till my Lord Gerard undeceived him." Charles finally arrived at Brussels on 26 December, "a little before it was dark, . . . in very good health and very good humour." The King now settled down to a life of enforced idleness, having, as it seemed, played his last card, and he killed time by writing letters to his little sister, while Henry of Gloucester played tennis; and here begins the charming correspondence between Charles and the woman he loved best, which only ends with Henriette's death: (7 February, 1660): "Je commence cette lettre icy en françois, en vous assurant que je suis fort aisé de quoy vous me grondez; je me dédis avec beaucoup de joye, puisque vous me querellez si obligeamment, mais je ne me dédieray jamais de l'amitié que j'ay pour vous, et vous me donne tant de marques de la vostre, que nous n'aurons jamais autre querelle que celle de qui de nous deux aimerons le plus l'un l'autre, mais en cela je ne vous cèderay jamais. Je vous envoye celle-ci par les mains de

Janton, qui est la meilleure fille du monde. Nous parlons tous les jours de vous et souhaitons mille fois le jour d'estre avec vous. Sa voix lui est revenue quasi tout-à-fait, et elle chante fort bien. Elle m'a appris le chanson de ma queue, 'I prithee, sweethearte, come tell me and do not lie,' et quantité d'autres. Quand vous m'envoyerez le scapulaire, je vous promets de la porter toujours pour l'amour de vous. Dites à Mme. Boude qui je luy envoyeray bientôt mon portrait. Présentement le peintre n'est plus en cette ville, mais il reviendra dans peu de jours. Mandez-moi, je vous prie, comme vous passez vostre temps, car si vous avez été quelque temps à Chaillot, par cette méchante saison, vous vous y estes un peu beaucoup ennuyée. Pour l'avenir, je vous prie, ne me traitez pas avec tant de cérémonie, en me donnant tant de Majestés, car je ne veux pas qu'il n'y ait autre chose entre nous deux qu'amitié." (Addressed) "For deare, deare Sister."

All the King and his followers could do now was to wait, while events shaped themselves in England. Those events are too well known to need recapitulation, but an interesting letter to Hyde from a London correspondent on 30 March—9 April, shows us the trend of popular feeling: "You cannot imagine how all people here are affected with joy at the hope of having a King again. His picture is hung up in many places in the streets, and all that goe by stop to look upon it; amongst whom there was one yesterday that said he had seen him lately and that he was not so handsome as that picture, at which the people were so angry that they fell upon the man and beat him soundly; by which you may judge of their inclinations." No longer was there any need for Pepys and his friends to drink his Majesty's health in the dark security of a cellar, or country parsons to pray for him "by periphrasis." On Saturday, 28 April—8 May, Sir John Grenvile delivered the King's letter to Monk, and on Tuesday, 1–11 May, the letters and the Declaration of Breda were read to Lords and Commons, who immediately voted £50,000 for the

King's immediate expenses; while his Majesty's letter to the city produced £10,000. On 8–18 May, Charles was proclaimed King.

Almost at the last moment, two causes might have delayed or prevented the Restoration. Spain would have detained Charles in her territories till important concessions had been wrung from him, but getting wind of their intentions, the King left Brussels at 3 a.m. on the 21–31 March, and came that night to Breda. Again, Monk, lending an ear to Hyde's innumerable enemies, objected to his attendance on the King, but was finally persuaded to accept him. King and Lord Chancellor were kept incessantly busy in answering the countless letters and messages of congratulation which poured in, and in despatching innumerable details of personal, as well as of public business. A letter dated "Bruxselles, 12 April, 1660," from Charles to the Earl of Lauderdale, shows the extreme caution which was even then necessary. "I have received yours of the 16, you will easily beleeve that I am very glad you are at liberty, and in the place where you can do me most service, by disposing your frindes to that temper and sobriety which must be a principle ingredient to that happynesse we all pray for. . . . I know not how in this conjuncture to give our frindes you mention any direction or advise, sinse what they are to do must depend upon what is done somewhere else. I hope wee shall shortly meete, and then you will meete with all the kindenesse you can wish from Your most affectionate frinde, Charles R."

On 8–18 May, deputies of the States-General invited Charles to the Hague, and on the 14–24 he set out with his brothers, sister, and nephew, travelling partly by coach and partly by water, with military escorts and amid shouting crowds, and entered the Hague attended by seventy-two six-horse coaches, led by the State trumpeters in crimson velvet. A magnificent banquet was given him, and he afterwards said that "he had never supped better

than on the day he came to the Hague." He slept in a bed originally made for his sister. The States gave him £60,000, and £30,000 for his expenses; and granted £7500 to each of his brothers. While at the Hague, the King was besieged by crowds of place-seekers and sycophants, "to make an early offer of their subjection," who "being one day with their King in his apartment, boasting of their loyalty and services, he called for wine, and applying himself to the Duke of York, drank to the health of those gentlemen," saying "that he was now even with them, having as he thought done as much for them as they had done for him." From the Hague, where cynicism might be expected to be uppermost in the King's mind, he wrote thus to his sister: "Je vous écrivis la sémaine passé, et croyait l'envoyer dans le paquet de Janton, mais elle avait fermé le sien, de sorte que j'étais contraint de donner ma lettre à Mason. J'ay la votre du 28e où j'ay trouvé tant de marques d'amitié que je ne savais trouver de parolles pour exprimer ma joye. En recompense, je vous assure que je vous aime autant que je le puis faire, et que ny l'absence, ni aucune autre chose, puisse jamais me détourner en la moindre façon de cette amitié que je vous ay promisé, et n'ayez point peur que ceux qui sont présent auront l'avantage sur vous, car croyez-moi, l'amitié que j'ay pour vous ne peut pas estre partaigée. J'ai envoyé à Gentesau de me faire des habits pour l'ésté, et je luy ay donné ordre de vous apporter le ruban, afin que vous choissiez la garniture et les plumes. Je vous remercie pour la chanson que vous m'avez envoyé; je ne sçay pas si elle est jolie, car Janton ne la sçait pas encore. Si vous saviez combien de fois nous parlons de vous, et vous souhaitons icy, vous diriez qu'on souhaite fort de vous voir, et faites moy la justice de croire que je suis tout à vous. C. R.—Pour ma chére, chére sœur."

Charles received and returned the visits of the States-General and the States of Holland, and on 16–26 May, he received the committee of the English Lords and

Commons. The money that Sir John Grenvile brought from England so delighted the King that he called his brothers and sister to look at the gold as it lay in the portmanteau; and his joy might well be great, since the best clothes worn by him and his courtiers for some time before had not been worth forty shillings. On 17–27 May, the King wrote to Monk: "I need say little to you since I have informed Dr. Thomas Clarges of my purpose, and he will tell you with what difficulty I get one quarter of an hour to myself. I have thought the best I can of the place where I should disembark, and have heard several opinions upon it, and upon the whole matter have resolved, God willing, to land at Dover, and to stay some days at Canterbury to put things into as good order as I can. I resolve, if it please God, to embark on Monday, or Tuesday at the furthest, so that you will be able to judge as well as I when I shall be able to land. But you can hardly imagine the impatience I have to see you, for, till then, I shall take no resolution of moment. I pray bring Mrs. Monk with you and believe me to be, very heartily, your affectionate friend, Charles R." From other sources we get glimpses of why it had been so hard for Charles to "get one quarter of an hour to himself" for the last few weeks. Even at Breda, he had had many visitors; James Sharpe writes from Breda to James Wood: "I came very seasonably to his Majesty at Breda upon the 8 May . . . I wondered to heare him speak of all the passages as to persons and things when he was in Scotland with as full a remembrance and exact knowledge as if they had been recently acted, and he had latly come from thence; he is indeed a most excellent prince, admirably improven by his long afflictions, . . . he asked kyndly how it was with yow," as with others, "and also with others whom he knew . . ." Pepys went on 17 May[1] to kiss the King's hand, and says: "The King

[1] On 22 May James and Henry went on board the "Naseby," the one in yellow trimmings, the other in grey and red: they viewed the ship all over and dined on board. (Pepys.)

seems to be a very sober man ; and a very splendid Court he hath in the number of persons of quality that are about him, English very rich in habit. From the King to the Lord Chancellor, who did lie bed-rid of the gout : he spoke very merrily to the child and me . . . I and the rest went to see the Queen [of Bohemia] who used us very respectfully ; her hand we all kissed. She seems a very debonaire, but plain lady." Another curious visitor to the Hague was the Presbyterian minister Mr. Case, who was allowed to hear and see Charles in apparently fervent prayer for his and the kingdom's guidance and welfare, which of course entirely delighted the old man ; but presuming later on his apparent favour with the King, Charles told him that he did not know that he had made him one of his Council.

"There was, in a manner, no night between Tuesday and Wednesday, particularly for those who, finding no nook or hole to put their heads—because the houses were not able to contain the people who flocked thither from all parts of the neighbouring country,—for the most part were constrained to walk the streets." At 2 a.m. the drums beat to assemble the soldiers and citizens ; the King rose early[1] to receive the States of Holland. A procession of Dutch and English on horseback went from the Hague to Schevening, Charles riding bareheaded and dressed in black or purple in the middle of the three foremost horsemen. The King was met by Montagu, Stayner, Crew, and others, and greeted Montagu with a kiss, and entered his shallop with all his relatives, while the Royal Standard was hoisted, and the sailors shouted and threw their caps and doublets into the air. At eleven o'clock the royal party boarded the "Naseby," newly decked with silken flags, scarlet coverings, and the like, and dined in the coach.'[2] After dinner the King changed the names of the ships in the fleet, as that of the "Naseby" to the "Royal Charles."[3] That done, the Queen,

[1] And dressed in a plain-stuff suit, with a plume of red feathers.

[2] For the whole voyage, etc., cf. Dryden, *Astræa Redux*, ll. 216 *sqq*.

[3] Taken by the Dutch in 1667 ; figurehead still in Rotterdam.

Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange took leave of the King, and the Duke of York went on board the "London" and the Duke of Gloucester on the "Swiftsure." "Which done, we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England. All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been) very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester." He supped alone in the coach. On the way, the royal fleet came to Rotterdam, and the King's ship was visited by the Burgomaster, amid salutes of gun, the whole harbour being decorated with English colours. Charles stood amidships in a wig and dark clothes, bareheaded, to receive the Burgomaster. On the 25th, being close to land, the King and his brothers ate pease and pork and boiled beef for breakfast; and before disembarking, Charles measured and marked his height at the upper end of the coach-table.

The King arrived at Dover about two o'clock in the afternoon,[1] and went ashore in Lord Sandwich's barge; on landing he fell on his knees and thanked God for his happy restoration; he was then received by Monk, the Earl of Winchilsea, and other nobles, on one side; and on the other by the Mayor and Corporation of Dover, bearing a rich canopy; Monk kneeled on one knee and kissed the King's hand, and his Majesty embraced him, calling him "Father." The Duke of York kissed the General repeatedly, while Henry of Gloucester threw his cap in the air, crying, "God bless General Monk." The Mayor then rendered up his white staff of office to the King, who returned it, receiving next a very rich Bible, which he took and said it was the thing he loved above all things in the world. After standing a while under the canopy and talking with Monk and others the King and the

[1] "In a slashed doublet then he came ashore,
And dubbed poor Palmer's wife his royal whore."
Marvell, *An Historical Poem.*

Dukes entered a coach. Buckingham, who had been chillingly received by the King, was not invited to enter the royal carriage with Monk, but nevertheless secured a seat in the boot. When the King left the coach on Barham Down, Buckingham left it too, and rode bareheaded behind him, as his Majesty rode to the head of each of the troops of horse drawn up on the Down, commanded by the Earls of Oxford, Derby, and others: the Kentish Foot were also present. The troops were placed, three deep, on Charles' left, and bowing to him, kissed the hilts of their swords, and then flourished these above their heads, with no less acclamations than the country people shouting round about; and the trumpets also echoing the same. In the suburb at Canterbury stood the Mayor and Aldermen, receiving the King with loud music, and presenting him with a golden cup (or bowl full of gold) worth £250. Thence, after a speech by the Recorder, Charles passed to Lord Campden's house, the Mayor carrying the sword before him. In Canterbury the King stayed till Monday the 28th, and while there, knighted Monk and Morice, giving the former the Garter,[1] and sending it to Admiral Montagu. Charles also found time to write the following letter to his sister, on the 26th: "I was so tormented with business at the Hague, that I could not write to you before my departure, but I left orders with my sister the Princess of Orange to send you a small present[2] from me, which I hope you will soon receive. I arrived yesterday at Dover, when I found Monk, with a great number of the nobility, who almost overwhelmed me with kindnesse and joy for my return. My head is so dreadfully stunned with the acclamations of the people, and the vast amount of businesse, that I know not whether I am writing sense or nonsense. Therefore pardon me if I say no more than

[1] James of York put the George on Monk, and Henry of Gloucester the Garter. (Ludlow.)

[2] The present was a side-saddle with trappings of green velvet, embroidered, and trimmed with gold lace.

that I am entirely yours. For my dear sister." On the Sunday, the King attended service in the Cathedral.

On Monday, his Majesty came to Rochester, "where the people had hung up, over the midst of the streets, as he rode, many beautiful garlands, curiously made up with costly scarves and ribbons, decked with spoons and bodkins of silver, and small plate of several sorts; and some with gold chains, in like sort as at Canterbury; each striving to outdo the other in all expressions of joy." He slept the night in the house of Colonel Gibbons, to please the army. On Tuesday, the 29th, the King left Rochester in his coach,[1] and took horse on the further side of Blackheath, where he was greeted by more troops of horse and by a morris dance with pipe and tabor by the swains. The troops, including the King's Own Life Guards, marched before him towards London. Major-General Brown, with a troop of young men in silver waistcoats, went first: and on the King's right hand, passing through Deptford, were "above an hundred proper maids, clad all alike in white garments, with scarves about them; who having prepared many flaskets covered with fine linen, and adorned with rich scarves and ribbons, which flaskets were full of flowers and sweet herbs, strewed the way before him as he rode." All the country gentlewomen, as the King passed, held up their heads boldly to be kissed, instead of pressing a courtly kiss upon his Majesty's hand. "From thence passing on he came into St. George's Fields in Southwark, where the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London in their scarlet, with the Recorder and other City Council, waited for him in a tent hung with tapestry; in which they had placed a chair of state, with a rich canopy over it. When he came thither the Lord Mayor presented him with the City sword, and the Recorder made a speech to him; which being done, he alighted and went into the

[1] Many knights were made on this journey, and bonfires were to be seen in great numbers on the road; the inconstant multitude burning the badges of their freedom, the arms of the Commonwealth." (Ludlow.)

tent, where a noble banquet was prepared for him. From this tent the proceeding was thus ordered, viz. first the City Marshal, to follow in the rear of his Majesty's Life Guards. Next the Sheriff's Trumpets. Then the Sheriff's men in scarlet cloaks, laced with silver on the capes, carrying javelins in their hands. Then divers eminent citizens well mounted, all in black velvet coats, and chains of gold about their necks,[1] and every one his footman, with suit, cassock, and ribbons of the colour of his company; all which were made choice of out of the several Companies in this famous City and so distinguished: and at the head of each distinction the ensign of that company. After these followed the City Council, by two and two, near the Aldermen; then certain Noblemen and Noblemen's sons, then the King's trumpets. Then the Heralds-at-Arms. After them the Duke of Buckingham. Then the Earl of Lindsey, Lord High Chamberlain of England; and the Lord General Monk. Next to them Garter Principal King of arms; the Lord Mayor on his right hand bearing the City sword, and a Gentleman Usher on his left: and on each side of them the Sergeants-at-Arms with their maces. Then the King's Majesty in a dark cloth suit with his equerries and footmen on each side of him; and at a little distance on each hand his royal brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester: and after them divers of the King's servants who came with him from beyond sea. And in the rear of all, those gallant troops; as also five regiments of horse belonging to the army. In this fashion, his Majesty entered the Borough of Southwark, about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon; and within an hour after, the City of London, at the Bridge: where he found the windows and streets exceedingly thronged with people to behold him, and the wall adorned with hangings and carpets of tapestry and other costly stuff; and in many places sets of loud music; all the conduits as he passed running claret wine, and the several Companies in

[1] "Not improperly" is Ludlow the Republican's caustic comment.

their liveries, with the ensigns belonging to them ; as also the trained bands of the city standing along the streets as he passed, welcoming him with loyal acclamations." "At Paul's School door the ministers of London presented him with a Bible. He thanked them for it, and told them to this effect : 'That the greatest part of that day's solemnity he must ascribe to God's Providence, and that he would make that book the rule of his life and government,' and desired Dr. Reynolds to bring the Bible to him at Whitehall. . . . When he came into Paul's Churchyard and he cast his eye upon the church and pointed to the Duke of York," but his words were lost in the cheering.

As the cavalcade passed the "King's Head" Tavern, in the Poultry, the King's notice was drawn to the balcony where the landlady was seated. She was about to present his Majesty with a new subject, and was extremely anxious to be honoured by some personal attention from the King. When this was made known to him, he immediately rode up, kissed the fair hostess, amid vociferous cheering. "And within the rails where Charing Cross formerly was, a stand of six hundred pikes, consisting of knights and gentlemen, as had been officers in the armies of his late Majesty ; Sir John Stowell, Knight of the Honourable Order of the Bath, being in the head of them. From which place, the citizens in velvet coats and gold chains being drawn up on each hand, and divers companies of foot soldiers, his Majesty passed betwixt them, and entered Whitehall at seven o'clock[1]: the people making loud shouts, and the horse and foot several volleys of shots, at this his happy arrival. Where the House of Lords and Commons received him, and kissed his hand." "His answer to them was short, by reason, as he said, of his present discomposure caused by the great acclamations he had received in his passage, which yet he pretended had been very agreeable to him, as they were expressions of the affections of his

[1] Nine o'clock, according to Evelyn, though he perhaps rather refers to the last of the procession, than to the King individually.

people." These last phrases are those of Ludlow the stern Republican, and his next words perhaps form a fitting ending to a description of the day's proceedings: "the dissolution and drunkenness [1] of that night was so great and scandalous, in a nation which had not been acquainted with such disorders for many years past,[2] that the King, who still stood in need of the Presbyterian party which had betray'd all into his hands, for their satisfaction, caused a proclamation to be publish'd, forbidding the drinking of healths. But resolving, for his own part, to be oblig'd to no rule of any kind, he publickly violated his own order in a few days, at a debauch in the Mulberry Garden; and more privately at another meeting in the City, where he drank healths to the utmost excess till two in the morning." [3] The King himself, this night of the completion of his restoration, slept in the arms of Barbara Palmer, either in his palace of Whitehall, or in the house of Sir Samuel Morland, the double-dyed traitor and spy.

We have many records of the joyous celebrations of the Restoration in the country places: and among them the following are not the least interesting: "Such universall acclamations of witte and sober joy I never yet saw . . . we had our Bonfire too and Bells ringing even at Claydon . . . Heaven and earth seem to conspire to make a faire and fruitfull springe of plenty and joy to this poore kingdome; the seasonableness of which mercy now the general face of Christendom seems to look peaceable, ads much to our present happines. The fields and pastures begin to put on their best dress as if it were to entertaine his Majesty in Triumph and make him in love with his Native soyle. . . . Sure in the Middest of all our rejoicings it will be very difficult to satisfy ye Expectations of men and for

[1] It is, perhaps, appropriate that a tavern should soon be called the "Restoration," and another, near Charing Cross, the "Pageant," or "Triumph," in memory of the arches there set up.

[2] Unfortunately a misconception of the worthy Major-General's.

[3] The Household Books of Sir Miles Stapleton of Carlton, contain entries of expenses for bonfires on his various estates at this time.

Majesty to walk so evenly as not to give offence to our formerly dissenting grandees; ye Lord give them all wisdome and moderation." And again: "Mr. Abell read the King's letter and declaration to his neighbours after church, and haveing shewed them what a gratious King they had, he moves them to see what they would do for him, and to begin lays downe 9*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.* which was his owne proportion of the monthly taxe, and soe desires the like of them all rich and poore . . . 25£ was gathered, and to Aylesbury he and some other of his neighbours carryed it, where they would have payed it to the Treasurer, but he would none of it, as having no order to receive it; then at the Petty Sessions he sends to the Justices to acquaint them of the money; they made themselves merry at it, but would not take the money. So I heare he has now come up to London it may be to meet his Majesty and acquaint him with his doings, for he told his neighbours the King should know of their forwardness." Well might Charles say laughingly: "It is certainly a mistake that I did not come back sooner; for I have not met any one to-day who has not professed to have always desired my return;" and Clarendon write bitterly: "From this time there was such an emulation and impatience in the Lords, Commons, and City, and generally over the Kingdom, who should make the most lively demonstrations of their joy, that a man could not but wonder where those people dwelt who had done all the mischief and kept the King so many years from enjoying the comfort and support of such excellent subjects."

CHARLES II

FROM THE PAINTING BY MARY BEALE IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

CHAPTER V

THE RESTORATION—AND AFTER

"Quod optanti Divom nemo promittere auderet,
Volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro."
Motto prefixed to Cowley's *Ode on his Majesty's Restauration and Return.*[1]

The King's personal appearance and qualities—His accomplishments and learning—Charles as author—His dogs—Newcastle's advice to the restored King—Monk—Charles at the Council-table—The Regicides' fate—Act of indemnity—The Convention Parliament—The Cavalier Parliament and religion—The Army—Finance—Charles and his divines—Growth of scientific spirit—Charles as scientist—Touching for the King's Evil—Superstitions—The King's Marriage—Katherine of Braganza—Court amusements—Tunbridge Wells—"Flatfoot, the Gudgeon-taker"—Second Dutch War—The Plague—The Fire.

THE poems on the Restoration were of course innumerable, and for the most part set to the same strain of adulation. Like most Royalists, Dryden compared Charles in exile to David in a similar state, and this adds point to Marvell's lines on the Restoration quoted at head of Chapter IV.

Waller expresses himself very neatly on the King's side:[2]

"Rude Indians, torturing all the royal race,
Him with the throne and dear-bought sceptre grace
That suffers best. What region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crowned?"

[1] Cf. Dryden's *Astræa Redux;* Waller's *To the King upon His Majesty's happy Return:* and Marvell's pungent satire, *An Historical Poem.* Before all these gentlemen, however, came Mr. R. Wilde, on 23 May, 1660, with his *Iter Boreale,* celebrating the march of Monk from Scotland to London, and all the blessings it had wrought.

[2] In the poem mentioned above.

But when, later in the same poem, he says:

> "Faith, law, and piety (that banished train),
> Justice and truth, with you return again,"

it seems right to test these remarks by a review of the reign of this king "after God's own heart."

In April of the Restoration year, His Sacred Majesty appeared to one of his faithful servants to be a man of this fashion: "He is somewhat taller than the middle stature of Englishmen,[1] and so exactly form'd, that the most curious Eye cannot find one error in his Shape. His Face is rather grave than Severe, which is very much softened whensoever he speaks. His complexion is somewhat dark, but much enlightened by his eyes, which are quick and sparkling. Until he was near twenty years of age, the figure of his face was very lovely; but he is since grown leaner, and now the Majesty of his countenance supplies the lines of beauty. His Haire, which he hath in great plenty, is of a shining black,[2] not frizled, but so naturally curling into great rings, that it is a very comely ornament. His Motions are so easie and graceful, that they do very much commend his person when he either Walks, Dances, plays at Pal-Maile, at Tennis, or rides the Great Horse, which are his usual exercises. . . . To the gracefulness of his deportment may be join'd his easiness of access, his Patience in attention, and the Gentlenesse both in the tone and style of his speech. . . . Amongst his acquired endowments, these are the most eminent: he understands

[1] Evelyn says he was five feet ten inches in height. The Parliament set the price on the head of a man "above two yards high" after the Battle of Worcester.

[2] He began to go grey soon after the Restoration. Cf. Pepys, 2 November, 1663. "I heard the Duke say he was going to wear a periwig; and they say the K. also will. I never till to-day observed that the K. is mighty gray. The King once said: 'Pray, what is the reason that we never see a rogue in a play, but, odds fish! they always clap him on a black periwig, when it is well known one of the greatest rogues in England always wears a fair one?" The allusion was either to Oates or Shaftesbury, and the story was told by Betterton the actor to Cibber, who prints it in his *Apology*, ed. 1760, p. 111, whence Cunningham reprints it, p. 118.

Spanish and Italian,[1] speaks and writes French correctly; he is well vers'd in ancient and modern History, hath read divers of the choicest pieces of the Politick, hath studied some useful parts of the Mathematicks,[2] as Fortification, and the knowledge of the Globes; but his chief delight is in Navigation, etc." Tuke afterwards speaks of the King's chastity, sobriety, clemency, and restraint from profanity and the like; wherein he is seconded by John Dauncy. "To conclude, he is the pattern of Patience and Piety, the most Righteous and Justest of Kings; The most knowing and experienced of Princes. The Holiest and the Best of Men. The severest punisher of vice; and the Strictest Rewarder of Virtue. The constantest preserver in Religion. And the truest lover of his Subjects." Either Dauncy was a past master in the art of subtilizing and emphasizing eulogy by capitals, full stops, and alliteration, or his compositor was a humourist; in any case, this exquisite fantasy would at once have amused and annoyed Charles, who, as he had a sense of humour, was proportionately impatient of flattery. Dr. Creighton dedicated a book in an extravagant style to the king, and Hyde wrote to him as follows: ". . . In the next place you must remember that though our Master hath taken great paines, and with excellent success, in the modern languages, yet in the Latin he is too unskilful, by the inexcusable negligence of those who should have laid the foundation; so that

[1] For Spanish we have the evidence of Charles' personally conducted business in Spain; his recommendation of the play of *No puede ser* (= "It cannot be") in 1685 to Crowne the dramatist, with the recommendation to construct another on the same lines, which led to *Sir Courtly Nice;* his remarks on his Spanish to Clarendon, (p. 172); and the following note, perhaps written to the Chancellor in 1664: "As you are a lover of musique, so you must be a frinde" [Charles' usual spelling] "to ver[t]uosos, Sig^r Corbetti is going to Brusselles to fetch me some things of his, and I finde that *faltan los medios*, for he hath had nothing of me since he came, therefore pray send me a note to Mr. Shaw for two hundred guilders, I must have it to-night, because he goes in the morning early."

[2] Burnett, *Suppl.*, p. 49. "He knows the inferior parts of the mathematics, but not the demonstrative."

when this book shall be presented to him, there is no question but that he will command that the Epistle dedicatory be translated for him into English; and I must tell you that as there is no Prince this day in Europe who deserves greater commendation, so his modesty is so predominant over all his virtues, that no gentleman is sooner out of countenance with being over-commended. I have not in my lifetime seen him more displeased, and more angry, than in some few encounters of that kind, and I dare swear he will be put to many blushes upon the reading of your Epistle, and wish some expressions were away. You have not, nor you cannot say too much of the candour of his mind; of the justice and gentleness of his nature; of his affection and zeal to the Protestant religion . . . but I beseech you allay those other expressions which he will believe belong not to him, which relate to his conduct and perfection in war, and to such extraordinary ability, as can be got only by experience. . . . Above all I beseech you review and allay those two hyperbolical expressions of the modesty and severity of our Court, where, God knows, the Fabricii nor the Camilli can be found; and these encomiums may possibly call on some reproaches upon us which we do as little deserve."

It was not till the end of Dryden's life that literary men began at all to depend upon a reading public, rather than individual patrons, for support, and this, added to the general laxness of morals, thoughts, and expression, led to incredibly false and fulsome dedications both in England and France, a few of Dryden's, and one of Molière's, standing out in contrast. Mrs. Aphra Behn's dedication of her play, the "Feigned Courtezans," to "the illustrious Madam Ellen Gwyn," may serve as an example: "Your permission has enlightened me, and I with shame look back on my past ignorance which suffered me not to pay an adoration long since, where there was so very much due; yet even now, though secure in my opinion, I make this sacrifice with infinite fear and trembling, well knowing

JOHN DRYDEN

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

that so excellent and perfect a creature as yourself differs only from the divine powers in this—the offerings made to you ought to be worthy of you, whilst they accept the will alone. Besides all the charms, and attractions, and powers of your sex, you have beauties peculiar to yourself —an eternal sweetness, youth, and air which never dwelt in any face but yours. You never appear but you gladden the hearts of all that have the happy fortune to see you, as if you were made on purpose to put the whole world into good humour." Again, as a further proof of the King's common-sense on this subject, is his well-known remark to Riley the painter, on a new portrait of himself: "Is that like me? then, odds fish! I am an ugly fellow."

The King possessed an interest in literature, and considerable taste, especially in the drama, and was ready to appreciate anything humorously and wittily written, even if it told against himself. He expressed great approbation of "Hudibras," and used to carry a copy in his pocket. His favourite song was that fine one of Shirley's beginning—

> "The glories of our blood and state
> Are shadows, not substantial things."

He read Marvell's "Rehearsal Transposed," a book little likely to please him from some points of view, though its humour proved its adequate apology; and he interfered when L'Estrange the licenser wished to prohibit the second edition of the First Part of that work. He is said to have suggested the plan of the "Medal" to Dryden, in 1681,[1] and the character of Antonio-Shaftesbury in "Venice Preserved," and we possess a song of his own composition, as follows :—

> "I pass all my hours in a shady old grove,
> But I live not the day when I see not my love;
> I survey every walk now my Phillis is gone,
> And sigh when I think we were there all alone;
> O then, 'tis O then, that I think there's no hell
> Like loving, like loving too well.

[1] Cf. p. 238. David Lloyd mentions "several majestic poems" written by Charles in his youth.

"But each shade and each conscious bow'r when I find,
Where I once have been happy, and she has been kind,
When I see the print left of her shape on the green,
And imagine the pleasure may yet come again;
O then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love.

"While alone to myself I repeat all her charms,
She I love may be lock'd in another man's arms,
She may laugh at my cares, and so false she may be,
To say all the kind things she before said to me;
O then, 'tis O then, that I think there's no hell
Like loving too well.

"But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent passion, so kind without art;
I fear I have wronged her, and hope she may be
So full of true love to be jealous of me;
And then 'tis I think no joys are above
The pleasures of love."

Burnet says that the King "is very little conversant in books, and, young and old, he could never apply himself to literature." But, we may ask, are kings usually possessed of enough leisure to study literature profoundly? —and it must be remembered that the good Bishop meant by "literature" more weighty things than plays and poems; Charles at least knew a good deal about plays, often gave advice to actors, once spoke an epilogue himself, and we know that he read Tom Killigrew's plays at least. The King's usual time for reading was in the morning, while his barber attended him, and he sat by the window being shaved or combed. On one such occasion, he was reading Killigrew's plays, and that gentleman was in attendance as Groom of the Bedchamber. Charles asked him, "What account will you give at the day of Judgement of all the idle words in this book?" "Why truly, I shall give a better account of all the idle words in that book, than your Majesty shall do of all your idle promises, and more idle patents, which have undone many, but my idle words in this book have undone no person."

On another occasion, Tom Killigrew told the King, "There is a good honest, able man that I could name, that if your Majesty would employ, and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time employing his lips about the Court, and hath no other employment; but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it." Again, when the King, alluding to his brother's uxoriousness, said he would go about no longer with that Tom Otter[1] and his wife, Killigrew asked him whether it was better for a man to be a Tom Otter to his wife or to his mistress? Another morning as the King was being shaved, his barber said to him: "I think none of your Majesty's officers hath a greater trust than I." "Oh," said the King, "how so, friend?" "Why, I could cut your Majesty's throat when I would." "Od's fish!" said Charles, starting up, "that very thought is treason; thou shalt shave me no more;" and the man was dismissed. Waller hailed the Restoration as a specially favourable event for the poets, since

> "Kind Heaven at once has, in your person, sent
> Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument."

Dryden in the "Threnodia Augustalis" qualifies his remarks on this subject very cleverly, and in a letter to Laurence Hyde in 1683, says: "'Tis enough for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley, and starved Mr. Butler." The only specimen of the King's prose composition, other than epistolary, which we possess is of doubtful authenticity, but has a distinctly Carolean ring about it: "We must call upon you again for a Black Dog, between a Greyhound and a Spaniel, no white about him, only a streak on his Brest, and Tayl a little bobbed. It is his Majesties own Dog, and would never forsake his Master. Whosoever findes him may acquaint any at Whitehal, for the Dog was better known at Court than those who stole him.

[1] The henpecked husband in Jonson's *Silent Woman*.

Will they never leave robbing his Majesty? must he not keep a Dog? This Dog's place (tho' better than some imagine), is the only place which nobody offers to beg." Later his Majesty inquires at different times for "a little brindled greyhound bitch, having her two hinder feet white;" "a white-haired spaniel, smooth-coated, with large red or yelowish spots;" and "a black mastiff dog, with cropped ears and cut tail." The King frequently brought his dogs to the council-table, and played with them there, instead of attending to business, which Pepys calls "siliness." So Prince Rupert's black retriever (or poodle?) Boye, used to attend his master everywhere, including council; he was at last killed at Marston Moor, to the indecent joy of the Rebels, who had regarded him as a familiar spirit. A fondness for dogs was a Stuart characteristic: early pictures of the children of Charles I, and several portraits of Madame, introduce favourite dogs, while Charles II of course gave his name to a breed of which he was especially fond. Evelyn remarks on the inconveniences attendant on the King's suffering his dogs everywhere at Whitehall; and the King's fondness for these animals, caused them to be very fashionable among the Court ladies. On one occasion, Charles was entering Salisbury in his coach, and a suitor came up and spoke to the King, keeping his hand on the coach-door, in spite of his Majesty's warning that he would be bitten by one of the spaniels within; this is exactly what happened, causing the honest Cavalier to cry out, "God bless your Majesty, but God damn your dogs."

Concerning the other items in Tuke's description of the King we will speak as occasion offers, only adding to the account of his person that he had a thin line of black moustache, and a great "thorough-bass" voice. The Marquis of Newcastle favoured his old pupil with another long letter of advice on general government, from which we will make some quotations: . . . "King James and King Charles always about Michaelmas went to Royston

in stable time, both for hunting and hawking, both at the field and at the river—this would not only refresh your M^tie with the sweet ayre and wholesome exercise, but unbende your more serious thoughts from the wayght of businesse that you would have in London. . . . This, Sir, will mentayne healthy and long life better than physicke . . . you should prepare Masks for Twelfth Tide, at which Etalianes make the sceanes best. . . . Invite every one by tickets from the Lord Chamberlayne . . . the Lord Chamberlayne to be very carefull that none else enter but those who are invited. . . . The second time the play is given, the Inns of Court alone should be asked, the third time, the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, with the principal merchants and no others,—a handsome banquet every time, and your Ma^tie to drink their welcome, which would infinitely please them." Also the king must give balls and "invite the young ladies, and give them a banquet and drink their welcome with thanks. . . . Ride your horses of manege twice a week, which will encourage noblemen to do the like, to wayte of you and make matches with your noblemen, so many a side, to run at the ringe, for a supper or a playe, or some little jewell; besides this to be in the Tilt Yard publicly. Upon Coronation Day there should be tilting and other horse feats, to make your Lords good horsemen and to keepe good horses. Your Ma^tie's Father of blessed memory was the best man at arms I vowe to God that I ever saw, both for grace and surenesse . . . copper-lace is very cheap, and will make as good a show for one day as the beste; all Queen Elizabeth's days she used itt, and King, James. . . . For gameing serten times your M^tie will sett down,[1] as also for Tennis and palle malle. Goffe[2] and other recreations will

[1] The King sometimes formally opened play at the Groom-Porter's by losing his £100.

[2] Charles certainly played this game in Scotland (see p. 40), and as James I had founded the Blackheath Golf Club, it is quite possible that he continued to do so in England, especially as he could both walk fast and

do for winter. . . . " At Lent the King is to go to Newmarket, "the sweetest place in the world and the best ayre—no place like it for hunting, hawking, and coursing, and Horse Races." Charles is to invite "the northern lords and gentry that hath the best horses and hounds," and to hold hound races "with coloured ribbons." Newmarket is especially suitable because "while there, the University will entertain you and send most excellent preachers every Sunday." At Easter the King must send venison to the great Lords, or rather, great Ladies, "for, as Sir E. Coke sayd, the night crowe was powerful, and the gray mare is the better horse . . . the great study and learning for kinges is not to read bookes, but men. . . . I should humbly advise your M^tie^ to have a warre with one of these greate kinges, and I think it would be best to begin with France. When that is over, have one with Spayne, and by sea too ; the French will give you money for this. . . . Master [London] and master the whole Kingdom, disarm it totally, and arm yourself. But hide your forces, for the people loves not the cudgell. . . . Remember you are both king and pope . . . that which hath done most hurte is the abundance of Grammar Schools and Inns of Court . . . they only teach boys to become clerks instead of farm-labourers and mechanicks. . . . keep a bounteous table, say £80,000 a year. . . . Your Royal Father always wanted money . . . Putt money in your purse and keep it, and avoid Parliaments. When you are rich, and call a Parliament, your Majesty is then Master of the fielde."

The chief man for a little while after the Restoration was of course General Monk: he immediately offered the King a list of Privy Councillors, mostly Presbyterians. Charles chose Monk himself, Morice, and Anthony Ashley

saunter during the game. James of York frequently played it, and had a forecaddie to mark the ball down. James also played tennis, and one of the earliest portraits of him shows him as a small boy playing that game in 163–. (Strutt, ed. 1905.)

Cooper, but filled the other places with old cavaliers, like Hyde, Ormonde, and Nicholas. Monk was created Duke of Albemarle, and continued in favour till his death in 1670, even though the King did not, perhaps, esteem him in his heart. Pepys considered the General "a dull heavy man," and continually sneered at him ; as a matter of fact, Monk, though slow, was a man of strong common-sense, and in his way, steady and honourable. His personal courage was great, and splendidly shown in the Second Dutch War, of 1665–67. He was apparently celebrated among the courtiers for his rather coarse and plebeian hospitality, and his extraordinary powers of drinking. Pepys was disgusted at the slovenly methods of table-service in his house, and looked down upon his wife, whom at various times he calls "a plain homely dowdy," "an ill-looking, ill-natured woman," "a slut and a drudge." She was evidently a woman of sound and strongly-expressed sense, not without coarseness due to her origin and breeding, being the daughter of John Clarges, a farrier in the Savoy and horseshoer to Colonel Monk ; she first married Thomas Radford, and lived at the sign of the "Three Spanish Gypsies" in the New Exchange ; selling wash-balls, powder, gloves, and the like, and teaching girls plain work : she became Monk's sempstress and laundress, then his mistress, and on the disappearance of her husband in 1652, his wife. On Monk's elevation to the peerage, she was promptly christened "The Monkey Duchess," and Pepys mentions with scorn the dedication of a book to her as a paragon of virtue and beauty. Of Monk's superior sobriety let the French Ambassador, M. le Comte de Comminges, speak : "Mai 15, 1663. Il est arrivé depuis trois jours une affaire assez plaisante en cette cour. M. le Comte d'Oxford, un des plus qualifiez Seigneurs d'Angleterre, Chevalier de la Jarretière, et Mestre du Camp du Régiment de la Cavalrie du Roy, pria à diner Genl. Monck, le grand Chambellan du Royaume, et quelques autres conseillers d'Etat. A ce nombre se joignèrent tous les

jeunes gens de qualité. La débauche s'eschauffa à tel point que chacun y fut offenseur et offensé ; l'on se gourma, l'on s'arracha les cheveux, et enfin deux de la troupe se battirent à coups de l'epée. Mais heureusement cette escarmouche sépara la compagnie ; chacun prit son parti selon son inclination ; ceux qui s'en allèrent avec la G[l] demandèrent à boire, on leur en donna, ils poussèrent l'affaire jusqu'au soir, cequi les obligea de demander à manger, estant eschauffés du matin et de l'après-dinée, chacun résolut de porter son compagnon par terre. Le G[l·], qui a sans doute la tête plus forte, fit un coup de maître, en leur présentant à chacun un *hanap*, qui tenait beaucoup, les uns l'avalèrent, les autres ne purent, mais généralement, tous demeurèrent jusqu'au lendemain sans avoir conversation, quoiqu'en même chambre. Le seul G[l·] alla au Parlement comme à son ordinaire, et n'en perdit ni la jugement ni l'esprit. Cela a fait rire la compagnie, et n'a passé que pour un emportement."

For the first few months of his reign, Charles displayed considerable application to business; though numerous confidential notes, passed across the council-table to Lord Chancellor Clarendon, show frequent straining at the leash, and also cast amusing side-lights upon the methods of procedure at the time. *King:* "What do you think of my Lord Berklayes being deputy of Ireland, if we can find no better?" *Chancellor:* "Do you thinke you shall be ridd of him by it, for that is all the good of it?" *K.:* "The truth of it is the being ridd of him doth incline me something to it, but when you have thought round, you will hardly find a fitter person." . . . *K.:* "I have been talking with the Scots L[ds·] about the businesse of that kingdome and they finde it most necessary that a secretary be named, so as I must do to-morrow or next day." *Ch.:* "I know not what to say to it, but I am sure you have so many thinges to thinke of, that I wonder you can sleepe." . . . *Ch.:* "I pray be pleased to give an Audyence to my Ld. Broghall, who will say many thges. to you of moment,

and I thinke with duty enough ; if you will give him leave to attende you to morrow morning at 8 of the clocke, I will give him notice of it." *K.* : "You give appointments in a morning sooner than you take them yourselfe ; but if my Ld. Braughall will come at 9 he shall be wellcome." Against the King's remark may be set the facts of Clarendon's gout and Charles' early rising ; but still the continued tutorial manner of the Chancellor became more and more irksome to the King, and contributed not a little to the vexation and anger which culminated in Clarendon's fall. The King's gradually growing distaste for business and the council-table may be traced in the following notes : *Ch.* : "This debate is worth three dinners, I beseech you be not weary of it, but attend it with all patience, the benefitt that will follow, is greater than you yet see." . . . *K.* : "9 a clock. I thinke it will be necessary to dispatch S^r^ J. Coventry back again as soone as we can, but I beleeve Secretary Morice will hardly be ready for us this afternoone, if there be any thing for me to do to day I will not stirr, else I would take some aire after this raine, lett me have an answer of this presently, do you remember that I am to say something to both houses on Monday? Send it me. For the Chancelour." . . . *K.* : "Will not you be heere to-morrow at councell about the businesse of Ireland ? It will be likewise necessary for you to meete me at the Generall's on friday before councell about the businesse of Pottugal." *Ch.* : "I shall attende you in both places, if I am able, the contrary whereof I do not suspecte ; you have a world of other businesse to, which must be settled at my L^d^ Treasurers." *K.* : "When can we meete there?" *Ch.* : "I am afrayd not till Sunday : Will you putt us to deliver our opinions in this matter this night : it will take much tyme : my L^d^ Dorchester must be very longe, and my L^d^ Anglesy as longe, since I presume they will differ both from ther learninge they last published in this place." *K.* : "If those two learned persons could be sent to supper,

we might despatch it now, but by my L^d^ of Dorchester's face I feare his speech will be long which will be better for a collation than a supper."

As soon as possible, the army was paid and disbanded, the regicides put to death, and Argyll executed in Scotland. It was due to the firmness and wisdom of Charles and Clarendon that only the regicides suffered: the King's natural clemency rebelled against even these executions, but he realized that the multitude in its reaction must be appeased by blood, just as the later fury of the Popish Plot had to be quenched in the blood of Stafford and Plunket. In July, 1661, King and Chancellor confer by scribbled notes at the council-table, on the subject of executions. "What is to be wished, should be done in the Bill that is now ordred to be brought in for the execution of those ill men who are condemned? would it not be better that the Bill should sleep in the Houses, and not be brought to you? Shall I speake of it at the boorde?" *K.:* "I must confesse that I am weary of hanging except upon new offences." *Ch.:* "After this businesse is settled, shall I moove it here? That wee may take care that it comes not to you?" *K.:* "By all meanes, for you know that I cannot pardon them." The King again expresses his sentiments on such matters in a letter to the Earl of Middleton, governor in Scotland: "Whitehall, 22 March, 1660[1]. Middleton, I have given yow a full answer to yo^r^ letter, yet one thing I must adde, and it shall be to yor selfe: I am sorie to heare from so many hands That a strange cours is taken there with many of those who were appointed to be cited to the Parliament; Privat barganes I heare are driven, money receaved from too many who are represented to have been abominable complyers. I shall be glade that this be not so, for althogh I should have been apt enough to have pardnd such as had been offered as the fittest objects of mercie, and althogh I was willing to leave those things very much to the Parliament, yet I did ever understand that

the sole power of pardoning resides in me, and that fines and forfaultures are wholly at my disposal: You shall therfor privately informe yo^rself if any such strange way be taken and Let it be stopt, For I am cleirly of opinion That pardoning and punishing is to be caryed above boord, and that no privat bargains are to be driven to make sale of my grace and mercie. Let me I pray yow have ane account of this."[1] A curious letter is extant showing how Charles acted when he saw a very real danger involved in the matter: "Hamton Courte, Saturday [7 June, 1662] two in the afternoon. The relation that has been made to me of Sir H. Vane's carriage yesterday in the hall, is the occasion of this letter, which, if I am rightly informed, was so insolent, as to justyfy all he had done; acknowledgeing no supreame power in England, but a parliament; and many things to that purpose. You have had a true accounte of all, and if he has given new occasion to be hanged, certaynly he is too dangerous a man to lett live, if we can honestly put him out of the way. Thinke of this, and give me some accounte of it to-morrow, till when I have no more to say to you. C."

The Cavaliers said that the Act of Indemnity in 1660 meant Indemnity for the King's enemies and Oblivion for his friends; but the Presbyterians who recalled Charles, must be satisfied and allowed to retain lands and property bought from distressed Cavaliers; all Cavaliers whose lands and property had been confiscated, regained what they had lost; Charles never forgot personal services and rarely remembered personal injuries; and lastly, the number of claimants for his bounty was so great that he could not have satisfied them all, had he been Crœsus, and as it was, Parliament were only allowing him about half a million for all expenses, "a sum insufficient, with the strictest economy, for the ordinary expenses of government." Still Charles was too apt to promise the same office

[1] *Lauderdale Papers*, ed. Airy, Camden Soc., i. 92–3. Cf. Burnet, i. 216. Middleton was head of the "Drunken Administration" in Scotland.

to two different people, or say one thing to one man, and the opposite to another, merely in order to be pleasant.[1] He could refuse suits when there appeared to be any design of taking undue advantage, or the like, connected with them; though it may be readily admitted that he disliked refusal even then, and an impudent importunity would frequently bore him to the point of concession. A boon-companion once asked him for an important favour, emboldened by the King's hilarity, and was startled by the reply, "Sir, you must ask that of your King." To Lord Keeper Guildford, Charles made a shrewd reply about suitors: "It is very strange that every one of my friends should keep a tame knave."

The Convention Parliament of April–December, 1660, "settled everything except religion," which therefore remained for the Cavalier Parliament of May, 1661–January, 1679. They destroyed Puritanism as a definite sect, and abolished the standing army. A standing army was one of the features in the King's private scheme of absolutism, and a feature eventually realized; he increased his Life-Guards and Household Troops at every possible opportunity and excuse. The rising of the Fifth-Monarchy Men in January, 1661, the acquisition of Tangier and the consequent necessity of a garrison, in 1662, and the Farnely Wood Rising in Yorkshire, 1663–64, provided such excuses. Charles writes to Madame on 10 December, 1663: "I am now dispatching the judges into Yorkshire, to try those rogues that had the late plott, and I beleeve a good many of them will be hanged, and, to prevent all further mischief of that kinde, I am in deliberation of raysing two regiments of horse more of five hunderd men

[1] *Council-Note* of 1660. *Ch.:* "Is not my L^d^ Viscount Hereford L^d^ LL^t^ for Herefordshire?" *K.:* "No, for I find by most of the Gentlemen of that county, that he is not at all beloved and besides I thinke the man herb John." *Ch.:* "Why did you once resolve it? which he knowes, he is honest and all men say worth the cherishing. My L^d^ of Newcastle complaynes much that you neither grante nor deny, why do you not tell him what you resolve to do, and the reason?"

a peece, the one to lye in the North, and the other in the West, which will, I doute not, for the future, prevent all plotting." In 1683 the King "augmented his guards with a new set of dragoons, who carried also granados, and were habited after the Polish manner, with long picked caps, very fierce and fantastical." The regiments in 1669 were dressed as follows: "The first or King's own Regiment of Infantry have a white flag, with a red cross in the middle; all in red coats, turned up with light blue, except the pikemen, who have a silver coat, turned up with light blue. The second regiment, or that of the L^d. General Monk, have a green standard with six white balls and a red cross; red jackets with green facings, pikemen in green, faced with red. The third regiment are the Earl of Oxford's Cavalry. The first company of bodyguards, the King's Own, have red jackets faced with blue, gold-laced, and white feathers in their hats. The second, the Duke of York's, have red jackets and blue facings, without gold lace, and white feathers in their hats. The third, the General's, dress like the second, but have a crimson ribbon in their hats, instead of a feather."

The Crown was made financially dependent on Parliament, and as they were not always amenable, Charles resorted to many devices for obtaining money, especially the sale of his policy to Parliament or Louis XIV. The Church passed into Parliament's hands, and Anglicanism again reigned supreme. Every attempt on the part of the King to gain toleration for Catholics or Dissenters proved vain, and soon, though genuinely a friend to toleration, both by nature and because he saw that Catholicism favoured his absolutist schemes, he abandoned any attempts to secure it, as too dangerous. Only in individual cases of services to his own person, did he endeavour to secure privileges and safety to Catholics. His clear-headedness on this point contrasts with James' blindness; for side by side with Charles' determination to be absolute monarch, ran that neither to share the fate of his father nor bring

about for himself another exile. Walking one day with Sir Richard Bulstrode in the Park, the King said: "that during his Exile abroad, he had seen many Countries, of which none pleased him so much as that of the Flemings, who were the most honest and true-hearted Race of People that he had met with;" and then added, "But I am weary of traveling, I am resolved to go abroad no more: But when I am dead and gone, I know not what my Brother will do: I am much afraid, that when he comes to the Crown, he will be obliged to travel again: And yet I will take Care to leave my Kingdoms to him in Peace, wishing he may long keep them so. But this hath all of my Fears, little of my Hopes, and less of my Reason; and I am much afraid, that when my Brother comes to the Crown, he will be obliged to leave his native Soil." As for the King's religion, it was of course outwardly Anglican, and avowedly tolerant; nor is it probable that he actually joined the Church of Rome even in secret, till his death. He attended service in the Royal Chapel with some regularity, and usually chose his preachers with care and regard to their piety and eloquence, though he scrupled not to fall asleep if he were bored by their sermons. He objected to sermons being read, and asked Dr. Stillingfleet, "the beauty of holiness," why he always read his sermons before him, and preached extempore elsewhere? The Bishop answered that it was because the awe of so noble an audience, but chiefly he seeing before him so great and wise a prince, made him afraid to trust himself. "But pray, will your Majesty give me leave to ask a question too? Why do you read your speeches in Parliament, when you can have none of the same reasons?" "Why, truly, Dr., your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer. I have asked them so often, and for so much money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face." Of Barrow, the King said that "he was an unfair preacher," because of the length and excellence of his sermons. Of Dr. Frampton he said: "Tell Dr.

Frampton that I am not angry for to be told of my faults, but I would have it done in a gentleman-like manner." The Grand Duke of Tuscany is kind enough to say that English ladies used to write abridgments of the sermons, but as a rule the contemporary accounts of their behaviour are not so edifying. The King had a private oratory when he went not in public to the chapel, where he saw the maids of honour and other young persons laugh to hear the Chaplain read at evening service some chapters of St. Paul's epistles relating to marriage and constancy. "The Holy Scriptures he had read and reasoned most well on them, but always lamented that common and ignorant persons were allowed to read them, and that this liberty was the rise of all our sects, each interpreting according to their vile notions, and to accomplish their horrid wickednesses. For murther they would cite Samuel for hewing to pieces Agag, not allowing it was by God's command, and so throw out the Scripture." Here are traces of Newcastle's early letter, of Catholic influence, of hatred to Scotch Presbyterianism, which Charles told Lauderdale to "let go, for it is not a religion for gentlemen;" while he wrote to Clarendon: "For my part, rebell for rebell, I had rather trust a papist rather than a presbiterian one."

The rising of the Fifth-Monarchy fanatics gave an excuse for the persecution of Dissenters, including the Quakers ("Kakers" or *Trembleurs*, as de Comminges calls them), and Pepys records seeing them dragged unresistingly to prison. Of the Quakers, William Penn was perhaps the most notable; and it is said that while talking to the King one day, Charles pulled off his own hat, and on Penn saying "Friend Charles, put on thy hat," replied, "Nay, 'tis the custom of this place that only one person should be covered at a time," a very subtle rebuke for Penn's Quaker and uncourtly manners in keeping his hat on. Pepys tells us that one morning he stood by "the King argueing with a pretty Quaker woman, that delivered to

him a desire of hers in writing, she modestly saying nothing till he begun seriously to discourse with her, arguing the truth of his spirit against hers; she replying still with these words 'O King!' and thou'd him all along." The King on another occasion remarked that Lord Pembroke had heard the Quaker at the tennis-court swearing to himself when he lost. Burnet's account of the King's religion is extremely unfavourable, this being the point on which he naturally felt most strongly. "At prayers and at sacrament he, as it were, took care to satisfy people that he was in no sort concerned in that about which he was employed: he said once to me he was no atheist, but he could not think God would damn a man for taking a little pleasure out of the way; he had formed an odd idea of the goodness of God in his mind; he thought falsehood and cruelty, to be wicked and design mischief, were the only things God hated, and said to me often, that he was sure he was not guilty of them; he thought an implicitness in religion is necessary for the safety of government, and he looked upon all inquisitiveness into those things as mischievous to the state."

Charles once rebuked Rochester on the subject of atheism; other sayings of his on religious matters vary from the ribaldry of free conversation to remarks of some depth and feeling. He never said anything recorded, as bad as the celebrated remark of Buckingham, when asked on his death-bed if a priest should be fetched: "No! those rascals eat God! But if you can find someone who eats the devil, I should be glad to see him." Another remark of the King's on a Church matter is worth recording, concerning Woolley, afterwards Bishop of Clonfert: "he is a very honest man, but a very great blockhead, to whom I gave a living in Suffolk that was full of Nonconformists; he went about among them from house to house, yet I cannot imagine what he could say to them, for he is a very silly fellow; but I believe his nonsense suited their nonsense; for he has brought them all to Church."

The Cavalier Parliament destroyed the *droit administratif* and passed the four great penal laws against Dissenters, and by the severity with which they enforced those statutes, crushed Puritanism. Yet the quarrels between Church and Dissent helped the growing tendency towards free-thought, indifference, and rationalism. Indifference and vice became a fashion, as Butler points out:

> "For 'tis not what they do that's now the sin,
> But what they lewdly affect and glory in,
> As if preposterously they would profess
> A forc'd hypocrisy of wickedness;
> And affectation that makes good things bad,
> Must make affected shame accurs'd and mad."

A more accurate diagnosis of the chief weakness of the Court could hardly be given; Butler has set his finger on the plague spot, the legitimating of affectation. The story told of Shaftesbury (also of Disraeli) is indicative of the general tone in religious matters: a lady hearing him say that all wise men were of one religion, asked him, "which was that?" "Madam, wise men never tell."

One feature of the new order of things was the growth of the scientific spirit, signalized by the foundation of the Royal Society in 1663. The King, Dryden, Evelyn, and Pepys were among its members. Cosmo III and M. de Sorbière have described a meeting of the august body in 1664–69: "The President sits in an elbow chair in the middle of the table of the assembly, with his back to the chimney, and has a large silver mace, with the royal arms, lying before him,—with which it is customary, for the mace-bearer, or porter of the academy, to walk before him. He has a little wooden mace in his hand, with which he strikes the table when he would command silence. The secretary sits at the head of the table, the others taking seats indifferently on backed wooden seats in two rows; and if any one enter unexpectedly, after the meeting has begun, every one remains seated, nor is his salutation

returned, except by the president alone, who acknowledges it by an inclination of the head, that he may not interrupt the person who is speaking on the subject or experiment proposed by the secretary. They observe the custom of speaking to the President uncovered, waiting from him for permission to be covered." Butler ridiculed the Royal Society in particular and scientific inquiry generally, in the "Elephant in the Moon"; perhaps because of the rationalistic and secularizing tendency of science, but more probably because of the numberless quackeries and chimeras which deluded the people who professed interest in science. The pursuit of wonders, and not of truth, he satirized particularly; but his general attitude resembles that of Swift in the "Voyage to Laputa," and lacks sympathy with the infantile and inchoate stages of the new movement. In spite of Butler and Swift, science was justified of her children Newton, Locke, Boyle, and others. Nevertheless, Butler is amusing enough to deserve quotation on the subject:

"These were their learned speculations,
And all their constant occupations,
To measure wind, and weigh the air,
And turn a circle to a square;
To make a powder of the sun,
By which all doors should b' undone;
To find the North-West Passage out,
Although the farthest way about;
If chymist from a rose's ashes
Can raise the rose itself in glasses?
Whether the line of incidence
Rise from the object, or the sense?
To shew th' elixir in a bath
Of hope, credulity, and faith;
To explicate, by subtle hints,
The grain of diamonds and flints,
And in the braying of an ass
Find out the treble and the bass;
If mares neigh alto, and a cow
A double diapason low."

The gradual growth of the scientific spirit in the seventeenth century can, of course, be traced, and notable landmarks are Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" in 1621, a storehouse and summary of the older learning, and the "Pseudodoxia Epidemica" or "Vulgar Errors" of Sir Thomas Browne in 1650, of which the intention rather than the execution is significant.

In spite of Sir Thomas's dictum in his best-known work, the "Religio Medici" (1642): "I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are witches," the belief in such beings, and consequently the persecution of women reputed to be such, declined in this reign. These remarks must, of course, be taken to apply only to the upper and more enlightened classes; and even among them, as often in the decadence of old beliefs, certain superstitions flourished more than ever; for instance, that of astrology. Horoscopes and divination of all kinds were greatly sought by all classes, especially the great ladies, from astrologers and wizards. Rochester acted for some time as a "wise man"; Buckingham and Shaftesbury consulted them; Butler ridiculed them in his portrait of Sidrophel in "Hudibras"; the horoscopes of many notabilities of the time are still extant, including that of Nell Gwyn. The King despised and ridiculed astrology, and had many a joke at the expense of a luckless Abbé Pregnani, sent over as secret agent by Louis XIV, under the guise of astrologer-scientist. "L'Abbé Pregnany is heere, and wonders very much at the pleasure everybody takes at the races, he was so weary with riding from Audley End hither, to see the foot-match, as he is scarse recovered yett." . . . "L'Abbé Pregnany was there most part of the time, and I believe will give you some account of it, but not that he lost his money upon confidence that the Starrs could tell which horse would winn, for he had the ill luck to foretell three times wrong together, and James [Duke of Monmouth] believed him so much, as he lost his money upon the same score." . . . "I finde the poore Abbé very much troubled, for feare that

the railleryes about foretelling the horse matches may have done him some prejudice with you, which I hope it has not done, for he was only trying new trickes, which he had read of in bookes, and gave as little creditt to them as we did. . . . " The King was much interested in everything "scientific," especially in chemistry, natural history, and mechanics. He sent for a professor from France and built him a laboratory in St. James' Park; while he had a private "elaboratory" himself under his closet at Whitehall, filled with the "chymical glasses" and other apparatus which puzzled Pepys. Here the King spent many hours with Sir Robert Moray, and discussed not only science, but also privy matters of state, especially affairs of Scotland, Lauderdale being a common friend. As early as October, 1660, "His Majesty was lately, in an evening, at Gresham College, where he was entertained with the admirable long Tube, with which he viewed the heavens, to his very great satisfaction; insomuch that he commended Sir P. Neale to cause the like to be made (the former cost £100) for the use of Whitehall . . . His Majesty hath also threatened to bestow a visit upon Mr. Boyle." The diary of Evelyn is full of references to conversations with the King on all possible subjects, including bees, Saturn, glass granades, clocks, and watches, Evelyn's various projects, and the like. He wrote a letter to Madame about the Comet of 1674 (December);[1] he kept a menagerie and aviary in St. James' Park, and paid much attention to horticulture, while he both watched and performed dissections and operations on the human body. The

[1] "Whitehall, 26 December, 1664. We have seene here the Comett, but the wether has been so cloudy, as I never saw it but once. It was very low, and had a taile that stood upwards, it is now above 12 days since I saw it, but upon Christmas eve and the night before, there was another seene very much higher than the former. I saw it both nights, and it lookes much lesser than the first, but none of the Astronimers can tell whether it be a new one or the old one grown less and got up higher, but all conclude it to be no ordinary starr. Pray enquire of the skillfull men, and lett me know whether it has been seen at Paris. This new one was seene here, the 23 and 24 of this month, old style, and had a little taile which stood north-east. . . . C. R."

Observatory at Greenwich and the Mathematical School at Christ's Hospital remain to testify to his interest in science.

Charles yearly took part in a ceremony closely related either to science or superstition, the Touching for the King's Evil.[1] For the Touching ceremony tickets had to be obtained by those who desired to be healed, at the surgeon's house, in order to admit them to the ceremony. If at Whitehall, the King sat under his state in the Banqueting House; if at Newmarket or elsewhere, the ceremony took place in any large room, and a carpet, with a chair thereon, was set for the King. At a given signal, the two assistant chaplains, in surplices, say some prayers, and then the surgeons bring up the sick persons, one by one, and they kneeling, his Majesty strokes their faces or cheeks with both hands at once, also touching them in the parts affected. As each is touched, he retires orderly to his original place. At the moment of touching, a chaplain says, "He put his hands upon them, and healed them." When they have all been touched, the minister, kneeling with all by-standers, the King only remaining seated, repeats the prayers, after which, all rising, the sick come again in the same order as before, and the other chaplain kneeling, having gold angels, strung on white or blue ribbon on his arm, delivers them one by one to his Majesty, who puts them about the necks of the touched as they pass, whilst the first chaplain repeats, "That is the true Light who came into the world." Then follows an Epistle (as at first a Gospel), with the Liturgy prayers for the sick, with some alterations; lastly, the blessing; and then the Lord Chamberlain and the Comptroller of the Household bring a basin, ewer, and towel, for his Majesty to wash. On one occasion the people were kept waiting some hours in the rain, though finally the King did perform the ceremony; and to avoid similar inconveniences, an advertisement was inserted in the *Public Intelligencer* of May, 1664: "Whitehall, 14 May, 1664. His Sacred

[1] He was also the first English sovereign to coin Maundy money.

Majesty having declared it to be his Royal Will and purpose to continue the healing of his people for the Evil during the month of May, and then to give over till Michaelmas next, I am commanded to give notice thereof, that the people may not come up to Town in the Interim and lose their labour."

The King discovered the fraud of Mompesson and the invisible drummer in his house, and had all kinds of experiments tried before him, with a view to determining their genuineness.[1] By the people at large the almanacs of Lilly, Montelion, Nostradamus, and Mother Shipton were eagerly bought, and ghost stories believed, much as now. Charms and folk-magic entered into medicine and quacks swarmed in London, especially in Moorfields, under the signs of Balls of different colours, or else as itinerant mountebanks. Various ancient remedies, such as hare's-foot for colic, pigeons tied to the feet *in extremis*, to sit in scalding milk and drink candy posset for a cold, were still devoutly believed in.

Through the influence of Louis XIV, the King of England sought him a wife in Portugal,[2] and there are early references to wedding-negotiations in the Council-notes. "I send you heere my Letter that is for the Queen of Portugal, 'tis the worst Spanish that ever was written, and if it were possible, it ought to have been mended, but now that cannot be, looke it over and see if I have written it right, and send it me back with the super- and subscription! For the Chancelour." . . . "friday night. My

[1] Chas. Hatton to Chr. H., 25 July, 1676. "Here is a Welshman who pretends to cure any wound whatsoever in the boweles or any part, except the heart, in a few houres. . . . Severale pigges, kidds, and chickens have, in the King's presence, been run into the bowells and through the head wth knives and hot irons, and cured in a short time by this man's medicines." In March, 1666, Valentine Greatrakes, Grattrix, or Greatorex, an Irishman, the "stroker" [= *masseur?*] appeared at Court, and won the support of the Bishop of Hereford, among others, by doing things "beyond the power of nature." (Sir Chas. Lyttleton to Chr. Hatton.)

[2] When certain German Princesses were suggested, Charles said, "Od's fish, they are all foggy, and I cannot like any one of them for a wife."

Bro. tells me that there are two ships now at Portsmouth, expecting a winde for the Straights, who may land any messenger at Lisbon, they shall have order to stay, until farther order, therefore lett the dispatch be hastened all you can, and I thinke a letter from me to my wife will be necessary ; you may send for H. Bennett to prepare it and give him instructions for the contents of it. For the Chancelour." . . . *K.:* "I thinke we have not yett thought of the maner of my mariage, it will be necessary we meete about it." *C.:* "it is so longe since it was thought of, that it may be forgotten, but you did thinke of every part of it, before the Ambassador went; you must have a Bishopp with you, she must marry you before you goe to bedd, and she is prepared to submtt to it,[1] as a ciuill obligac̃on, for the legitimac̃on of h[er] children." *K.:* "This which you say, was quite all out of my minde ; I hope she hath consulted with the Jesuites, who are best able to vote a eclesiasticall obligation into a ciuill one." *C.:* "It was the grounds of the pressinge you so presently to style her your wife, and that shee be reputed as marryed before shee come thence, after shee comes hither, shee will do that is necessary for herself and children ; you cannot be marryed by a Roman Priest, therefore shee must by a Bishopp of yours."

It was decided that the King should meet his bride at Portsmouth, and he writes on this point to Clarendon: "I shall have one conveniency in it too, that if I should fall asleepe to soone when I come to Portsmouth, I may lay the faulte vpon my Longe iourney." Long before the Queen left Portugal, Thos. Maynard wrote to Sir Edward Nicholas in her praise: "Lisbon, 19–29 July, 1661. Wee shall be extreame happy as a Queene. Shee is as sweete a disposition Princes as everr was borne, and a lady of

[1] They were married according to the Catholic rites by Lord Aubigny, and according to the Anglican by the Archbishop of Canterbury ; but it is said that the Queen would not bear the sight of him, or say the words, so much was she bigoted. (I doubt this.)

excellent partes, and bred hugely retired. She hath hardly been ten tymes out of the Palace in her life. In five yeares time shee was not out of doores, untill she harde of his Ma^ties^ intentions to make her a Queen of England, since which shee hath been to visit two saintes in the city ; and very shortly shee intends to pay her devotion to some saintes in the country." Poor child, what a training, in view of the Court and husband to whom she went! As soon as the Queen landed in England, May, 1662, and came to her lodgings, she received Lady Suffolk and the other ladies-in-waiting very kindly, and appointed them 15 May morning to come and dress her in the way they thought would be most pleasing to the King; "and I doubt not, when they have done their partes, she will appear to much more advantage, and very well to the King's contentment. She is a Prince of extraordinary goodness of disposition ; very discreet and pious, and the most hopeful that ever was of makinge the Kinge and all of us happy."

The King arrived in Portsmouth about three in the afternoon on 20 May, and immediately visited his Queen in her bed-chamber, where she lay with a feverish sore throat. "Their meeting was with due expressions of affection, the Queen declaring her perfect resignation to the King's pleasure. . . . I do beleeve this first interview hath bene with much contentment on both sides."[1] Nevertheless, it was probably with reference to this first interview that Charles said to Colonel Legge that he thought they had sent him a bat instead of a woman; "but it was too late to find fault, and he must make the best he could of a bad matter." It is doubtful to what exact date Reresby refers when he says: "It was easy to see that the King was not excessively charmed with his new bride." Her Portuguese attendants had perhaps muffled her up in an extraordinary way as she lay in bed. After the consummation of the marriage, the

[1] Lister, *Life of Clarendon*.

King wrote a very frank letter to Clarendon, of which only part can be quoted: "21 May . . . I can only now give you an account of what I have seene abed, which in shorte is, her face is not so exact as to be called a beauty, though her eyes are excellent good, and not anything in her face that in the least degree can shoque one; on the contrary, she hath as much agreeableness in her looks altogether as ever I saw, and if I have any skill in visiognimy, which I think I have, she must be as good a woman as ever was borne. Her conversation, as much as I can perceive, is very good, for she has witt enough, and a most agreeable voyse. You would wonder to see how well we are acquainted already. In a worde, I thinke myself very happy; for I am confident our two humours will agree very well together." Again, on the 25th: "Portsmouth. My brother will tell you of all that passes heire, which I hope will be to your satisfaction. I am sure 'tis so much to mine, that I cannot easily tell you how happy I think myselfe, and I must be the worst man living (which I hope I am not) if I be not a good husband. I am confident never two humours were better fitted together than ours are. We cannot stirr from hence till Tuesday, by reason that there is not cartes to be had to-morrow, to transporte all our guarde infantas, without whome there is no stirring, so as you are not to expect mee till Thursday night at Hamton Courte." There is no doubt that the Queen fell in love with her husband at first sight, and that she continued to be in love with him till his death. From the extremely conflicting accounts of her person and her temper, it is a probable solution of the mystery hanging over the whole affair, that her beauty depended largely on expression, and her expression depended on the degree of nervousness which she felt; she was an extremely shy and high-strung woman, and made her impression according to these circumstances. It is possible that the Queen may have annoyed or bored Charles on some occasion during the week after his

marriage, by not looking her best at a critical moment, or by presenting a particular contrast owing to some such cause, to Lady Castlemaine, when he saw that lady again. This is not an attempt to defend the King's subsequent conduct; but an attempt to supply a reason for a course of action which appears, in the light of his own letters, apart from other evidence, extremely strange. On 30 May, the Queen arrived at Hampton Court with her train "in monstrous fardingales or guard-infantas, their complexion olivader or sufficiently unagreeable. Her Ma^ty. in the same habit, her foretop very long and turned aside very strangely. Though low of stature, prettily shaped; languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out; for the rest lovely enough." On 31 May, Pepys still hears that the King "is pleased enough with her"; and on some day in May, Charles wrote from Whitehall to his sister:[1] "My lord of St. Alban's will give you soe full a description of my wife as I shall not goe about to doe it only I must tell you I think myself very happy. I was married the day before yesterday, but the fortune that follows my family is fallen upon me, *car Monseigneur le Cardinal m'a fermé la porte au nez.*[2] But I flatter myself I was not so furious as Monsieur was, and shall let this passe. I intend, on Monday next to go to Hamton Court, where I shall stay till the Queene [= Henrietta Maria] comes. My deerest sister, continue your kindness to me, and beleeve me to be intirely yours, C. R." Charles had said that "if he ever could be guilty of keeping a mistress after he was married, she should never come where his wife was." Yet by June he thrust Lady Castlemaine upon his wife as a lady of the bed-chamber. The Queen pricked her out of the list presented to her by the King, so that she had either

[1] The Catholic marriage was on 24 May, so this letter must have been 26 May.

[2] Aubigny was not a Cardinal, so Charles must be quoting from an incident at his sister's wedding.

seen or heard of the lady already; according to Pepys' informant, the King was angry, and the Queen discontented a whole day and night upon it, asking him to do her that favour, or send her back whence she came: but a letter of the King's to Clarendon, early in June, does not help one to believe that Charles ever wavered in his resolution, though the very vehemence of the letter may suggest that he was somewhat ashamed of himself, and was trying to drown his scruples: for it is inconceivable that a man whom even Burnet calls "certainly the best-bred man in the world" was not aware of the scurvy part he was playing, even if we take the very narrowest interpretation of the word base-bred. It may be, however, that the King held a low opinion of women in general, that he had tired of that new toy, a wife, and that proximity to Barbara Palmer had only increased his passion for that splendid piece of Eve's flesh. The only glimmer of good feeling, in fact, lies in the very vehemence of the letter, showing an unusual strain, for Charles was a man of extraordinary self-control. When he speaks of his "honour," it is possible that in the blindness of the moment, he is setting up a promise made in a moment of passion to the Castlemaine, above his duty to his wife and his better feelings.

This is the King's letter: "I forgott, when you weare heere last, to desire you to give Broderick good counsell, not to meddle any more with what concerns my Lady Castlemaine, and to lett him have a care how he is the authorre of any scandalous reports; for if I find him guilty of any such thing, I will make him repent it to the last moments of his life. And now I am entered on this matter, I think it very necessary to give you a little good councell in it, and least you may think that, by making a further stirr in the businesse, you may deverte mee from my resolution, which all the world shall never do; and I wish I may be unhappy in this world and the world to come, if I faile in the least degree what I have resolved; which is,

of making my Lady Castlemaine of my wives bedchamber; and whosoever I find use any endeavour to hinder this resolution of myne (except it be only to myselfe) I will be his enemy to the last moment of my life. You know how true a friende I have been to you. If you will oblige me eternally, make this businesse as easy as you can, of what opinion soever you are of; for I am resolv'd to go through with this matter, lett what will come of it; which againe I solemnly sweare before Almighty God. Therefore, if you desire to have the continuance of my friendship, meddle no more with this businesse except it be to beare downe all false and scandalous reports, and to facilitate what I am sure my honour is so much concerned in; and whosoever I finde to be my Lady Castlemaine's enemy in this matter, I do promise, upon my word, to be his enemy as long as I live. You may shew this letter to my L^d. L^nt., if you have both a minde to oblige me, carry yourselves like frinds to me in this matter. Charles R." In July,[1] Clarendon writes to Ormonde, "the Kinge is perf^y. recovered of his indispositions, in which you left him. I wish he were as free from all others. I have had since I saw you, three or four full long conferences, with much better temper than before. I have likewise twice spoken at large with the Queen. The Lady hath beene at Courte, and kissed her hande, and returned that night. I cannot tell you, ther was no discomposure. I am not out of hope, and that is all I can yett say."[2] On 23 August, the Queen came to London, and there went to meet her "innumerable boates and vessels, dress'd and adorn'd with all imaginary pomp, with thrones, arches, pageants, and other representations,

[1] 17 July; now, while the Bedchamber Warrant is dated 1 June, it is on 26 July that Pepys mentions the quarrel of King and Queen; though, of course, he may be speaking of some time past. In any case, it would seem that Lady Castlemaine did not become of the bedchamber for some little time.

[2] This reconciliation task must have been most distasteful to Clarendon; for he would not pass the patents for the Earldom of Palmer; he would not allow his wife to visit "the lady," and never courted her, or visited her himself.

stately barges of the Lord Mayor and companies, with various inventions, musiq and peales of ordnance both from vessells and the shore. His Majesty and the Queene came in an antiq shap'd open vessell, cover'd with a state or canopie of cloth of gold, made in form of a cupola, supported with high Corinthian pillars, wreath'd with flowers, festoons, and garlands." Two pageants preceded them, one of a King and Queen with her maids of honour at her feet. On 7 September "the King and Queen were very merry; and he would have made the Queen-Mother believe that his Queen was with child, and said that she said so. And the young Queen answered 'You lye'; which was the first English word that I ever heard her say; which made the King good sport; and he would have taught her to say in English 'Confess and be hanged.'" On 9 September, Clarendon writes again to Ormonde: "All things are bad with reference to the Lady; but I think not so bad as you heere. Every body takes her to be of the bedchamber; for she is always there, and goes abrode in the coach. But the Queen tells me, that the King promised her, that she should never live in court; yet lodgings, I hear, she hath. I heare of no back staires. The worst is, the King is as discomposed as ever; and looks as little after his business; which breaks my heart, and makes me and other of your friends weary of our lives. He seeks for his satisfaction and delight in other company, which do not love him so well as you and I do. I hope it will not last always." On 24 October, "the King do shew no countenance to any that belong to the Queen; nor, above all, to such English as she brought over with her, or hath here since, for fear they should tell her how he carries himself to Mrs. Palmer . . . yet the Queen do know how the King orders things, and how he carries himself to my Lady Castlemaine and others, as well as any body, but though she hath spirit enough, yet seeing that she had no good by taking notice of it, she forbears it in policy." On 25 October, Clarendon

writes to Ormond for the third time in the same hopeless strain: "Worcester House, 1662: . . . That w^ch^ breakes my hearte is, that the same affections continew still, the same lazynesse and unconcernednesse in businesse, and a proportionable abatement of reputation."

The Queen began now to fall in with the more innocent diversions of the Court, and to dress more in the free-and-easy style of the ladies there—to raise the petticoat and lower the stays, as Addison puts it in the *Guardian.* Katherine luckily had a sense of humour, which must have stood her in good stead, and possibly attracted the King at first, and at intervals afterwards; for, says the King, "we had a designe to have had a masquerade here, and had made no ill design in the generale for it, but we were not able to go through with it, not haveing one man heere that could make a tolerable entry. I have been perswading the Queen [-mother] to follow Queen-mother of France's example, and goe in masquerade before the carnavall be done, I beleeve it worth seeing my Lord St. Alban's in such an occasion. My wife hath given a good introduction to such a businesse, for the other day she made my Lord Aubigny and two other of her chaplains dance country dances in her bedchamber. I am just now called for to goe to the Play, so as I can say no more at present, but that I am intirely yours, C. R." Charles attended to his wife's wishes and whims, and the fact that we find the mistresses' apartments far more magnificently furnished than the Queen's is rather due to the Queen's preference for simplicity, and to the fact that she did not bother the King with requests, like the other ladies; for the King is "very kind to those he loves, but never thinks of doing anything for them, so that if they can find things for themselves he will easily enough grant them, but he never sets himself to find out anything for them." The Queen had little in her room but "some pretty pious pictures, and books of devotion, and her holy water at her head as she sleeps, with her

clock by her bedside, wherein a lamp burns that tells her the time of the night at any time." For these and other pious pictures Charles had written to Madame: "I send you heere, the title of a little booke of devotion in Spanish which my wife desires to have, by the directions you will see where 'tis to be had, and pray send two of them by the first convenience. My dearest sister, I am intirely yours, C. R. . . ." "Pray send me some images, to put in prayer-books. They are for my wife, who can gett none heare. I assure you it will be a greate present to her, and she will looke upon them often, for she is not only content to say the great office in the breviere every day, but likewise that of our Lady too, and this is besides going to chapel, where she makes use of none of these . . ." "My wife thanks you kindly for the images, you sent her, they are very fine ones, she never saw such before." On 22 July, 1663, Madame wrote to her brother, hinting at his infidelities, and about this time he paid more attention to the Queen.[1]

In October Katherine fell ill, and almost died in November, but the King's care and display of affection in some measure contributed to her recovery; Charles came and wept by her, "whereupon she said that she willingly

[1] Pepys, 13 July, 1663: "Hearing that the K. and Q. are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honour to the Park, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid walking up and down. By and by the K. and Q., who looked in this dress (a white laced waistcoat and a crimson short petty coat, and her hair dressed à la négligence) mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies; but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when they 'light did anybody press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody. I followed them up into White Hall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beautys and dress, that ever I did see all in my life. But above all Mrs. Stewart in this dress with her hat cocked and a red plume."

left all the world but him, which hath very much afflicted his Majesty, and all the Court with him." De Gramont hints that the King's grief was insincere and had anything but the result he desired; but there is no doubt that it was genuine, at the moment, and that there is more truth than usual in Waller's lines:

> "He that was never known to mourn,
> So many kingdoms from him torn,
> His tears reserved for you, more dear,
> More prized, than all those kingdoms were!
> For when no healing art prevailed,
> When cordials and elixirs failed,
> On your pale cheek he dropped the shower,
> Revived you like a dying flower."

Not only grief, but also shame and remorse perhaps contributed to the King's emotion at his wife's bedside. "La nuit de vendredi ou samedi la Reine pensa mourir; elle reçut la viatique, fit son testament, et se fit couper les cheveux après avoir donné ordre à ses affaires domestiques. Le Roi se jetta à ses genoux fondant en larmes; elle le consola avec beaucoup de tranquillité et de douceur. Elle le réjouit d'être bientôt en état de se pouvoir marier avec une p^sse^ d'un plus grand mérite, et qui put contribuer à sa satisfaction et du repos de l'Etat. Il fallut retirer le Roi de ce funeste spectacle, qui s'était attendri jusques à l'évanouissement, tout le jour se passa au crainte, le soir le sommeil lui donna quelque repos, la nuit se passa sans redoublement, et présentement elle est en meilleur état." . . . "Je sors présentement de Whitehall, où j'ai laissé la Reine dans un état où selon le jugement des médecins, il y a peu de choses à espérer. Elle a reçu l'extrême onction ce matin. . . . Les Portugais sont ici en fort mauvaise odeur et l'Ambassadeur n'est pas exempt de calomnies. On les accuse, et lui principalement, d'avoir contribué par sa mauvaise conduite à la mort de la Reine, lui ayant fait passer deux nuits sans dormir, l'une à faire son testament, et l'autre à recevoir les adieux de tous ses domestiques.

Il est vrai que, pour la satisfaire, l'on la laissa trois ou quatre jours entre leurs mains, mais le Roi ayant reconnu qu'ils contribuaient à son mal et même qu'ils lui faisaient prendre beaucoup de remèdes de leur pays, rompit ce commerce. Non-obstant les petits relaches qu'elle a de temps en temps, je désespère tout-á-fait de sa personne. . . . Le Roi me paraît fort affligé. Il soupa néanmoins hier au soir chez Mme. de Castlemaine et eut conversations ordinaires avec Mlle. Stuard dont il est fort amoureux. L'on parle déjà de le marier. Chacun lui donne une femme selon son inclination et il s'en trouve qui ne la cherchent pas hors d'Angletere."

On 2 November, Charles wrote to Madame: "my wife is now out of all danger, though very weake, it was a very strange feaver, for she talked idly four or five dayes after the feaver had left her, but now that is likewise past, and she desires me to make her compliments to you and Monsieur, which she will doe herselfe, as soone as she gette strength. . . . C. R." The next day (the 5th) the poor Queen had to receive M. de Catten, the French envoy, with congratulations on her recovery. "Le Roi le reçut avec beaucoup de satisfaction, et voulut qu'il vit la Reine, mais comme elle reposoit, et qu'il étoit déjà fort tard, la visite fut remise au lendemain. Je ne manquai pas de me rendre à l'heure ordonnée, et le Roi nous introduisit dans la ruelle de son lit,[1] et prit la peine de faire les complimens de Votre Majesté et des Reines, avec assez de peine, car sa maladie l'a rendue tellement sourde qu'elle entend qu'à force de crier à ses oreilles, encore faut-il s'en approcher de fort prèz. Elle tèmoigna beaucoup de satisfaction, et répondit en peu de mots, mais fort intelligibles."

By 10 December the Queen was well enough for a little ball to be held in the privy chamber, that she might look on, "and though we had many of our good faces absent, yett, I assure you, the assembly would not have been

[1] *Ruelle* = narrow passage between bed and wall, which Charles once used as the most private place possible for a secret interview with an ambassador.

disliked for beauty, even at Paris itselfe, for we have a great many young women come up, since you were heere, who are very handsome." On 4 January, King and Queen both supped at Lady Castlemaine's. On 19 May, it is pleasant to find the King writing to Madame: "I have been all this afternoon playing the good husband, haveing been abroade with my wife, and 'tis now past 12 a clock, and I am very sleepy."

From 1662–70 the Queen still hoped for children, and in default of shrines whither to make pilgrimages, she sought physical aids in the various watering-places of England, of which Bath and Tunbridge were then the most famous. In July, 1663, the Court went to Tunbridge, "the place of all Europe most rural and simple, yet, at the same time, most entertaining and agreeable. Tunbridge is the same distance from London that Fontainebleau is from Paris, and is, at the season, the general rendezvous of all the gay and handsome of both sexes. The company, though always numerous, is always select: since those who repair thither for diversion, ever exceed the number of those who go thither for health. Everything there breathes mirth and pleasures; constraint is banished, familiarity is established upon the first acquaintance, and joy and pleasure are the sole sovereigns of the place. The company are accommodated with lodgings in little, clean, and convenient, habitations, that lie straggling and separated from each other, a mile-and-a-half all round the Wells, where the company meet in the morning. This place consists of a long walk, shaded by spreading trees, under which they promenade while drinking the waters. On one side of this walk is a long row of shops, plentifully stocked with all manner of toys, lace, gloves, stockings and where there is raffling, as at Paris, in the Foire de St. Germain; on the other side of the walk is the market; and, as it is the custom here for every person to buy their own provisions, care is taken that nothing offensive appears on the stalls. Here young, fair, fresh-coloured country

girls, with clean linen, small straw hats, and neat shoes and stockings, sell game, vegetables, flowers, and fruit; here, one may live as one pleases: here is, likewise, deep play, and no want of amorous intrigues.[1] As soon as evening comes, every one quits his little palace to assemble at the bowling-green; where in the open air, those who choose, dance upon a turf more soft and smooth than the finest carpet in the world . . . the Queen even surpassed her usual attentions in inventing and supporting entertainments; she endeavoured to increase the natural ease and freedom of Tunbridge by dispensing with, rather than requiring, the ceremonies due to her presence." In September, the Court was at Bath,[2] whence Charles writes to Clarendon: "Bath, 8 September, 1663. I did not thinke it necessary to answer you till I could give you certaine information of the time my wife would stay heere, which I could not do till this day, it being the first time she has made use of the bath, we intende then god willing to leave this place on monday next come sennight, and a tewsday to be at Oxford, where we will stay till the monday following: my wife and I intend to dine with you at Cornbury the day we come to Oxford, which I think sufficient trouble for you, it would have beene impossible for us to have layne there with halfe the wemen we have, for you know the bagage and bagages of an army is the troublesomest part of it, but when I am at Oxford I may from thence go

[1] Cf. de Comminges (Jusserand, pp. 89–90, and *Madame*, p. 145), July, 1663: "Well may they be called *les eaux de scandale*, for they nearly ruined the good name of the maids and of the ladies (those, I mean, who were there without their husbands)." . . . "The waters are a little *vitriolées*." So Defoe says of Tunbridge: "Any person that looks like a gentleman, has an agreeable address, and behaves with decency and good manners, may single out whom he pleases, that does not appear engaged, and may talk, rally, and say anything decent to them."

[2] In 1672 there were two Baths here, the King's, or large bath, and the Queen's, a smaller one. They were surrounded by a gallery, whence ladies and men watched the bathers, most of whom apparently scorned all costume. In the middle of the bath rose a tall structure, with a cupola, rather like a market cross, where bathers could recline and chat. Cf. a contemporary print reproduced in Fea's *Gramont* (opp. p. 322).

thither and to Woodstocke as I please and make a trayne accordingly. It is impossible for me to go to Worcester this time, for my trayne is so absolutely nothing, that I have no conveniency at all to performe such a iourny without robing my wife of hers, so I must not thinke of that voyage till next yeare. . . . My wife is very well pleased with the bath and finds herselfe in very good temper after it, and I hope the effects will be as she desires, and so God keepe you. For the Chancelour." The various statements, indirect or otherwise, as to the queen's incapability, are fully negatived by the clearest evidence, from which it is enough to quote Charles' own statement to Madame: "My wife miscarried this morning." But later in the reign the Queen despaired of children, especially as the King neglected her more and more for the Duchess of Portsmouth. Ruvigny tells Louis XIV that the Queen's consolation was her basset-table.[1] She never left the circle in the evening, unless the King offered his hand to lead her from the room. She was often ailing, and was subject to frequent nervous headaches. Barillon writes to his master: "Le Roy vint dire à la Royne sa femme ce qui s'étoit passé á la Chambre haute. Et, pour lui donner une marque d'amitié extraordinaire, il s'assit après son disner dans sa chambre et y dormit long temps. Ce qu'il n'a accoustumé de faire que chez mme. de Portsmouth."

In September, 1680, the Queen wrote the following letter to the Duke of Ormond on the death of his son Lord Ossory: "My Lord Duke of Ormond, I do not think anything I can say, will lessen your trouble for the death of my Lord Ossory, who is so great a loss to the King and the publick, as well as to my own particular service, that I know not how to express it. But I must have so much pity upon you, as to say but little on so sad a subject, conjuring you to believe that I am, My Lord Duke of

[1] Basset was the fashionable card-game, though ombre and lanterloo were also played : cf. Waller, *On a Card that Her Majesty tore at Ombre.* Basset was celebrated by Etheredge and Mrs. Centlivre.

Ormond, Your very affectionate friend, Catherina Regina." All those who really knew the Queen spoke of great goodness and kindness, and it was with real feeling that Waller wrote his little poem, "Sung by Mrs. Knight to Her Majesty on Her Birthday," wherein he compares her to her saintly namesake; for it is clear that she had really attached that courtly poet, from the number of poems he addressed to her among the not very numerous productions of his old age. Madame speaks of Katherine as "a very good woman, not handsome, but so kind and excellent that it is impossible not to love her." The only incident that I have noticed as recorded against her, may be explained simply as a question of Court etiquette—Place aux *plus grandes* dames: "I can't tell if in my last I told you that when the Queene was at Hampton Court one day riding abroad, it raining, and my Lady Marshall and Lady Gerrard being in her coach, her Majestie came into y^e^ coach and called in the two Duchesses, Buckingham and Richmond, and left the other ladyes upon y^e^ common to shift for themselves, w^ch^ you may beleeve was no small griefe to them."

We are indebted to Queen Katherine for making tea popular in England; for though it was known at least as early as 1658, her example set the fashion for its use. Waller writes one of his graceful little poems on

"TEA COMMENDED BY HER MAJESTY (c. 1680)"

"Venus her myrtle, Phoebus has his bays,
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise,
The best of queens, and best of herbs we owe
To that bold nation which the way did shew
To the fair region where the sun does rise,
Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
The Muse's friend, tea does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapours which the head invade,
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
Fit on her birthday to salute the queen."

Like the rest of the Court ladies, the Queen was fond of "dressing up"; and once went with the Duchesses of Richmond and Buckingham, dressed as country people in red petticoats, waistcoats, etc., to a fair at Newport in Essex, near Audley End. Sir Barnard Gascoigne, on a cart jade, rode before the Queen, another stranger before the Duchess of Buckingham, and Mr. Roper before the Duchess of Richmond. They had all overdone their disguise, "and looked so much more like antiques than country volk, that, as soon as they come to the faire, the people began to goe after them; but the Queen going to a booth, to buy a pair of yellow stockings for her sweet hart, and Sir Barnard asking for a pair of gloves stitched with blew, for his sweet hart, they were soon, by their gebrish, found out to be strangers, which drew a bigger flock about them. One amongst them had seen the Queen at dinner, knew her, and was proud of her knowledge. This soon brought all the faire into a crowd to stare at the Queen. Being thus discovered, they, as soon as they could, got to their horses; but as many of the faire as had horses got up, with their wives, children, sweetharts or neighbours, behind them, to get as much gape as they could, till they brought them to the court gate. Thus, by ill conduct, was a merry frolick turned into a penance." Another time the Queen went out incognito in a chair, but the chairman not knowing her, left her, and she had to return to Whitehall in a hackney coach. At last the Queen was dissuaded from such adventures by the Earl of Manchester, then Lord Chamberlain. Fishing was the favourite diversion of the Queen in the later years of the reign, insomuch that she would get up at six o'clock to pursue that sport. The King also was a keen fisherman, and Rochester satirized him as "Flatfoot, the gudgeon-taker."

Tangier and Bombay were included in the Queen's dowry, and at the same time Charles sold Dunkirk, a real advantage, but an unpopular action, attributed to the

Chancellor's advice. For some time our commercial prosperity and wealth had been steadily growing, and watched with increasing jealousy by the Dutch. In 1665, a series of hostile actions on both sides, broke into open and declared war. The matter was splendidly fought by Dutch and English, and if our advantage in the earlier stages of the war, especially in the great Four Days' Battle, had been followed up, the war might have been glorious and successful; as it was, disagreements and distrusts between King and Parliament, incompetency and dishonesty of officials, at last led to such supineness that the Dutch in June, 1667, sailed up the Medway, burnt some of our fleet, and captured the "Royal Charles"; while King and courtiers fooled away the hours, being at that very time, all mad in chasing a poor moth in Miss Stewart's rooms. We were forced to make peace, though we gained Delaware, New Jersey, and New York in exchange for Poleroon. The war produced some famous pieces of literature, notably Waller's "Last Instructions to a Painter" dealing with the glorious Four Days' Battle in June, 1665; Dryden's "Annus Mirabilis" which discussed with much parade of technical detail the events of 1665–66; and lastly, in 1667, Marvell's scathing answer to Waller's poem, in which he displayed all his minute political knowledge in a way no doubt intensely galling at the time, but whose very effectiveness as a topical satire, has prevented its ranking as a classic, except in so far as it voices the general indignation felt by honest men at the misconduct of the war. Marvell in turn instructed his Painter to draw a very different picture from Waller's: and the idea became so fashionable, especially as a political weapon, that in 1680, a broadside remarked:

> "Each puny brother of the riming trade
> At every turn implores the painter's aid;
> And fondly enamour'd of his own foul brat,
> Cries in an ecstasy, Paint this, Paint that."

Of the first great battle of the war, the King writes to

Madame: "Whithall 8 June 1665: I thank God we have now the certayne newes of a very considerable victory over the Dutch; you will see most of the particulars by the relation my Lord Hollis will shew you, though I have had as great a loss as it is possible in a good frinde, poore C. Barckely.[1] It troubles me so much as I hope you will excuse the shortnesse of this letter, haveing receaved the newes of it, but two houres agoe, . . . my head does soe ake. . . ." On hearing of Berkeley's death, Charles burst into a flood of tears, for he was his favourite among the Court. No one else seemed to have a good word for this nobleman, though Burnet acknowledges he showed signs of improvement, and might have had a very good influence over the King, if he had lived. After his death, there was found in his closet "a list of all lords and gentlemen that had suffered during the Grand Rebellion, and those living, and the successors of others, were set down as objects of the King's favour and advancement. One finds rarely such a one in any Court."

During the War, great events changed the capital; the Plague in 1665–66, and the Fire in 1666, helped to disturb the machine of Government. The Plague has been described for all time by Defoe, who was too young at the time to remember much about it, but had a wonderfully vivid imagination and an insatiable curiosity; and Pepys gives us the most vivid account of the Fire, on 2 September, 1666. "All over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were calm burned with a shower of fire-drops . . . as it grew darker, the fire appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as one could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire . . . we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side of

[1] Earl of Falmouth: he was struck by a cannon-ball, while standing on deck, by the Duke of York, so that his blood and brains flew over the Duke. He died penniless, through generosity to old Cavaliers. (Clarke, i. 397.)

the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long; it made me weep to see it. . . ." The King and the Duke of York worked indefatigably in the streets, commanding, encouraging, helping, and advising. The King remitted the City's taxes for a time, and was implored by the citizens not to leave them. The Duke rode up and down with his guards for some days to maintain order. It is a strange fact that no one died directly by fire, though foreigners and Catholics came in for much ill-treatment, as being generally thought authors of it. A half-witted Frenchman, Hubert, actually gave himself up as the author; but the Privy Council concluded, and we may conclude with them, that it was caused by "the hand of God, a great wind, and a very dry season"; its vast extent was due to the great number of wooden buildings, many filled with tar, oil, and other combustibles, near its place of origin; and the primitive methods of repressing fire. North, in his Autobiography, has left a vivid picture of a fire at the Temple in 1678. "Several great men, and officers of the Guards, with soldiers, came by direction to Whitehall—where the light was seen in its most terrible posture—the Earl of Craven, who was seldom absent on such occasions, the Duke of Monmouth, who was setting up to be popular, and the Earl of Faversham, who, by adventuring too far upon a blowing-up, when it was thought the train missed, it happened to take, and a beam fell on his head, for which he was obliged to undergo the trepan, and though dangerously wounded, recovered. . . . About midnight, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs came down, but the gentlemen of the Inner Temple affronted him, not owning his authority there, according to old tradition among them, and would want his help rather than connive at such a precedent to be made in derogation of their liberties, whereupon they beat down the sword, and would not permit it to be borne erect. At this he went over the way to a tavern, where some say he first got drunk, and then

returned, dismissing the engine he met coming from the city. And some of his company were so kind to say, 'Let's blow 'em up round, and save Fleet Street.' . . . All this while the fire went raging in all the buildings about Pump Court, the south of Elm Court, towards the cloisters and the church, with an incredible fury. The chambers were small and so full of deal that a pitch barrel could not burn fiercer. I could perceive in the chambers at their first lighting a faint fire, which was still more obscured by smoke, and at last the heat melted the glass of the windows, which let in the wind, and that converted all the smoke into flame, which came issuing at the windows, with a noise and fury like so many vents of hell, and at length the floors and roofs firing, the cold tiles with the suddenness of the heat would make a strange noise, crackling and snapping, till all came down together, and then such flakes of fire would rise and scatter down the wind as if all the sky were inflamed, and so drop upon the actors as well as the spectators, and burnt their clothes on their backs; the horror of this fire was as great as could possibly be contrived had it been designed for wonder, and no other instance in my observation, or description of poet or painter, ever came near it. And it was no less extreme on the other side, for the cold was intense in the fiercest degree that our clime admits. The water froze in carrying, and closed the engines with the ice that continually grew in it. Water was let down from the street, but froze and stopped its own current. Those that assisted were all wet and frozen; the flames did not heat the air to warm such as were idle. . . . It is believed that houses are often fired by thieves for opportunities of stealing; this was not so; nor was any great execution of that kind done amongst us; for the Templers, being sharpers, were aware, and suffered no unknown persons to meddle in their business. It is otherwise in houses where women and children are frighted and know not what they do, and give way to such thievish impositions. Here it

was observed that women and children stood in Fleet Street, ankle deep in water (for all the pipes were cut) which in that pinching cold night could not have been in such numbers and so pertinaciously as they did unless their husbands and friends were gone in to steal, and they stayed expecting to carry off the booty. . . . This fire lasted from 11 on Sunday eve till 12 next day. . . . By noon there was a great assembly of all sorts, spending their verdicts, which generally turned into raillery upon the Templers. One says, 'What a world of mischief this had been had it happened anywhere else!' Others, 'it's no matter, the lawyers are rich enough!' . . . a decrepid old woman, trudging through the Temple when the new buildings were in some forwardness, stopped . . . and saw the scaffolding poles raised, and men every where at work; 'Well,' said she, 'I see ill weeds will grow fast!'"

In the Great Fire, 89 churches were destroyed, and above 12,000 houses. Evelyn promptly drew up plans for rebuilding the City, which were favourably received, but afterwards neglected, at Court, and a jerry-built city sprang up with amazing rapidity, and in many cases with no improvement. The next chapter shall attempt to give some idea of the state of London in Charles II's reign.

CHAPTER VI

LONDON

"Lord, what a power of brave signs are here."
WYCHERLEY, *Country Wife.*

London under Charles II—Streets, taverns, shopping, travelling, holidays, amusements—Dress and fashions—Games—Furniture.

LONDON was then a walled city, with gates locked at night, and ill roads, almost unlighted after dark. Link-boys had to be hired or links bought, and even then, if late or in lonely streets, a man on foot was liable to be attacked by footpads, rogues with cudgels, and the like, more especially in the disorder and confusion of the ruined streets after the Fire. Meadows and streams pleasantly diversified the suburbs immediately outside the walls, and a dweller in the City could rise in the morning and take the air, pluck a nosegay, or wash her face in May-dew, before breakfast. People of rank or important official station either provided themselves, or were provided, with armed escorts to and from places outside the City, such as the "Angel" at Islington, on account of the footpads and highwaymen. Were not these the days of Claude Duval? Within the walls at night few people were to be met, except in the small hours of the morning during the Plague, when the death-cart with its monotonous and doleful bell moved from red-cross door to door with the cry "Bring out your dead." Still a grumbler or a light sleeper could find some noises at night: the bells of a solemn funeral, starting about eleven

o'clock, the bellman telling the hour and the state of weather—"Past one o'clock, and a cold, frosty, windy morning," and repeating worse rhymes than a cast poet of the nursery could make; those rogues that wake people with their barbarous tunes, and upon their tooting instruments make a more hellish noise than they do at a Playhouse when they flourish for the entrance of witches—and a little later the street-cries beginning.

Earlier on the evening, occasional lights are cast on the streets from tavern red lattices, from within which float sounds of mirth, drunken or more seemly, mingled with the music of a club, or the droning of a literary society, wise enough to keep up its existence by wine and good fellowship. Often a door is burst open, and men stagger forth in various strange guises, occasionally stark naked, only to fall foul of the watch and afterwards of the magistrates, always supposing that they have not escaped by slaying or grievously wounding the officers of peace. Methinks 'tis as pretty an honest, drinking, whoring age as a man would wish to live in! The streets are full of mud in wet weather, of thick and choking dust in dry, and where paved, set with the worst of uneven cobbles, on which the hackney coaches rattle, and waggons roar and thunder, till distracted citizens welcome the sight of a passing sedan-chair with only the steady tramp of bearers to mark its passage. At rare intervals passes the glass coach of some fine lady or lord, stared upon by a gaping crowd. In many of the streets, the top stories of houses nearly meet, and the whole way is darkened by monstrous swinging signs, by poles with party-coloured bands and brass basins, by golden lions, griffins, and elephants, by hogs in armour, by portraits of His Sacred Majesty, or pictures of the Sacred Tree which preserved his life; by Crowns and Rasps, by Angels, Black Boys, and Globes,—each sign or figure striving to outdo its neighbour in attractiveness and size, in the elaborateness of its painting or carving, and frequently setting forth rhymes, for such as

can read, over or under the picture: such as at Mr. Farr's shop, "The Best Tobacco by Farr," and at his rival's over the way, "Far better Tobacco than the Best Tobacco by Farr," and so on. These signs, swinging on their creaking hinges, while affording a weather sign by this very noise, add to the extraordinary din which pervades the streets, not so much a dull and continuous roar, but a confusion of all shrill, harsh, grating, rattling, thundering, and rushing noises, mingled with street-cries of "Oranges, who'll buy my chaney oranges, my dill and cucumbers to pickle," prentices' touting cries, carters' oaths, porters' and watermen's shouts.

In the taverns, not only the guest rooms had special names, but also the very tankards, and everything was at once more homely and picturesque than at present, though the city taverns could not compare for comfort and luxury with some of the provincial inns on great roads. Breakfast, not being a regular meal, usually consists of a morning draught at a tavern, taken perhaps with a bunch of radishes or somewhat else. Dinner comes about twelve, either at home or at a tavern such as the "Leg" in King Street, Westminster. Supper is fairly early for the citizen, though it may be as late as eleven o'clock for the courtier; if not at home, it may be eaten at Whitehall with the King or the reigning favourite; or, by a citizen, at Vauxhall, or Spring Gardens, to the accompaniment of music, or if that be still, to the dying fall of the nightingale's strains. Hither you may come and spend much or nothing; walk, flirt, drink, or take your pleasure in listening to the harp, Jew's harp and fiddle, or in looking upon the gallant array of people. If vanity possesses you, you may retire to Sir Samuel Moreland's summerhouse built all of looking-glass, covered with Cornish slate, topped by a punchinello holding a dial, and fitted with fountains. Collations may be taken at a cabaret in the midst of the gardens, of neats' tongues, powdered beef, and bad Rhenish, trifling tarts, and the like, while the company may often be stricken

into mirth by the sight of a dripping country put, who has trod upon the spring from which the gardens derive their name, and drenched himself by letting loose a fountain. These gardens are set with lawns, gravel walks, arbours, and hedges of gooseberry bushes and roses.

Passing from one part of London to another by land is so objectionable, that the journey is made as often as possible by water, where your waterman, if you be a lord or a parliament man, will ply you with questions on *la haute politique*. Most people leave the boat at London Bridge, rather than shoot its roaring and perilous arches. The watermen tout eagerly for custom at the river stairs, crying "Oars, oars, who wants a boat to Vauxhall," and so forth. At the shop-doors still stand, as in the days of Elizabeth, the apprentices crying "What d'ye lack?" and these same stout lads still rally, for a Pope-burning, an expedition to break windows of bawdy houses, Shrove-Tuesday football in the streets, or at the cry of "Clubs for Prentices!" But shops are in a transition stage to the modern type: they are becoming a fashionable resort at certain times of day; ladies frequent the mercers, haberdashers and toy-shops, gentlemen the armourers, goldsmiths, and booksellers. The Old and New Exchange are crammed with people of all ranks from the highest to the lower-middle class, in the morning and early afternoon. The Old Exchange, on Cornhill, contains on the ground floor, the place where the merchants assemble to do business; and over this, four spacious galleries, in which are many shops of different kinds, even better than those of the New Exchange in Covent Garden, which has two long double galleries, one above the other, in which are distributed in eight rows, many rich shops of drapers, mercers, filled with goods of all kinds and qualities. These are for the most part kept by women well-dressed and busily employed, but not without chances of flirtation with passers-by, and crying at intervals, "What d'ye buy? what d'ye buy, gentlemen? gloves, ribbons, and essences; ribbons,

gloves, and essences?—scent your eyebrows and periwig with a little essence of orange or jessamine." Assignations are frequently made and arranged at such shops.

The citizens' amusements are principally fencing-matches, cock-fighting, bear, horse, and bull baitings, puppet-shows and the theatres. On holidays the suburb fools trudge to Lamb's Conduit or Tottenham; your sprucer sort of citizens gallop to Epsom; your mechanic gross fellows, shewing much conjugal affection, strut before their wives, each with a child in his arms, to Islington or Hogsden; your jack-in-office sets forth to the country for a dish of cream and cherries. A poor lady and her waiting-woman, not suffered to go abroad by a strict father, may bewail themselves that they cannot go to Punchinello or Paradise; nor take a ramble to the Park nor Mulberry Garden, nor to Totnam-Court, nor to Islington, nor eat a syllabub in New Spring Garden with a cousin, nor drink a pint of wine with a friend at the "Prince" in the "Sun," nor hear a fiddle in good company, nor hear the organs and tongs at the "Gun" in Moorfields.

Dress, immediately after the Restoration, burst into a wild and joyful efflorescence after the "close time" of the Commonwealth, an efflorescence, largely of ribbon, which appeared wherever possible. The men wear "short coats and slit sleeves, shewing much linen; ruffled petticoat, or long wide breeches, adorned with cannons or frills of lace or ribbons at the knees, lace cravats, broad-brimmed feathered hats, small cloaks, shoes square-toed, high-heeled, and tied with long-ended bow of ribbon. The ladies have short slit, be-ribboned sleeves, low-necked bodices, full skirts, usually of satin." In 1667, the King announced his intention of breaking away from the French fashion of dress, and assuming the Persian style, "a long cassocke close to the body of black cloth and pinked with white silk under it, and a coat over it, and the legs ruffled with black ribband like a pigeon's legs." The King soon decided that black and white made them look like

magpies, and took to an all black velvet suit. Louis XIV revenged himself by dressing his footmen in this style, and thus caused the noblemen who had bet the King he would not keep to the new fashion, to win their wagers. Men's gloves were fringed, scented with jasmine or orange ; ladies (and sometimes men also) wore long gloves which came up the arm, and preferred those from Martial's at Paris. Both women and men used muffs. For a short time after the Restoration men usually wore their hair long, but periwigs soon came in, the King being behind-hand in this, as in most other fashions. Gradually the periwig assumed a disproportionate place in daily life, both as an expense, and as an object of attention, affection, even of veneration, a white peruke being the *ne plus ultra* of elegance. The gentlemen always carried special pocket-combs wherewith to dress their wigs in the ante-room on paying a call, or on entering the theatre; and these combs were only more important than the side-glass wherewith they quizzed the ladies from their boxes, or as they passed in the Mall or the Park. The wig was at first more or less even on the top, though long and curly, but it became exaggerated in height, length, and curliness, swelling out above into a great excrescence called a foretop, which was made to wag or bow portentously when a gallant made a reverence to a lady. The *beau monde* got their wigs from the famous Parisian perruquier Chedreux, and never put their hats on for fear of spoiling them. The ladies wore their hair for a time "in a peculiar loop on their foreheads, called a fore-top, which gave rise to another fashion, less common, called a *faure* or bull's head, being an arrangement of hair on the forehead like the close curls of a bull. The loose forehead curls were called 'favourites'; the long locks, arranged over a frame to hang away from the face over the ears, 'heart-breakers,' and those close to the cheeks, 'confidents.'" Much art was employed in arranging—or dyeing—the hair so as to display fascinating shades as the lady moved her head, and patches were

much worn. Hardly a single comedy of the reign which is at all concerned with the upper classes fails to notice with ridicule the slavish copying of French fashions, and the constant use of French terms and phrases in conversation. Butler took the pains to write a satire

ON OUR RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH

". . . To make their breeches fall and rise
From middle legs to middle thighs
The tropics between which the hose
Move always as the fashion goes.
Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,
And sometimes flat, like pipkins' lids ;
With broad brims sometimes, like umbrellas,
And sometimes narrow, like Punch'nellos ;
In coldest weather go unbrac'd,
And close in hot, as if th' were lac'd ;
Sometimes with sleeves and bodies wide,
And sometimes straiter than a hide ;
Wear perukes, and with false grey hairs
Disguise the true ones, and their years, . . .
Disdain the country where th' were born, . . .
To adorn their English with French scraps . . .
To jernie rightly and renounce
In the most pure and approved of tones . . .
To smatter French is meritorious,
And to forget their mother-tongue
Or purposely to talk it wrong,
A hopeful sign of parts and wit."

In one particular, however, the French Ambassador notes that English ladies differed from the French ; silk stockings, especially green ones, were worn, with diamond-buckled black velvet garters below the knee, but many ladies preferred to show "their white satin skins, by wearing none."

Some idea of the variety of scents used by both sexes may be gleaned from the following inventory: "In a sappin boxe or coffre, a little boxe with twelve little phiales

of Essence of Roses and six of Jessemin. Ane other w^t^ a silver little box guilded, set w^t^ turquoises full of eau d'ange, and half a douzen bottels of essence of orange; a big bottell of water of flower of orange, a big boxe of fyne pomode w^t^ jessemin poudre, a paire of very great tables or trick-track, w^t^ four rame of paper and musqued waxe and black waxe, w^t^ ane escritore as was desyned." Widows used scents different from those favoured by maids.

As they are here mentioned, it may be said that the fashions in wax and writing-paper varied, and were carefully studied by ladies. The King writes to Madame, 28 March, 1663: "I thanke you for the wax to seale letters, you sent me by de Chappelles. I desire to know whether it be the fashion in France, for the wemen to make use of such a large size of wax, as the red peece you sent mee; our wemen heere finde the sise a little extravagant, yett I beleeve when they shall know that 'tis the fashion there, they will be willing enough to submitt to it, and so I am yours, C. R."

Though by no means such a necessary part of a man's dress as in the eighteenth century, snuff-boxes were carried, and there is at least one good story to be told in connection with one. "A thief dressed like a courtier got into the palace at Newmarket, and picked Lord Arlington's pocket of a snuff-box. He saw that the King was watching him, and had the impudence to put his fingers to his nose, wink, and then make off. Presently Charles saw Lord Arlington searching in all his pockets for his snuff-box, and said: 'You need not give yourself any more trouble about it; your box is gone, and I am myself an accomplice. I could not help it. I was made a confidant.'" Watches were frequently worn, including "finger watches, that go just as you set them." To conclude this matter of appointments, Wycherley draws a contrast between the dress of courtiers and citizens: "You good men of th' Exchange,

"on whom alone we must depend, when sparks to sea are gone;
Into the pit already you are come,
'Tis but a step more to the tiring-room; . . .
. . . You we had rather see between our scenes,
Than spendthrift fops with better clothes and miens:
Instead of laced coats, belts, and pantaloons,
Your velvet jumps, gold chains, and grave fur gouns;
Instead of periwigs and broad cocked hats,
Your satin caps, small cuffs, and vast cravats . . .
. . . To all the camlet cloaks now in the pit . . ."

Among the indoor amusements of the Court, besides basset and numerous other card-games, battledore and shuttlecock, shovel-board, crying of forfeits, blind man's buff, crambo, and "I love my love with an A," were popular.

Finally, before proceeding with the narrative of events, what were houses, and their appointments like, in the reign of Charles II? The Tuscan Duke noticed "a great absence of that gentility which is practised in Italy: for there are no forks, nor vessels to supply water for the hands, which are washed in a basin full of water that serves for all the company; or perhaps at the end of dinner, they dip the end of the napkin into the beaker of water set before each guest, and with this they clean their teeth, and wash their hands." Men sat at meals with their hats on.

Walls were hung with stamped Spanish leather, tapestry with "Landskips," or "Venice brocatella;" furniture was covered with various materials, green damask being fashionable at least in 1670. An ordinary day-room was furnished with fauteuils or armed-chairs, chairs, tabourets or stools, sofas, and looking-glasses. Earthen and wood table-ware were still in frequent use among the middle classes, even at a Lord Mayor's feast.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON

AFTER THE PICTURE BY SIR PETER LELY

CHAPTER VII

LA HAUTE POLITIQUE

"Fair, lovely, great, and best of nymphs, farewell!"
WALLER, *To the Duchess of Orleans.*

Fall of Clarendon — Temple and the Triple Alliance — Ambassadors — Henrietta, Duchess of Orléans — Treaty of Dover — Marriage of William of Orange and Mary of York — Beginnings of Popish Plot — Marvell's "King's Speech."

THE Plague, the Fire, and the burning of the fleet gave fresh impetus to the spirit of Puritanism, Anti-Catholicism, and discontent; the government looked for a scapegoat, and naturally fell upon the Earl of Clarendon. He was hated by the Commons for representing the King in money matters, by the King for supporting the Parliament in things religious; by the people for "Dunkirk, Tangier, and a barren Queen," and his lavish expenditure on his new house; the fleet disasters were also partly due to his mismanagement of money affairs. The Puritans saw in him the chief persecutor; the courtiers, the stiff and solemn old cavalier. His fall was hastened by the hatred of Lady Castlemaine and the Duke of Buckingham; while the last straw was the affair of Frances Stewart. The King was remarkably in love with this childish but artful beauty, and when she eloped with the Duke of Richmond, was more furiously angry than he had ever been known to be. He believed that Clarendon had known of her intention to marry the Duke, and had arranged it, so that the King could not divorce his wife and marry her, and on the night that

Frances left Whitehall, Viscount Cornbury, Clarendon's eldest son, met the King coming out of her lodgings, "full of fury, who spoke to him as one in a rage that forgot all decency, and for some time would not hear Lord Cornbury in his own defence." Clarendon rendered up the Great Seal in August, 1667, and, being impeached by Parliament in November, fled to France, where he lived for the rest of his days, dying at Rouen in 1674, though not before he had written his "History of the Great Rebellion," and his autobiography. Charles was certainly ungrateful, but it is also true that, while Clarendon was not quite so fine a man as Hyde, he continued to be Hyde in the wrong things, such as interference with the King, haughtiness, and obstinacy. He was wholly unable to adapt himself to the new *régime;* his use and purpose were fulfilled at and by the Restoration; in the new age he was at a loss, and his methods had become antiquated and, in some cases, pernicious.

It was in these later stages of his career that the younger courtiers found it safe to vent their dislike by ridiculing him before the King, as when Killegrew or Buckingham strutted up and down bearing the shovel and bellows for mace and great seal! The King shows his feelings in the matter plainly, in a letter to Madame, 5 March, 1668: "I will not deny that naturally I am more lazy then I ought to be, but you are very ill-informed if you do not know that my Tresury and indeede all my other affaires, are in as good a methode as our understandings can put them into. And I thinke the peace I have made betweene Spaine and portugal and the defensive league I have made with Holland should give some testimony to the world that we thinke of our interest heere. I do assure you that I neglect nothing for want of pains. If we faile for want of understanding, there is no helpe for it. . . . I assure you that my Lord of Buckingham does not governe affaires heere. I do not doute but my Lord Clarendon, and some of his frinds heere,

will discreditt me and my affaires as much as they can, but I shall say no more upon that subject, for, if you knew how ill a servant he has beene to me, you would not doute but he would be glad things should not go on smoothly, now he is out of affaires, and most of the vexation and trouble I have at present in my affaires I owe to him." As an engine of constitutional government, there seems to be more to be said for Clarendon than this; as a supporter of monarchy considerably less limited than that of Charles at this time, something, but as the minister of a despotism such as Charles contemplated, he was not only useless, but a great obstacle to progess. His removal left Charles freer to choose his own ministers, and the like; and when "Secretary Morrice brought the Great Seale from my Lord Chancellor, Bab May fell upon his knees and catched the King about the legs, and joyed him, and said that this was the first time that ever he could call him King of England, being freed from this great man." Bab May was not the only one who rejoiced at Clarendon's disgrace. "This business of my Lord Chancellor's was certainly designed in my Lady Castlemaine's chamber; and that when he went from the King on Monday morning she was in bed (though about twelve o'clock), and ran out in her smock into her aviary looking out into White Hall garden; and thither her woman brought her her nightgown; and stood blessing herself at the old man's going away; and several of the gallants of White Hall (of which there were many staying to see the Chancellor's return), did talk to her in her bird-cage, among others Blancford, telling her she was the bird of passage."

The King summed up the matter in a letter to Ormond: "The truth is, his behaviour and humour were grown so insupportable to myself and all the world else that I could no longer endure it, and it was impossible for me to live with it." In truth, Clarendon's dictatorial manner, and making "the King to trot every day to him, though he was well enough to visit a cousin," coincided fatally with

the popular feeling against him and gave the King a reason, but not an excuse, for one of the worst actions of his reign. It was perhaps well that he should have been asked to resign, but force, with contumely, was unforgivable.

In 1668, Sir William Temple was allowed by his Master to conclude the Triple Alliance between England, Holland, and Sweden, against France, in order that Charles might thus force Louis' hand, and gain a high price for the English alliance. Sir William was an accomplished diplomat, a polished *littérateur*, and a clever gardener, but he was no match for Charles in state-craft. In 1669–70, Charles and Louis, through Madame, concluded the "Secret Treaty of Dover," by which England and France agreed to partition Holland, and Louis promised money and soldiers to Charles, to enable him to establish absolutism and the Catholic religion. This treaty was signed in May, 1670, by Clifford and Arlington, the English Catholic Ministers, and covered in January, 1671, by a sham treaty, to blind the Protestant members of the Cabal, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale. In March, 1672, began the third Dutch War.

No period, perhaps, of Charles' reign is more full of the rustle and bustle, the whispering and mystery of quasi-political intrigue, than 1667–72; but the whole reign is notable for the number of ambassadors, the splendour of their receptions, and the minute accounts which the French at least gave of all that they saw and did. But none of the ambassadors is more important than the King's sister, Henrietta Anne, Duchess of Orléans, usually called Madame. She was born at Exeter in 1644, smuggled out of the country in boy's clothes, and spent all the rest of her life in France, save for two visits to England, in October, 1660, to March, 1661, and in 1670. She was loved by all, French and English, who had the happiness to know her, and appreciated by most, except perhaps her strange husband Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, an effeminate

and vicious fop. She was, of course, brought up a Catholic. In 1659 Sir John Reresby visited Henrietta Maria at the Palais Royal, and says that the young Princess was "then aged about 15 years, and used me with all the civil freedom that might be, made me dance with her, played on the harpsichord to me in her Highness's chamber, suffered me to attend upon her, when she walked in the garden with the rest of her retinue, and sometimes to toss her in a swing made of a cable which she sat upon, tied between two trees, and in fine, suffered me to be present at most of her innocent diversions. The Queen commanded me to be there, as often as I conveniently could. She had a great affection for England, notwithstanding the severe usage she and hers had received from it. She discoursed much with the great men and ladies of France in praise of the people and country—of their courage, their generosity and good nature—and would attribute the rebellion to a few desperate and infatuated persons, rather than the temper of the nation." Just before Charles' visit to his mother and sister at Colombes in 1659, the Princess's first extant letter is addressed to him: "I would not let my Milord Inchiquin leave, without assuring your Majesty of my respect, and thanking you for the honour you do me, in writing to me so often. I fear that this may give you too much trouble, and I should be sorry if your Majesty should take so much for a little sister, who does not deserve it, but who can at least acknowledge and rejoice in the honour you do her. I hope the peace will give you all the happiness you desire, and then I shall be happy, because of the love and respect I bear your Majesty. It is a cause of great joy to me, since it gives me the hope of seeing you, which is most passionately desired by your very humble servant."

Unfortunately, only forty-three of Madame's letters to her brother have been preserved, though we have a great many more from Charles to her, which show the best and most natural side of his character; his affection for

his sister was great and genuine, and shown unmistakably in his letters again and again: "The kindnesse I have for you will not permit me to loose this occasion to coniur you to continue your kindnesse to a brother that loves you more than he can expresse, which truth I hope you are so well persuaded of, as I may expect those returnes which I shall strive to deserve. Deare sister, be kinde to me, and be confident that I am intirely yours, C. R. For my Deare Sister, the Princesse Henriette."

In October, 1660, the Queen-Mother and the Princess Henrietta visited England, coming very quietly, Lambeth-way, on 2 November. "The Queen a very little plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect, or garb, than any ordinary woman. The Princess of Orange I had often seen before. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frized short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me." The King writes in December across the Council-Table to Clarendon: "I would willingly make a visite to my sister at Tunbridge for a night or two at farthest, when do you thinke I can best spare that time?" *C.*: "I know no reason why you may not for such a tyme (two nights) go the next weeke, about Wensday, or Thursday, and returne tyme enough for the adiournement; which yett ought to be the weeke followinge. I suppose you will goe with a light trayne." *K.*: "I intend to take nothing but my night-bag." *C.*: "God? yes, you will not go without 40 or 50 horse?" *K.*: "I counte that parte of my night-bag."

After Henrietta Anne became Duchess of Orléans, in 1660, Charles transacted all his most important business with Louis through her,[1] and in December, 1661, we find

[1] Cf. Colbert de Croissy to De Lionne, 14 February, 1669. "The King often says, that the only woman who really has a hold on him, is his sister, the Duchess of Orleans. If handsome gifts are lavished on Madame Castlemaine, his Majesty may think that, in spite of his assertions to the contrary, we fancy

him writing letters on the subject of ships striking their colours to English vessels. The marine privileges of England, Charles defended with all the ardour of a sea-king, whose heart was more set on the wide waters than on the land. "I receaved yours of the 27th so late this night, and the post being ready to goe, that I have only time to tell you that I extreamly wonder at that which you writ to me of, for certainly never any ships refused to strike their pavilion when they met any ships belonging to the Crowne of England. This is a right so well known, and never disputed by any Kings before, that, if I should have it questioned now, I must conclude it to be a *querelle d'Allemand.* I hope what you say to me is only your feares, for I will never beleeve that anybody who desires my friendship will expect that which was never so much as thought of before, therefore all I shall say to you is, that my ships must do their dutyes, lett what will come of it! And I should be very unworthy if I quit a right and goe lower than ever any of my predecessors did, which is all I have to say, only that I am very glad to finde you are so well recovered, and be assured, my dearest sister, that I am intierly yours, C. R." The King's interest in ships has already been commented upon and illustrated, and after the Restoration this interest still continues. "He takes peculiar pleasure in experiments relating to navigation, of which he has a very accurate knowledge; and pays great attention to finding out what sorts of wood require least depth of water to float them, and what shapes are best adapted for cutting the water, and for making good sailers." The diaries of Evelyn, Pepys, and others, constantly record the King's visits to the Fleet, and his harbours, his yachting, and the like: for twenty leagues by sea were more pleasing to him than two by land. His appetite was better on the water, it would seem, for he

that she rules him, and take it in bad part. I should therefore advise giving her only such trifling tokens as a pair of French gloves, ribands, a Parisian undress gown, or some little object of finery."

took his meals aboard as often as possible; and he even had a vessel moored by Whitehall stairs, whereon to sup and dance at pleasure.

In September, 1665, Charles visited Dorset, going from Salisbury, whence he writes on the 9th to Madame: "I am goeing to make a little turne into dorset sheere for 8 or 9 dayes to passe away the time till I go to Oxford, beleeving that this place was the cause of my indisposition. . . . ." The King and the Duke of Monmouth visited Poole and the expenses of the visit were borne by Peter Hall, the Mayor, who "had the singular honour to attend his Majesty at dinner. After dinner it pleased his Majesty to take collector William Strutts' boat to Brownsea (steered by the said collector, and rowed by six masters of the ships), where His Majesty took an excellent view of the said island to his great contentment." It was on this Dorsetshire visit, too, that the King was entertained at Wimborne St. Giles by Lord Ashley, and had a debauch in the cellar, where he knighted one Edward Hooper for his pleasantries; "in the event the whole company were completely drunk; his Majesty paid his obeisance to the centre cask, to perpetuate which act a crown was inserted in the middle of the cellar-arch." Perhaps it was here that Ashley made the retort to Charles' remark "God's-fish, I believe thou art the wickedest dog in my dominions." "Of a subject, sir, I believe I am."

"Towards the latter end of Summer [1681], the King, as he did often, diverted himself by going down the river in his yacht, attended by the rest; and by the care of his officers and board of green cloth, all meals were as well served as if at Whitehall, and convenient beds for those that had the honour to attend. I was not until very few years afterwards of the Court; but, however, the King was pleased to name me for to attend him, and I had place in his coach to London, Sir Ph. Howard, Captain of the Life Guard in Waiting, not being permitted, by reason he was not a Peer or Earl's eldest son. The King went in his

barge to Greenwich, and stepping into his yacht, he told Mr. Theodore Rands, the Page of the bedchamber or back-stairs in waiting, that I was young and lazy, and ordered him to get me one of the best beds under him. We sailed . . . to the Nore, and so to Chatham; and it cannot be expressed, the satisfaction we had by eating twice a day with the King, who was all mirth, and of the most pleasing conversation, and if we played at any game, he would come and sit by us." De Comminges gives a woeful account of being taken a voyage by the King, of his subsequent illness, and of being mercilessly roused at six the next morning for another expedition with his Majesty. The Queen-Mother always had ill-fortune at sea, so that "Mam's luck" became a jest between Charles and Madame: "Whitehall, 22 March, 1669 . . . [of a messenger drowned in the Channel]: I heare Mam sent me a present by him which, I beleeve, brought him the ill lucke, so she ought, in conscience, to be at the charges of praying for his soule, for 'tis her fortune has made the man miscarry. . . . "

Like most sailors, the King loved music, and encouraged vocal and instrumental artistes of both sexes to visit, and reside in, England. "Some whisper the King should be a Teutonicus and lover of chymistry. Mr. Br[ereton] assures me his Majesty is an extraordinary lover of musick, and intends to be entertained with it every dinner time, to w^ch^ end, a place for his musicians shall be railed in in the presence chamber." "He could not bear any music to which he could not keep time, and that he constantly did to all that was presented to him, and for the most part heard it standing." "Once he had a fancy for a comparison to hear the singers of the several nations, Germans, Spanish, Italians, French, and English, perform upon the stage in Whitehall. The English brought up the rear, under great disadvantage, with 'I pass all my time in a shady old grove,' etc., for the King chose that song as the best, others were not of his opinion."

Madame, having arranged the Secret Treaty of Dover, returned to France; Charles gave her 6000 pistoles as journey-money, and 2000 gold crowns to build a memorial chapel to their mother, and a fine present of jewels. The King and Duke of York sailed some way back with Madame, Charles thrice embracing her, while she wept bitterly. Shortly after her return, Madame died suddenly, and as was generally suspected at the time, by poison. Charles on hearing the news, wept passionately, cursing Monsieur's name; but later said to the messenger, Sir Thomas Armstrong, "Monsieur is a villain. But, Sir Thomas, I beg of you, not a word of this to the others." The King wrote in July to the Duc d'Elbœuf: "I cannot help thanking you very warmly for the sorrow which you express at my sister's death, knowing, as I do, how much she esteemed you. But, to say the truth, my grief for her is so great that I dare not allow myself to dwell upon it, and try as far as possible to think of other things." So Charles was deprived of the last woman whom he sincerely loved, and the only one who had ever been capable of exercising more than a superficial or temporary influence over him. Of the lady who tried to take Madame's place, we shall speak later.

Embassies in Charles' reign attracted far more attention than they do now, and the ceremonies at the entrance of ambassadors into London were complicated and various, and the letters of French ambassadors to Louis XIV, or his ministers, are full of minute questions of etiquette and precedence, especially about the time of the fray between the French and Spanish ambassadors' retinues in the street, on 30 September, 1661. But the embassies which excited most spectacular interest were those of the Muscovites in 1662, and of the Moors in 1682. Before the arrival of the Muscovites there was some excitement at Court, especially among the ladies, as to the presents they would bring, and perhaps Lady Castlemaine is hinted at in the following Council-Note: *C.*: "You know you do now every day

expecte the Muscovite Ambassadors, who bringes with them severall valewable toyes as a present to you. Now ther goes no extraordinary witt, to make this discovery, and to begg this present before it comes. I pray remember the entertayninge these Ambassadors will be chargeable to you, and therfore if this suite be made to you, as sure it will be, I pray say you are ingaged, and to keepe it yourselfe, that what is to bee sold, may discharge the esxpenses. I hope you have [not] given it away already." *K.*: "You neede not have given me this caution, for I love to keepe myselfe warme with the furrs, and for the other parte of the presents will be as necessary for other things." Evelyn "went to London to see y^e^ entrance of y^e^ Russian Ambass^r^, whom his Ma^ty^ ordered to be received with much state, the Emperor not only having been kind to his Ma^ty^ in his distress, but banishing all commerce with our nation during y^e^ rebellion. First y^e^ Citty Companies and Train'd Bands were in all their stations; his Majesties Army and Guards in greate order. His Excellency came in a very rich coach, with some of his chiefe attendants; many of the rest on horseback, clad in their vests after y^e^ eastern manner, rich furrs, caps, and carrying the presents, some carrying hawkes, furrs, teeth [of sea-horses], bowes, &c. It was a very magnificent shew." The audience on the 29th "was in extraordinary state, his retinue being numerous, all clad in vests of several colours, with buskins after y^e^ Eastern manner; their caps of furr; tunicks richly embroidered with gold and pearls, made a glorious shew. The King being seated under a canopie in y^e^ Banqueting-Hall, the Secretary of y^e^ Embassy went before y^e^ Ambassador in a grave march holding up his master's letters of credence in a crimson taffeta scarfe before his forehead. The Ambassador then delivered it with a profound reverence to the King, who gave it to our Secretary

[1] Cf. Pepys. "But, Lord! to see the absurd nature of Englishmen; that cannot forbear laughing and jeering at everything that looks strange." 27 November, 1662.

of State; it was written in a long and lofty style.—Then came in the presents, borne by 165 of his retinue, consisting of mantles and other large pieces lined with sable, black fox and ermine; Persian carpets, the ground cloth of gold and velvet; hawks, such as they sayd never came the like," "of which his Majesty took two or three upon his fist, having a glove on wrought with gold, given him for the purpose; horses said to be Persian; bowes and arrows, etc. These borne by so long a traine rendered it very extraordinary. Wind musiq play'd all the while in y^e^ galleries above. This finish'd, y^e^ Ambassador was convey'd by ye Master of y^e^ Ceremonies to York House, where he was treated with a banquet which cost £200, as I was assur'd." The Moorish Ambassadors, in January, 1682, presented the King "with two lions and thirty ostriches, at which his Majesty laughed, and said he knew nothing more proper to send by way of return than a flock of geese." The lions were sent to the Tower, the ostriches to St. James's Park. Charles may have been puzzled for the moment to know what to do with lions and ostriches, but hawks must have pleased him considerably, as hawking was a favourite pastime of his,—it is said, because of the opportunities it gave for talking to the ladies in the party. In 1678 Charles caught a severe chill by overheating himself hawking in Buckinghamshire; and on 17 March, 1681, he rode hawking across Burford Downs to Burford. At that town he was met by the Mayor and Corporation, who gave him a rich silver-laced saddle with holsters and bridle, worth about fifty guineas. He dined with Squire Lenthall at the Priory, attended the races, and went thence to Cornbury Park, where he stayed the night as Lord Clarendon's guest; after dinner the next day he hawked across country again through Wychwood Forest to Woodstock Plain, where his coach met him at Campsfield and took him back to Oxford, in time for the opening of Parliament.

The nation and Parliament in 1672 would not be

persuaded into taking interest in the Third Dutch War, especially as we were allied with France, and little was effected except a Revolution in Holland, which placed William of Orange at the head of affairs, and consequently lessened Charles' interest in hostilities, and made peace all the easier in 1674. Parliament meanwhile destroyed the foundation of the King's French Catholic Plot by the Test Act and the Dissolution of the Cabal or Council of Ministers formed by the King. Charles wisely abandoned Catholicism politically, and took to Anglicanism, his brother taking his place as Catholic leader and head of the real Popish Plot. Sir Thomas Osborne was made Earl of Danby and Prime Minister. He was strongly Anglican and hostile to France, and brought about the marriage of Mary of York and William of Orange in 1677. This marriage, politically so good, was at first distasteful to the bride and her father; and when Charles heard that James objected and had said that his brother had promised he would not get either of the Princesses married without their father's consent, he merely ejaculated, "Od's fish, he must consent." On 21 October the Duke of York dined at Whitehall, and afterwards returned to St. James', took Lady Mary into her closet and told her of the proposed marriage; "whereupon her highness wept all that afternoon and the following day." On 4 November, at 9 o'clock in the evening, the marriage took place in her highness's bedchamber. "The King, who gave her away, was very pleasant all the while; for he desir'd that the Bishop of London would make haste, lest his sister should be delivered of a son, and so the marriage be disappointed; and when the prince endow'd her with all his worldly goods, he willed her to put all up in her pockett, for 'twas clear gains. At eleven o'clock they went to bed, and his Majesty came and drew the curtains, and said to the Prince, 'Now, nephew, to your worke. Hey! St. George for England.' On 16 November, the wind being easterly, their highnesses were still detain'd at St. James'. This

day the Court began to whisper the prince's sullennesse, or clownishnesse, that he took no notice of his princesse at the play and balle, nor came to see her at St. James', the day preceding this desired for their departure. On the morning of 19 November about 9 o'clock, the wind being westerly, their highnesses, accompanied with his Majesty, and his Royal Highness, took barges at Whitehall, with several other persons of quality. The Princess wept grievously all the morning, required the Duchess of Monmouth to come often to her sister,[1] to accompany her to the chapple the first time she was able to appeere there, and to think often on her ; shee left also two letters to be delivered to her sister as soon as shee was recovered. The Queen observing her highnesse to weep as she took leave of her Majesty, would have comforted her with the consideration of her own condition when shee came into England, and had never till then seen the King ; to whom her highness presently replied, 'But, madam, you came into England ; but I am going out of England.' They all dined at Elif [= Erith], and his Majesty and Royal Highnesse went with them in sight of Gravesend, and returned to Whitehall about 6 o'clock." The Prince's natural moroseness was increased towards his bride, as the marriage was sprung upon him, without his wish or intention at that time. On his visit to England in 1670, he was apparently more lively, being "a young man of the most extraordinary Understanding and Parts, besides his quality and birth that makes him shine the better." "He has a manly, courageous, wise countenance, resembling his mother and the Duke of Gloucester." "At a supper given by the Duke of Buckingham, the King made him drink very hard : the Prince was naturally averse to it, but being once entered, was more frolic and gay than the rest of the Company ; and now the mind took him to break the windows of the chambers belonging to the maids of honour, and he had got into their apartments, had they

[1] Princess Anne.

not been timely rescued. His mistress, I suppose, did not like him the worse for such a notable indication of his vigour."

By the Non-Resisting Bill of 1675, no one was to sit in either House till he had sworn to alter nothing in the Church and State; and this was violently opposed by Shaftesbury and the Country Party, who tried to force a dissolution, since their hopes lay in a new general election. Shaftesbury made an illegal motion in Parliament, that it was no longer a legal assembly, referring to an obsolete statute enjoining annual Parliaments. For this he was sent to the Tower, whence he emerged in 1678, to find his party in bad case; they were helped, however, by the rising of Titus Oates and the Popish Plot.

Before passing on to consider the "reign of terror," as it has been called, Marvell's mock King's speech to Parliament in 1675 is too good to omit: "April y^e^ 13, 1675: My Lords and Gentlemen,—I told you at our last meeting that the winter was the fittest time for business, and in truth I thought so till my Lord Treasurer assured me that y^e^ Spring is y^e^ fittest time for salads and subsidies. I hope therefore this April will not prove so unnatural as not to afford plenty of both; some of you may perhaps think it dangerous to make me too rich, but do not fear it, I promise you faithfully (whatever you give) I will take care to want; and yet in that you may rely upon me, I will never break it although in other things my word may be thought a slender authority. My Lords and Gentlemen, I can bear my own straights with patience, but my Lord Treasurer doth protest that the revenue as it now stands is too little for us both; one of us must pinch for it, if you do not help us out. I must speak freely to you, I am under encumbrances; for besides my whores in service, my reformed ones lie hard upon me. I have a pretty good estate, I must confess, but, Odd's fish, I have a charge on 't. Here is my Lord Treasurer can tell you that all the moneys designed for the Summer's Guards must of necessity be

applied for the next year's cradles and swaddling clothes ;[1] what then shall we do for ships? I only hint that to you, that's your business, not mine. I know by experience I can live without them ; I lived twenty years abroad without ships and was never in better health in my life, but how well you can live without them you had best try. I leave it to yourselves to judge, and therefore only mention it. I do not intend to insist upon that.

"There is another thing which I must press more earnestly, which is this; it seems a good part of my revenue will fail in two or three years except you will please to continue it, now I have this to say for it, why did you give me so much except you resolved to give on as fast as I call for it? The nation hates you already for giving so much, I will hate you now if you do not give me more. So that your interest obliges you to stick to me or you will not have a friend left in England. On the other hand, if you continue the revenue as desired, I shall be able to perform those great things for your religion and liberty which I have long had in my thoughts but cannot effect it without this establishment, wherefore look to it, if you do not make me rich enough to undo it it shall be at your doors; for my part I can with a clear conscience say I have done my best and shall leave the rest to my successors. But if I may gain your good opinion, the best way is to acquaint you what I have done to deserve it out of my royal care for your religion and property. For the first my late proclamation is the true picture of my mind. He that cannot (as in a glass) see my zeal for the Church of England doth not deserve any other satisfaction, for I declare him wilful, abominable, and not good. You may perhaps cry how comes this sudden change? To that I reply in a word, I am a changeling; that I think a full answer, but to convince men yet further that I mean as I say, there are these arguments—1st. I tell you so and you

[1] Cf. Buckingham's remark, when a suitor styled the King "the father of his people," "Of a good many of them."

know I never break my word. 2nd. My Lord Treasurer says so and he never told lies in his life. 3rd. My lord Laudersdale will undertake for me, and I should be loth by any act of mine to forfeit the credit he has with you. If you desire more instances of my zeal, I have them for you; for example, I have converted all my natural sons from popery, (and I may say without vanity) it was more my work and much more peculiar to me than the getting of them. It would do your hearts good to hear how prettily little George can read already the Psalter; they are all fine children, God bless 'em, and so like me in their understandings. But (as I was saying) I have to please you, given a pension to your favourite my Ld. Lauderdale; not so much that I thought he wanted it, as I knew you would take it kindly. I have made Carwell a Duchess and married her sister to my Lord Pembroke. I have made Crewe Bishop of Durham. I have at my brother's request sent my Lord Inchiquin to settle the Protestant religion at Tangier; and at the first word of my Lady Portsmouth I preferred Prideaux to be Bishop of Chichester. I do not know what factious men would have; but this I am sure of, that none of my predecessors ever did anything like this to gain the goodwill of their subjects. So much for religion. I must now acquaint you that by my Lord Treasurer's advice I have made a considerable retrenchment on my expenses in candles and charcoal, and do not intend to stick there, but, with your help, to look into the like embezelments of my dripping pans and Kitching Stuff, of which (by the way) on my conscience neither my Lord Treasurer nor my Lord Lauderdale are guilty; but if you should find them dabbling in that business I tell you plainly I leave them to you, for I would not have the world think I am a man to be cheated.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I would have you believe of me as you always found me; and I do solemnly profess that, whatever you

give me, it shall be managed with the same thrift, trust, conduct, and prudence and sincerity, that I have ever practised since my happy restoration."

This speech was printed and strewn about the House on the first day of Session, 13 April, 1675; and no one laughed more over it than Charles.

NOTE.—In the *Antiquary* for 1910 are interesting articles on the Embassies in this reign.

CHAPTER VIII

THE POPISH PLOT

"That Plot, the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse,
Raised in extremes, and in extremes decried,
With oaths affirmed, with dying vows denied,
Not weighed or winnowed by the multitude,
But swallowed in the mass, unchewed and crude;
Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies,
To please the fools and puzzle all the wise.
Succeeding time did equal folly call
Believing nothing, or believing all."

DRYDEN, *Abs. and Ach*, 106 *sqq.*

Titus Oates—Shaftesbury, the Whigs, and the Green Ribbon Club—Pope-burnings—The question of the succession—Fall of Danby—Charles and the plot—Temple's Privy Council—"King Monmouth"—Illness of Charles—Petitioners and Abhorrers—King at Oxford—Dissolution of Parliament, fall of Shaftesbury, and Whig plots—Charles absolute—Bruce's account of the King's last illness and death.

TITUS OATES "was a low Man, of an ill cut, very short neck; and his Visage and Features were most particular. His mouth was the Center of his Face, and a compass there would sweep his Nose, Forehead, and Chin within the Perimeter. *Cave quos Deus ipse notavit.*" His manner of speech was a peculiar harsh drawl, well represented in "Peveril of the Peak." After a thoroughly discreditable life, he now came forward with 81 charges against the Catholics, especially the Jesuits, accusing them of intention to fire the city, raise the Irish Catholics, conquer England by the

help of the Irish and French, kill all Protestants, and murder the King. This tale Oates and Teonge brought to Court, and also laid before Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, a well-known City magistrate. On Oates' evidence, Coleman, the Duke of York's secretary, was arrested, and treasonable papers were found in his possession. This strengthened Oates' credit and the general belief in the plot, at last so strong that one could have denied Christ with less danger than the plot. On the 17 October, 1678, Godfrey was found murdered in a ditch near Primrose Hill, and the popular indignation and excitement were fomented by the Whigs. Dr. Lloyd, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, preached his funeral sermon from the text, "Died Abner as a fool dieth?" While preaching, two clergymen supported him in the pulpit, as a kind of theatrical hint at possible violence. Before the funeral, Godfrey's body lay in state in the streets of London for two days, passed by a constant stream of excited citizens.[1]

Shaftesbury and his friends were the first to reorganize political opposition, in every direction and for all classes. In 1675 was founded the Green Ribbon Club, and by this means the people of London were controlled and incited in any desired direction by the Whig leaders.[2] "As to these tumults about burning the Pope, of which yet I have made but a general mention, it is not to be thought they could be carried on by a Faction disjointed, and acting separately, but rather that they were œconomised under some common Direction, as should prescribe Methods, and assign the Actors their Parts. This, in general, I have

[1] The Godfrey affair was mentioned on every public occasion, and in every possible way, until the ferment of the plot had died down. He was named in Prologues; his body, borne by a man attired as a Jesuit on a white horse, appeared in Pope-burning processions, and even on playing-cards; while a bookseller near Fleetbridge took "Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey's Head" as his sign, in 1681.

[2] A rival Tory club was formed at Warder within Ludgate, which included the Duke of Ormonde, the Recorders and most of the aldermen, and did great service, according to Ailesbury.

mentioned, as depending on the Earl of Shaftesbury, who either of himself, or derived from some Cabal superior to him, took the Presidentship of the factious Counsels at that time. But without penetrating so deep, we had a more visible Administration, mediate, as it were, between his Lordship, and the greater and lesser vulgar, who were to be the immediate Tools. And this was the Club called originally the *King's Head Club*. The Gentlemen of that worthy Society held their Evening Sessions continually at the "King's Head" Tavern over against the Inner Temple Gate. But upon occasion of the signal of a Green Ribbon, agreed to be worn in their Hats in the Days of *Street Engagements*, like the Coats of Arms of valiant knights of old, whereby all the Warriors of the Society might be distinguished, and not mistake Friends for Enemies, they were called also the Green Ribbon Club. Their Seat was in a sort of Carfour at *Chancery Lane End*, a Centre of Business and Company most proper for such Anglers of Fools. The House was double balconied in front, as may yet be seen, for the Clubsters to issue forth in fresco with Hats and no Perruques; Pipes in their Mouths, merry Faces, and diluted Throats, for Vocal Encouragement of the Canaglia below, at bonfires, on usual and unusual occasions. They admitted all Strangers that were confidingly introduced; for it was a main End of their institution to make Proselytes, especially of the raw estated Youth newly come to Town . . . The Conversation and ordinary Discourse of the Club was chiefly upon the Subject of Braveur in defending the Cause of Liberty and Property, and what every true Protestant and Englishman ought to venture and do, rather than be overrun with Popery and Slavery. There was much Recommendation of Silk Armour, and the Prudence of being provided with it, against the Time that Protestants were to be massacred. And accordingly there was abundance of those silken Back, Breast, and Potts, made and sold, that were pretended to be Pistol-Proof; in which any Man dressed up was as safe as in an House, for

it was impossible any could go to strike him for laughing: so ridiculous was the Figure, as they say, of Hogs in Armour. . . . This was Armour of Defence; but our Sparks were not altogether so tame as to carry their Provision no farther, for truly they intended to be Assailants on fair Occasion, and had, for that End, recommended to them also a certain Pocket Weapon, which, for its Design and Efficacy, had the honour to be called a *Protestant Flail.* It was for Street and Croud-work, and the Engine, lurking perdue in a Coat Pocket, might readily sally out to Execution; and so, by clearing a great Hall, or Piazza, or so, carry an Election by a choice way of polling, called *knocking down.* The Handle resembled a Farrier's Bloodstick, and the Fall was joined to the End by a strong nervous Ligature, that, in its swing, fell short of the Head and was made of *Lignum vitæ*, or rather, as the Poet termed it, *Mortis.*" Lady Shaftesbury carried a small pair of pistols in her muff, and persuaded other ladies to follow her example; while many worthy citizens went about their business wearing concealed daggers. Burnings of effigies of the Pope, and other unpopular persons, carried in procession through the street, also kept alive the popular excitement, and we hear of special burnings as early as 1673, when Mary of Modena was coming over to England. The 5 November and Queen Elizabeth's birthday were the special Pope-burning days. The Burning in Nov. 1677 had some original qualities: "Last Saturday y^e^ coronation of Q^n^ Elizabeth wase solomnised in y^e^ city w^th^ mighty bonefires & y^e^ burning of a most costly pope, caryed by four persons in divers habits, y^e^ effigies of two divels whispering in his eares, his belly filled full of live cats who squawled most hideously as soone as they felt the fire; the common saying all y^e^ while it wase y^e^ language of y^e^ Pope and y^e^ Divil in a dialogue betwixt them. A tierce of claret wase set out before ye Temple-gate for ye common people. Mr. Langhorne sath he is very confident ye pageantry cost 40 *li.*"

Shaftesbury, leader of the Whigs,[1] was by far the ablest man in England at this time, except the King, and he nearly overthrew him; but Charles still undercut him. He began political life as an officer in the King's army. He went over to the Rebels, eventually sat in the Barebones Parliament, was presented in the Privy Council list by Monk to the King, and for some time remained on the Court side, and was a member of the 1670 Cabal, when he intrigued in the cause of toleration. In 1673 he fell out of office as Lord Chancellor, and became head of the Opposition. Clever schemer and brilliant debater as Shaftesbury was, he was little more than *primus inter pares*, for the House of Lords at this time was at once more clever and more energetic than it has perhaps ever been since. Charles himself often entered incognito and stood by the fire, talking and laughing. Here he watched the progress of the great Exclusion debate, in November, 1680, heard the Duke of Monmouth vote for the Bill, and murmured, "the kiss of Judas"; and here he heard Halifax ironically doubt Danby's elevation to a marquisate, saying that it was not to be borne, if true; on which Charles said, "My God, how I am ill-treated; and I must bear it, and keep silence." Apparently, the first time Charles appeared in this way in the Upper House was in April, 1670. "The King, about 10 o'clock, took boat, with Lauderdale only and two ordinary attendants, and rowed a while as towards the bridge, and soon turned back to the Parliament Stairs and so went up into the House of Lords, and took his seat. Almost all of them were amazed, but all seemed so; and the Duke of York especially was very much surprised. Being sat, he told

[1] The Opposition were successively called True Blues, Birmingham Protestants, Petitioners, and Whigs; which last name was originally applied to the Scotch Covenanters, and has lived as a name for the Opposition. The names applied to the Loyalists were Yorkists, Tantivys, Irish, Wild Irish, Bog-Trotters, and *Tories*, the last originally being Catholic bandits who lay in wait for Englishmen among the Irish bogs.

them that it was a privilege he claimed from his ancestors to be present at their deliberations. That therefore they should not for his coming, interrupt their debates, but proceed, and be covered. They did so. . . . The King has ever since continued his session among them and says it is better than going to a play."

The Whigs desired to exclude James from succession to the throne, so put forward the Duke of Monmouth, more or less openly, in his place; the alternative to this scheme was the King's divorce and re-marriage with a Protestant wife. So in November, 1678, Oates swore to personal knowledge of a plot in which the Queen and Sir George Wakeman, her physician, had combined to kill the King. Once before Buckingham had contrived to suggest to Charles that the Queen should be kidnapped and shipped to Virginia, which proposal Charles rejected with horror, though Burnet hints that he listened more favourably to a scheme to persuade her to enter a nunnery, rendered abortive by the Queen's own decided refusal. Now again Charles defended his wife, and caused Oates to be imprisoned and his papers to be seized, though he was released to please the Commons. The imprisonment really made clear to him the limits of his license to accuse and slay, and was probably intended only for that purpose. It is about this time that "the Queen is now a mistress, the passion her spouse has for her is so great." "They think I have a mind to a new wife; but for all that I will not see an innocent woman abused." "She is a weak woman, and hath some disagreeable humours; but was not capable of a wicked thing; and considering my own faultiness to her in some things, I think it a horrid shame to abandon her." The Queen came to Newmarket in 1680, to be with the King, "pretending she can be nowhere safe but where the King is present to protect her."

Parliament was now afraid of the standing army, and insisted on its disbandment; and Danby fell, owing to the

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

JAMES II

FROM THE PAINTING BY KNELLER IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

discovery of the reason why the troops raised in March, 1678, at his instigation, against Louis, had never been used: he had, unwillingly and under the King's orders, sold the force's inactivity to Louis for £300,000. Louis now betrayed Danby to the House of Commons, through Montague, the English representative at Paris. Parliament voted Danby's imprisonment, and Charles dissolved them in January, 1679.

Meanwhile the trials for the Plot went on, and endured some time longer. Coleman was convicted and executed, and many others, mostly innocent men. At last, in July, 1679, Wakeman was acquitted, and Chief Justice Scroggs roundly abused Titus Oates: "You have taken a great confidence, I know not by what authority, to say anything of anybody."[1] The Catholics now plucked up heart, and tried to produce a Presbyterian conspiracy, called the Meal-tub Plot (from the place where the incriminating papers were found), in October, 1679, but its exposure renewed belief in their guilt. Lord Strafford and Archbishop Plunket were the last, and innocent, victims of the Plot Terror, in December, 1680, and the summer of 1681, respectively. The general attitude towards the plot is difficult to realize and justify nowadays. But the dangers which it suggested were more actually possible, and far more apparently possible, then than now. All witnesses and judges were infected either by terror or strong political bias; even Halifax and the King saw and said that though the plot was probably not true, "it must be handled as if it were so . . .; the notoriety of the fact is evidence enough of the plot." The King's attitude throughout was one of contempt and disbelief. When Kirkby first approached him in the Park on 13 August, 1678, and

[1] A great rebuff for Oates, who was the most powerful subject in the realm for some time, and one of the most popular, in a sense. Cf. the story of the lady in the *Spectator*, who had his picture on her fan, her handkerchief, and everywhere else possible, which, even if not true to fact, is certainly true to the spirit of the time.

slipped a note into his hand, asking that he might speak to him, the King read it and asked what he meant. "Sire, your enemies have a design against your life. Keep within the company, for I know not but you may be in danger in this very walk." "How may that be?" "By being shot at," said Kirkby, and asked that he might say more in a private place. Charles told him to wait in his closet, and quietly finished his walk. On the 20 October, 1678, he told Reresby that "he took it to be some artifice, and that he did not believe one word of the whole story." Compare the following story. The King, walking with Danby and Lord Cromarty up Constitution Hill into Hyde Park, met the Duke of York's coach: the Duke said he was greatly surprised to find His Majesty in that place, with so small an attendance, and that he thought His Majesty exposed himself to some danger. "No kind of danger, James; for I am sure no man in England will take away my life to make you King." On 21 November he said of Bedloe, "he was a rogue, and that he was satisfied he had given some false evidence, concerning the death of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey." Charles himself examined Oates on 29 September, 1678, at the Privy Council, and concluded by declaring him a "most lying knave." In November, 1680, the King, at the Duchess of Portsmouth's, was "very open as to the witnesses who were making out the Popish Plot, and proved to a demonstration, that many articles they had given in evidence were not only improbable, but quite impossible." "To my knowledge the King believed not one word of what was called Oates' plot. It may be asked, why did he sign dead warrants thereupon? The nation, by wicked artifices of a discarded minister, was then half distracted, and God knows what would have been the consequences of denying what they called for then—Justice; and the King used to say, 'Let the blood lie on them that condemned them, for God knows I sign with tears in my eyes.'" As a question of abstract right and wrong, the King's behaviour was very culpable; but it is a

hard thing to expect any King to lose his throne and perhaps his life on a question of abstract principle, when expediency points in the other direction; for he also said that blood was the quickest way of stilling the whole tumult. Dr. Airy has spoken of the King's having debauched the judgments of such persons as spoke for him at the time. Halifax's judgment agreed with the King's, and he was the last person to be "debauched" in any way by Charles; and Ailesbury was writing in 1740, when he had surely had time for reflection. Dr. Airy's indictment that the King was the original cause of the whole affair, is, however, patently true; he should never have suffered his affairs to get into such a state; but, given that state, it is asking a little too much of human nature to expect him to have acted otherwise.

The Whigs triumphed at the elections in February, 1679, and Royalist feeling in the House and country was at a low ebb. Luckily the Whig leaders quarrelled, instead of pressing on united, and therefore, in all likelihood, irresistible. Shaftesbury wished to exclude James altogether, Halifax to limit his powers as King. In the first Whig Parliament, March, 1679, and in May, the First Exclusion Bill was introduced. In April—July of this year Sir William Temple suggested a new Privy Council to the King, to be composed of thirty lords, taken from Whigs and Tories alike, and Shaftesbury was made President of the Council. Charles accepted his new advisers purely in a humorous spirit, and decided without them: "God'sfish, they have put a set of men about me, but they shall know nothing, and this keep to yourself." "I tell them nothing, and it will not be long before we shall part." And, indeed, soon after they all desired leave to retire from the Board, alleging that attending the Council was prejudicial to their affairs. The King's answer to them all was the same: "With all my heart." In July, Charles dissolved Parliament; in its short life it had passed the Habeas Corpus Act, owing to the tellers

counting one very fat lord as ten, and failing to correct this. The dissolution, of course, prevented the passing of the First Exclusion Bill. Charles had prorogued Parliament on 26 May, and remarked in the Queen's room in the evening: "I have just freed myself from the burden which weighed upon me. How they have deceived themselves if they imagined that want of money would force me to extremities. I shall find means to pay the fleet and manage economically; it will be difficult and uncomfortable for me, but I will submit to anything rather than endure the gentlemen of the Commons any longer."

In the summer of 1679 Monmouth came forward as the nominal head, but actual tool, of the Whigs. He was the reputed son and favourite of the King, though most probably the child of Colonel Robert Sidney (whom he resembled even to the wart on his face) and Lucy Walters, who left Sidney for the King in 1649. Though circumstances of time and resemblance were against the idea, the King treated the Duke as his own son, and always showed him especial favour, insomuch that James, who disliked him, used to call him "nephew," because he knew it so pleased the King. Monmouth was handsome, brave, and good-natured, but weak and inclined to many vices, and proved as wax in the hands of "the false Achithophel." He married the Countess of Buccleuch, and Charles writes to Madame on 20 April, 1663: "You must not by this post, expect a long letter from me, this being Jameses marriage day, and I am goeing to sup with them, where we intend to dance and see them abed together, but the ceremony shall stop there." In 1668 Monmouth visited the French Court, taking the following letter from the King to Madame: "Whithall, 14 Jan., 1668, I beleeve you may easily guesse that I am something concerned for this bearer, James [*Duke of Monmouth* added in red ink and a different hand], and therefore I put him into your handes to be directed by you in all thinges, and pray use that authority over him as you ought to do in kindness to me

which is all I shall say to you at this time, for I thinke he will not be so soone at Paris as the poste, and I have no more to trouble you with now, only to assure you that I am intierly yours, C. R." . . . "A thousand thankes for the care you take before-hand of James, . . . I do confesse I love him very well." . . . "I cannot thanke you eno' for your goodness and kindnesse to James." . . . "if he does faile in writting, I feare he takes a little after his father." . . . "He intends to put on a perriwig againe, when he comes to Paris, but I beleeve you will thinke him better farr, as I do, with his short haire. . . ." In 1670, Charles grants "a gracious pardon unto our dear sonne, James, Duke of Monmouth, of all Murders, Homicides and Felonyes, whatsoever at any time before y^e^ 28th day of Feb^ry^ last past, committed either by himselfe alone or together w^th^ any other person or persons." In 1674, Charles was pressed by Shaftesbury to declare Monmouth legitimate, but said that, "As well as he lov'd him, he had rather see him hang'd at Tyburn then own him as his legitimat Son."

Monmouth's spelling is certainly worse than that of most courtiers of the time, perhaps an example of his weak intellect. The following letter is dated from "the Camp nigh Renalls, the 29 June" [1679], when the Duke had been sent into Scotland to quell the Covenanters' rising, which he had already done, on the 22nd, at Bothwell Brig. "Mr. Ross has toled mee how mutch I am obliged to you for your kindness, w^h^ I am very sensible of and shall try to sho it upon all occasions. I will asur you the effects of your kindness will make me live within compas, for as long as I receave my money beforehand, I shall do it w^th^ a greaddell of easse. I wont trouble you w^th^ news becaus Mr. Aston will tell you all ther is. I will try to instrokt him all as well as I can. I wont trouble you no longer, only I doe asur you ther is nobody mor your humble servant than I am. Monmouth." The Duke returned home from Scotland "possessing the love and

commanding the armies of the two kingdoms." James of York was in Brussels, for Charles had sent him thither in March, 1679, owing to his unpopularity during the Plot. Charles' letter to his brother on the subject is characteristic: "Dear Brother, I have already given you my reasons at large why I would have you absent yourself for some time beyond the seas. As I am truly sorry for the occasion, so you may be sure that I shall never desire it longer than it will be absolutely necessary both for your good and my security. In the meantime, I think it proper to give it you under my hand that I expect this compliance from you, desiring it may be as soon as conveniently you can. You may easily believe with what trouble I write this to you, there being nothing I am more sensible of than the constant kindness you have had for me, and I hope you will be so just as to be as well assured that no absence nor anything else can ever change me from being truly and kindly yours, C. R."

Just at this moment Charles fell ill, August, 1679: "Last Wednesday his Ma^{y} play'd at tenis, and after y^{t} he had been in bed and rubb'd, he walked a long time by ye water side. Ye next day, he found himselfe indispos'd, and on Fryday morning he had a very great chillness and numness in all his limbs, especially his leggs and shoulders, and his head much indisposed and heavy. On Saturday he took some manna w^{ch} purged him 16 or 17 times. On Sunday he wase better, but on Monday morning he had a very ill fitt. Severall physicians sent for from hence. He wase blouded 12 oz., after w^{ch} he vomited, w^{ch} did affright ye physitians, and purg'd. But last night he rested very well, and wase well this morning." . . . "A Tuesday I was at Windsor. I saw ye King, who was then very weake. He has a Tertian ague, and has had four fits; the last was more gentle, yet held him from 9 on Tuesday night till noone yesterday." . . . "I writ to you as soon as my little brains were settled by hearing the King was much mended, and thanks be to God, does yet

continue; but I have the less comfort in it because his fits were put off like mine, by the Jesuit's powder,[1] and it was as necessary to give it to him as to me, for he was with two fits, weaker than I was with more. If all the trouble people have been in was out of kindness to him, never any king had so much, for it was to a distraction. I believe there is scarce anybody beyond Temple Bar that believes his distemper proceeded from anything but poison, and though as little like it as if he had fallen from a horse,[2] everybody is very desirous to have him come to town as soon as he is able; as yet he does not appear much inclined to it; yet one of our friends, he that is constantly there, you do not doubt, is very well in favour of it, and the other, who is much there, is so too. . . . If the Privy Councillors had not used their authority to keep the crowds out of the King's Chamber, he had been smothered; the bedchambermen could do nothing to hinder it."[3] When the King was first taken ill, all the doctors were away, and the King sent for Dr. Short, who happened to be in Windsor; some one remarked that he was a papist and therefore unfit to attend the King, to which Charles replied, hinting that Monmouth and his party would have him die. By 29 August the King had "exchanged water-

[1] Or "Jesuit's bark" = cinchona, *quinkinna* (Burnet, ij. 242) or quinine.

[2] Poison was always suspected at that time, if the cause or nature of an illness was doubtful: cf. deaths of Madame, Lady Denham, and Charles II.

[3] Dowager Lady Sunderland to Henry Sidney, 2 September, 1679 (Diary i.), and cf. Lady N.-N. *Cavalier and Puritan*, p. 60. News-letter of 1678 (?) to Sir Richard Newdegate, Jr.: "His Ma^ty^ having been Hawking in Bucks., returned to Windsor and walking part of the way in his boots, it put him in a great heat, so that at his coming to Windsor, he found himself afflicted with a pain at his stomach, which with some cold he had that day taken, took away his stomach, so that he eat not Supper, and was that Night very restless." [King refused bleeding next day, but took a dose of manna and became a little better. Then his fever returned and three doctors were sent for, who again prescribed bleeding, which the King took.] "At 8 o'clock his Maj. vomited 2 or 3 times, but was very cheerful. . . . There's a great resort of Lords and great persons, but the Lord Chamberlain is ordered to admit but few, the K.'s Bedchamber being so little that the Company is offensive to him."

gruels and potions for mutton and partridges, on which he feeds frequently and heartily." The Triumvirate, Essex, Halifax, and Sunderland, sent for James, who came over in disguise, post-haste, to his brother's death-bed; but was greeted on arrival by a cheerful and apparently surprised convalescent. On recovering, the King sent Monmouth to Holland and James to Scotland.

The second Whig Parliament was almost immediately prorogued from October, 1679—October, 1680. In November, 1679, the Pope-burning processions became more violent than ever, with the effigy of Godfrey, and the catch-verse:

> "Your Popish Plot and Smithfield threat
> We do not fear at all;
> For see beneath Queen Bess's feet,
> You fall, you fall, you fall."

In November, 1679, Monmouth returned without leave, and London went mad with delight at the "Protestant Duke's" arrival: "You must needs hear of the abominable disorders amongst us, calling all the women whores, and the men rogues in the playhouses, throwing candles and links, calling my Lord Sunderland traitor, but in good company; the Duke, rascal; and all ended in 'God bless his Highness, the Duke of Monmouth, we will be for him against all the world.' I am told they may be fined a great deal if they are prosecuted." . . . "The King hath a New mistress, Lord R[ane]s daughter. She brought the Duke of Monmouth to the King; he resolves to take up arms in case the King dies, for he will conclude him murdered." In 1680, Monmouth went on a progress through the West, and struck the bâton sinister from his arms, while his party spread the story of the Black Box containing the marriage contract between Charles and Lucy Walters. In May, 1680, the King fell ill again: "We have been all sadly alarmed with the King's being sick, but he is now very well again, and I hope will

continue so, if he can be kept from fishing when a dog would not be abroad."

From December, 1679, onwards the Whigs sent up constant petitions to the King to call Parliament together, while from February, 1680, the Tories sent up counter-addresses in abhorrence of the petitions, whence the respective parties were for the time called Petitioners and Abhorrers. The King, though not in his usual spirits, had ready remarks to various petitioners; to the Wiltshire gentlemen: "You would not take it well I should meddle with your affairs, and I desire you will not meddle with mine;" to the Berkshire squires: "We will argue the matter over a cup of ale when we meet at Windsor, though I wonder my neighbours should meddle with my business;" one who presented him the petition of Taunton, being asked how he dared to do so, gave the King a rebuff: "Sire, my name is Dare." The general feeling of the Commons at the time is easily traceable in the following story: "When [the petition] for Wiltshire was on foot, they came to Michael Wise, the Organist of Salisbury Cathedral, who had a great deal of wit and good humour; and presenting the petition to him for to sign, he answered: 'I understand nothing but music, and if you please I will set a tune to it, and that is all I can do for your service.' And the Parliament sitting some months after, it was with difficulty that this man got off well, in so fiery a temper the House of Commons was in then."

Owing to the violence and direct attacks of the Whigs, the Duchess of Portsmouth, and Lords Sunderland and Essex deserted to that party, while Halifax remained on the King's side, and in November, 1680, after the meeting of Parliament, spoke almost alone in the Lords against the Exclusion Bill, which had past the Commons; its rejection caused fresh fury among the Opposition, and the execution of Stafford was a sop to them and to the people. The second Whig Parliament was dissolved in January,

1681, and in March the third Whig Parliament met at Oxford, whither the King had astutely summoned them, away from the Whig stronghold of London, to one of his own loyal cities. The Whig members rode into Oxford with troops of armed supporters, gay with blue satin ribbons and streamers in their hats, with the legend "No Popery, No Slavery;" while the Tory squires accompanied the King, crying at his coach window, "The devil hang up all Roundheads," while the undergraduates cheered and made bonfires for "Charles the Great," or pressed to the city gates with the townsfolk, to meet the incoming Whigs, with cries of "Make ready! stand back! Knock 'em down! Knock 'em down!" all wearing red ribbons. The King and his Life Guards lodged in Christ Church, the Whig Lords in Balliol—for an exorbitant rent. Colledge, the "Protestant joiner," came down to Oxford, and helped to distribute libellous pictures and rimes. "There was one picture graven making the King with a raree-show box at his back, which was a type of the Parliament, and this raree-show and his box was to be pulled into the ditch and be drowned. Another had the Church of England, with several men booted and spurred riding in the rigging, which were the Tories and Tantivies riding the Church to Rome. And the Duke was made half Irishman and half Devil, the latter part setting fire to London; and apt songs were fitted to these exquisite pieces of wit which this sanctified crue used over their cups . . . to troll in scurvy tunes, and all come in at the chorus." The King opened session on the 21st by a fine speech, which contained the remark: "I, who will never use arbitrary government myself, am resolved not to suffer it in others." He offered to banish James and make William or Mary regent; but the Commons would have nothing but Exclusion and Monmouth, relying on the King's apparent lack of money, which, they thought, would force him to yield. On the 24th, in the Upper House, Shaftesbury talked with the King, trying to make him declare

Monmouth his successor; the King replied: "My Lord, let there be no self-delusion. I will never yield, and will not let myself be intimidated. . . . I have law and reason on my side. Good men will be with me. There is the Church, which will remain united with me. Believe me, my Lord, we shall not be divided." Charles was strong in three years' supply of money from Louis, and acted accordingly. The Commons passed the Exclusion Bill again, sitting in the Convocation House; the King meanwhile took great personal interest in making the Sheldonian Theatre comfortable for their reception. On the 28th he came to the Lords, sitting in the Geometry School, in a sedan chair, closely followed by another with drawn curtains. The Commons were summoned to the Lords, and struggled in, and stood, a close-packed crowd, to see Charles in the state robes (the contents of the second chair) and to hear him say: "My Lords and Gentlemen, that all the world may see to what a point we are come, that we are not like to have a good end, when the divisions at the beginning are such, therefore, my Lord Chancellor, do as I have commanded you." Finch then declared Parliament dissolved, and Charles left the throne. The Whigs filed out with "dreadful faces and loud sighs," as Bruce says; and when he joined the King in the unrobing room, "with a most pleasing and cheerful countenance he touched me on the shoulder; with this expression, 'I am now a better man than you were a quarter of an hour since; you had better have one king than five hundred.'" Charles had sent his coach on the night before on the road to Windsor, and now rode off to join it, while the Whigs fled, fearing the King would send his guards "to pull them out by the ears; and in spite of all Shaftesbury's efforts to rally his men, the whole party fled madly to their homes, as from a city besieged, the price of horses doubling in a quarter of an hour. The Tory party now rallied, and became so enthusiastic and adulatory, that it was said that while the Whig Petitioners spat in the King's face, the Tory

addressers spat in his mouth. James' popularity rivalled that of his brother. Under the ministry of Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, the Whigs and Dissenters came in for persecution and a life of terror; and Shaftesbury was impeached of high treason. On 17 November, 1681, appeared Dryden's "Absalom and Achithophel," summing up the political situation of the past few years.

When the Whig jury in London threw out the Bill against Shaftesbury, on 24 November, the city went mad with joy, and a medal was struck, bearing the sun shining through a cloud, with the legend "Letamur." Dryden was bidden write a poem on the subject by Charles himself, when walking with him in the Park: "If I was a poet, and I think I am poor enough to be one, I would write a poem on such a subject in the following manner." Dryden took the hint and received one hundred broad pieces for the poem of the "Medal." This piece called forth Shadwell's savage and scurrilous counterblast, "The Medal of John Bayes," which Dryden answered by "MacFlecknoe" and the portrait of Og in the Second Part of "Absalom and Achithophel."

The Whig leaders, alarmed at the Tory re-action, hatched the Insurrection and Assassination Plots, in August–October, 1682, the nature of which conspiracies is sufficiently shown by their names; their power in the country, however, was almost nothing, their own counsels were wrangling and confused, being made up of such different people as Shaftesbury, Monmouth, Essex, Russell, Sidney, Hampden, Howard of Escrick, and the old Cromwellians Rumbold and Rumsey. Shaftesbury fled to Holland in November, 1682, and died there in January, 1683. Dryden's last mention of him is the indecent abuse in "Albion and Albanius" (1685), where Sedition appears as "a man with a long, lean, pale face, with fiend's wings, and snakes twisted round his body, accompanied by several fanatical rebellious heads, who suck poison from him, which runs out of a tap in his side." Yet he allows

Shaftesbury to have been an upright and incorrupt judge: and modern criticism has decided that he was also something of a patriot.

The rest of the Whig chiefs decided on attempting to kill the King, at Rye House, as he returned from Newmarket, which he always did on a Saturday; "The Rye House is just beyond Hoddesden, where the last relay of horses and guards attended the King's arrival, and his Majesty loving to go fast on the road, the guards at the latter end of a stage, trained behind and kept not in a body"; but the King did not come on the day appointed, the plot was betrayed in June, 1683, to the King. Russell and Sidney were convicted and executed, Essex cut his throat in the Tower, and Monmouth was secretly pardoned. Will Legge entreated the King to pardon Russell, alleging many good reasons. Charles replied: "All that is true; but it is as true, that if I do not take his life, he will soon have mine." Sir Henry Capel, Essex's brother, "waited on the King, and was so weak as to ask leave to go into mourning for his brother. The King in a despising way rather muttered out, 'You may do as you please.'" Ailesbury pleased Charles by neatly evading the responsibility of taking Monmouth, who had fled; and he tells the story of the Duke's reconciliation to the King at Mrs. Croft's house; "and returning from Mrs. Croft's wrapt up in a cloak, Colonel Griffin (since Lord) espied him in a passage, and went up to the King hastily and out of breath, and told him the Duke of Monmouth was in the Court, and that if guards were sent they might easily take him. The King answered, with a disdainful look: 'You are a fool; James is at Brussels.' He was never in the King's graces, but after that officiousness, he could never bear the sight of him."

After the deaths of the chief conspirators, the Whig opposition ceased, never to revive till James II's reign. Local self-government was abolished, and every place of responsibility throughout the kingdom filled with King's

men ; and for the rest of his life Charles ruled peacefully without a Parliament, having attained his desire of absolute rule, based on a standing army, and the financial help of France, though also on Anglicanism and persecution of Dissent. For the rest of his reign, James, Rochester, Barillon, and the Duchess of Portsmouth managed affairs, opposed continually, though for some time ineffectually, by Halifax. Charles rested from his strenuous political labours, and sauntered in his inimitable way, to all appearances, though meditating and in part carrying out, many reforms, both private and public; at least, according to Ailesbury, who spoke what he believed to be the truth. "He was pleased to tell me in 1684, that at Easter 1685, he should be able to pay the Civil List and the arrears. It is understood that the Guards and Garrison and the Navy were duly paid. And that if God gave him life, his next study would be in a very short time, to pay the Bankers' debts. 'Which, God knows,' said the King, 'lies so much at my heart, and God forgive those vile persons that were the cause of that false step I made, to give it no worse a term.'[1] He went on: 'If I once accomplish that, I shall be most happy ; and after that, by degrees, I will take into consideration the most crying debts of that glorious Martyr, the King my Father.' I cannot repeat every individual word, but this is the substance of what he told me, and ended that he knew but too well what it was to want money. 'I will have by me a hundred thousand guineas in my strong box.' I have been told there was found at his death about sixty thousand pounds. . . . 'I would have every one live under his own vine and fig-tree. Give me my just prerogative, and for subsidies, I will never ask more, unless I and the nation

[1] Charles said to Shaftesbury's face that he had been one of the first to advise him to close the Exchequer ; in 1672, Shaftesbury absolutely denied this, and all the weight of evidence is in the Earl's favour, though Burnet (i. 550) agrees with Charles. It is possible that the King's speech, as reported by Bruce, refers to other measures, and not that of the Exchequer.

should be so unhappy as to have a war on our hands ; and that at most may be one summer's business at sea." One of the things which occupied Charles during the last months of his life was the building of his new palace at Winchester ; and of it he said to Ailesbury : " God'sfish, modesty must sooner or later be rewarded, and when 'tis otherwise, 'tis the fault of the sovereign, and not of the subject, I will order John [= the Earl of Bath] to put you into waiting the first time I go thither, and although it be not your turn, that I may show you the place I delight so in ; and I shall be so happy this week as to have my house covered with lead." This was Sunday night, and the Saturday following he was embalmed. The King's palace at Winchester recalls his hunting-lodge at Newmarket, built by Sir Christopher Wren ; while the King was inspecting it, he said, " the rooms were too low." Sir Christopher, a little man, walked round them looking up and about them, and said : " I think, an it please your Majesty, they are high enough." Charles then stooped to his architect's height, and walking about thus, replied : " Ay, Sir Christopher, I think they are high enough." One of the last glimpses of the King before his death is given by Evelyn : " I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and prophaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were totall forgetfullnesse of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'nnight I was witnesse of the King sitting and toying etc., his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, with a French boy singing love songs, in that glorious gallery, whilst about 20 of the greate courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000 in gold before them upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust." In February, 1685, the King was taken with his last illness, the various reports of which are so contradictory that I shall be somewhat detailed in discussing the matter. In January, 1685, the King was suffering from a sore in

his leg,[1] "which looked like the gout," and this prevented him going out much, so that he spent much time in his laboratory, running a process for the fixation of mercury. When he took the air, it was in a *calèche*, when Bruce had the honour to attend him; and Bruce shall tell the rest of the story, as far as possible, in his own words. "On Sunday I desired my father that he would attend the King's supper, which he seldom or never did, by reason he lived at St. John's, Clerkenwell. The King immediately spoke to him: 'It is a great wonder, my lord, for to see you at this hour, but I know very well the reason I never see you; but I am ashamed that I have not given you more marks of my favour. But I will make it up to your son; he is now about me, and we shall never part!' It is not to be expressed the transport of joy my father was in, and the old courtiers assured me that they never saw the King so well, nor in so good a humour. He did eat with an excellent stomach, and one thing very hard of digestion—a goose egg, if not two. He had an habitual custom to go afterwards to the Duchess of Portsmouth's for to amuse himself with the company that ate there, for of late years it was only with that intent, and I have good reasons to believe that he was seeking by degrees to have her retire. After I had supped I found him there, and in the most charming humour possible. . . . When we come to the district of the bedchamber, I by my office was to light him to the bedchamber door, and giving the candle to the page of the backstairs it went out, though a very large wax candle and without any wind. The page of the backstairs was more superstitious, for he

[1] Lord Lansdowne (*Wks.*, ij. 260) says, a running sore in the leg, and that the King hastened his own death by treating it with quack medicines (Burnet, ij. 456, n. 1). Bruce says: "A small sore on one heel." Burnet remarks that "All this winter the King looked better than he had done for many years," and calls the sore "a humour" (ij. 454), and says later: "he came to Ly. P.'s at night, and called for a porringer of spoon meat. It was made too strong for his stomach. So he eat little of it, and he had an unquiet night" (p. 456).

looked on me, shaking his head. The King always lying in his own bedchamber, we had a bed placed each night to be near him, and when the page of the backstairs lighted us from the room where we undressed, on his retiring we shut up the door on the inside with a brass knob, and so went to bed. Several circumstances made the lodging very uneasy—the great grate being filled with Scotch coal that burnt all night, a dozen dogs that came to our bed, and several pendulums that struck at the half, quarter, and all not going alike, it was a continual chiming. The King being constantly used to it, it was habitual. I sleeping but indifferently, perceived that the King turned himself sometimes, not usual for him; he always called in the morning of himself; I heard his voice, but discovered not any imperfection.[1] We had the liberty to go to his bedside in the morning before anybody came in, and might entertain him with discourse at pleasure, and ask of him anything. Unfortunately a certain modesty possessed me,[2] and besides we had his ear whenever we pleased. So I arose and turned back the brass knob, and the under ones came in to make the fire, and I retired to dress myself in our room. Passing by in the next room to the bed-chamber, I found there the physicians and chirurgeons that attended to visit his heel. Mr. Robert Howard,[3] a Groom of the Bedchamber, came to me and asked me how the King had slept, and if quietly. I told him that he had turned sometimes. "Lord!" said he, "that is an ill mark, and contrary to his custom!" and then told me that at rising he could not, or would not, say one word,[4] that he was as pale as ashes, and gone to his private closet. On which I came away presently and sent in Mr. Chiffins, the first page of the backstairs, and keeper

[1] Bruce may have been too sleepy at that moment.

[2] *I.e.* or else I might have seen at once that he was ill.

[3] Called "*Thom* Howard by Lyttelton (cf. over).

[4] In this interval, perhaps, Dr. King first saw him and spoke to him, and being disturbed by the King's broken discourse, went out and told Lord Peterborough, who told him to go in again (Burnet, ij. 456).

of his closet, for to beg of him to come to his chamber, for a more bitter morning I never felt, and he only in his nightgown. Mr. Chiffins telling me he minded not what he said, I sent him in again (for no other had that liberty), on which he came out pale and wan, and had not the liberty of his tongue, for the Earl of Craven, Colonel of the Footguards, being there to take the word, he showed him the paper where the days of the month were set down with the word; and others spoke to him, but he answered nothing. It being shaving day, his barber told him all was ready. He always sat with his knees against the window, and the barber having fixed the linen on one side, went behind the chair to do the same on the other, and I standing close to the chair, he fell into my arms in the most violent fit of apoplexy. Dr. King, and he had been a chirurgeon, happened to be in the room of his own accord, the rest having retired before. I asked him if he had any lancets, and he replying he had, I ordered him to bleed the King without delay, which he did;[1] and perceiving the blood, I went to fetch the Duke of York, who came so on the instant that he had one shoe and one slipper. At my return with the Duke, the King was in bed, and in a pretty good state, and on going on the contrary side [to] where the Duke was, he perceiving me, took me fast by the hand, saying: 'I see you love me dying

[1] Cf. Sir Chas. Lyttelton to Chas. Hatton, 3 February, 1685: "Yesterday as the King was dressing [Monday 2 February], he was seized with a convulsion fit and *gave a great scream and fell into his chair*. Dr. King happening to be present, with great judgement and courage (though he be not his sworn physician) *without other advice*, immediately let him blood himself . . . he went into his closset in his goune, and stayed *half an hower* alone, and *Thom Howard desired Will Chiffing to goe to him*, but he would not let him come in, and as soon as he came out, the convulsion seized him. . . . The physicians conclude the sore on his heele was ye goute and the applying plasters to it repelled ye humour to his head." [I have *italicized* words which supply gaps in, or contradict, Bruce.] Evelyn notes that Dr. King must have a regular pardon granted him, as he did not wait for some sworn doctor's advice. King was voted £1000 by the Privy Council, which, however, was never paid him. Burnet says of the fit: "he looked black, and his eyes turned in his head" (ij. 456).

as well as living,' and thanked me heartily for the orders I gave Dr. King (who was knighted for that service) to bleed him, as also for sending Mr. Chiffins to persuade him to come out of his closet; and then told me that he found himself not well, and that he went to take some of his drops commonly called the "King's Drops," and that he walked about hoping to be better, but on my solicitations he came down (for there were three or four steps coming out of the closet), and he said that coming down his head turned round and he was in danger of falling. I have been so prolix in this account, by reason it hath been so maliciously and with malignine industry spread about, that the King had been poisoned; and those inventing devils would have brought me into the knowledge of it; and on the Monday the King was seemingly recovered by that bleeding. The whole town and city sung my praises for being the sole instrument by the orders I gave Dr. King, and so little must one regard what they call the cry of the people. The Queen came forthwith to the King[1] and her concern and deportment was beyond what I can describe. He continued so well on Tuesday,[2] the next day, that the messengers were sent into every county for to carry the happy news; but God knows the joy was not lasting, for on Wednesday in the evening he fell into a cold sweat, and the physicians declared that he was in imminent danger."[3] On Thursday "about noone, the physitians

[1] Bruce, in a letter printed in the *European Magazine*, xxvij. 22, says that when he and the Duke of York returned, "we found the Queen there, and the impostor says it was the Duchess of Portsmouth." The King's first words on recovering consciousness on Monday are said to have been to ask for the Queen. (Ellis, *Original Letters*, No. 382, vol. iij. p. 337.)

[2] Evelyn (ij. 442) says: "He still complain'd, and was relapsing, often fainting, with sometimes epileptic symptoms, till Wednesday, for which he was cupp'd, let blood in both jugulars, had both vomit and purges, w^ch^ so reliev'd him that on Thursday hopes of recovery were signified in the public Gazette. . . ."

[3] Sir Chas. Lyttelton says that at 8 o'clock on Wednesday evening the disease seemed to have fallen on the King's lungs, "which makes him labor to breath, and I see nothing but sad lookes come out from him."

thought him feaverish. This they seemed glad of, as being more easily allay'd and methodically dealt with than his former fit; so they prescrib'd the famous Jesuits' powder; but it made him worse, and some very able doctors who were present did not think it a fever, but the effect of his frequent bleeding and other sharp operations us'd by them about his head, so that probably the powder might stop the circulation and renew his former fits, which now made him very weak."[1] The "sharp operations" amounted to horrible tortures, which the King had to undergo through the anxious ignorance of his doctors. Cantharides plasters were applied to his head, shoulders, arms, and legs; hot pans were applied to his head; strong spirits, and the "antimonial cup" were given him, besides the remedies already mentioned. After this treatment, the statement of Lyttelton that "he was not dead" seems surprising, though it is extremely probable that "he expressed great sense by his groanes all y^e^ time."[2] The day after the stroke (Tuesday) the plasters were all taken off, except that on his head, and his mouth and tongue and throat became very much inflamed on the Thursday "with y^e^ hot mediums, which is y^e^ cause he has bine twice let blood since noone; but the 2nd time was because y^e^ first was unsuccessful; and he bled not above two ounces, which was by Pierce; y^e^ second time by Hols, and then he bled nine ounces. The phizicians were with Councill this afternoon, and told them they beleeved his Majesty in a condition of safety."[3] "On Thursday, that great and pious prelate, Sandcroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops in toun,[4] came to offer him their spiritual service. The

[1] Evelyn, ij. 442.

[2] Luttrell tells us: he had every night since his illness four physicians and two chirurgeons satt up with him, and was also attended in like manner in the day-time, who applied such things as they thought fitting. (*Brief Relation*, i.)

[3] Lyttleton, *ut supra*: Burnet, ij. 458, says: "On Thursday the physicians told the duke the King was not like to live a day to an end." This would be later.

[4] According to Evelyn, the Bishops of London, Durham, Ely, and Bath and Wells. James II. says, two Bishops.

Archbishop was of a timid temper and had a low voice, and Bishop Ken the contrary, and like to a nightingale for the sweetness of it, so he was desired by the rest to persuade the King to hearken to them. The King thanked them very much, and told them that it was time enough or somewhat to that purpose, and modestly waived them, which was in my hearing." About this time the King complained that he felt as if a fire were burning within him, and the sight of his sufferings so much afflicted the Queen, that she had to be taken fainting to her room. "The Bishops reading the prayers appointed in the Common Prayer Book on that occasion, when they came to the place where usually they exhort a sick person to make a confession of his sins, the Bishop of Bath and Wells . . . advertized him, *It was not of obligation;* and after a short exhortation asked him if he was sorry for his sins? which the King saying he was, the Bishop pronounced the Absolution, and then asked him if he pleased to receive the Sacrament? to which the King made no reply, and being pressed by the Bishop several times, gave no other answer, but that it was time enough, or that he would think of it."[1] Meanwhile the Duchess of Portsmouth had been talking to the French Ambassador Barillon, to this effect: "M. l'ambassadeur, I have come to tell you the greatest possible secret, and if it were known, I should lose my head. The King of England at the bottom of his heart is a Catholic, but he is surrounded with Protestant Bishops, and no one tells him of his condition or speaks to him of God. I can no longer enter his room with any decency, especially as the queen is there almost constantly. M. le duc d'York thinks of his own business, and has too much of it, to be as careful as he ought to be of the King's conscience. Go and say that I have implored you to tell him to think of what can be done

[1] Clarke's *James II.*

[2] Burnet (followed by Macaulay), ij. 457: "Lady Portsmouth sat in the bed, taking care of him as a wife of a husband." (Almost certainly untrue.)

to save the King his brother's soul."[1] And now Barillon entered the King's room, took the Duke of York aside, and delivered the Duchess' message. The Duke, commanding the crowd to stand aloof, whispered to Charles, who replied audibly: "Yes, yes, with all my heart." "Shall I bring a priest?" "Do, brother, for God's sake, do, and lose no time. But no; you will get into trouble." "If it costs me my life, I will fetch a priest."[2] At length, after some fruitless errands and consequent delay, Chiffinch brought Father Huddleston, disguised in a cloak and periwig, up the backstairs; "and as soon as he had prepared everything that was necessary, the duke whispered the King in the ear." Upon that[3] "the King commanded them all to retire out of the room, telling them that he had something to communicate to his brother."[4] All retired except the Earls of Bath and Feversham.[5] "As soon as the King saw the Father come in, he cried out: 'You that saved my body is now come to save my soul!'"[6] This is literally true on a Christian. I have my opinions to myself, but I hate a lie and to impose." The King "proceeded to make a confession of his whole life with exceeding tenderness of heart, and pronounced an act of contrition with great piety and compunction; in this he spent about an hour,[7] and having desired to receive all the succours fit for a dying man, he continued making pious ejaculations, and frequently lifting up his hands, cried: "Mercy, sweet Jesus, mercy," till the priest was ready to give him extreme

[1] Forneron, *Louise de Kerouaille*, pp. 123–4 (Fr. ed.).

[2] Macaulay, i.

[3] Burnet, ij. 45–8: Macaulay, i.

[4] Ham's *Chas.* ij.; ij. 391. Letter of Aprice a priest, quoted in Burnet, ij. 458, n. 2.

[5] Burnet, ij. 458: Ailesbury. Macpherson (i. 421) says that the Earl of Bath and Capt. Trevannion of the Guards were the only persons present besides the Duke.

[6] Burnet (ij. 459): "It was given out that the King said to Huddleston, that he had saved him twice, first his body, now his soul."

[7] Burnet (ij. 458): "The company was kept out half an hour;" but he wishes to show that the last rites were perfunctorily performed.

unction ; the blessed Sacrament being come by that time this was ended,[1] he asked his Majesty if he desired to receive it? who answered, He did, most earnestly, if he thought him worthy of it. Accordingly, the priest after some further preparations going about to give it him, he raised himself up, and said: "Let me meet my heavenly Lord in a better posture than lying on my bed;" but being desired not to discompose himself, he recited the act of contrition, and then received with great piety and devotion,"[2] though he found so much difficulty in swallowing the Host, that the double-locked chamber-door had to be opened and water got[3]: "after which Father Huddleston making him a short exhortation, left him in so much peace of mind that he looked approaching death in the face with all imaginable tranquillity and Christian resolution. The company being then called in again,[4] His Majesty expressed the greatest kindness and tenderness for the Duke that could possibly be conceived ; he owned in the most public manner the sense he had of his brotherly affection during the whole course of his life, and particularly in this last action ; he commended his great submission and constant obedience to all his commands, and asked him pardon aloud for the rigorous treatment he had so long exercised his patience with; all which he said in so affecting a manner, as drew floods of tears from all that were present ; he spoke most tenderly to the Queen too";[5] and now the Dukes of

[1] Higgons, *Remarks*, 280, says that the Host was brought from Somerset House Chapel. Burnet (ij. 458) says Huddleston brought it with him, having gone to another priest living at eourt [some said the Portuguese ambassador's chaplain], who gave him the pix with an hostie in it; but that the poor priest was so frighted, that he ran out of Whitehall in such haste that he struck against a post, and seemed to be in a fit of madness with fear." (James' account is more likely.)

[2] James II.

[3] Burnet, ij. 459.

[4] Burnet places the exhortations of Ken and the others here; and adds the King's remark that "he hoped he should climb up to heaven's gate" (ij. 461).

[5] James II.

Grafton, Southampton, Northumberland, St. Albans, and Richmond, were brought in, and Charles blessed them, recommended the Duchess of Portsmouth "over and over again" and her son to the Duke of York, and said, "Do not let poor Nelly starve"[1]; "in fine he left nothing unsaid or undone, that so small a time would allow either to reconcile himself with God, or to make satisfaction to those he had injured upon earth, disposing himself with the piety and unconcernedness becoming a Christian, and the resolution becoming a King."[2] When the King blessed his children, "some that were in the room cried out, that the King was their common father, and upon that, all kneeled down for his blessing, which he gave them."[3] "He gave his breeches and keys to the Duke, who was almost continually kneeling by his bed-side, and in teares."[4] In the last hours, the Queen became too exhausted to attend him, and sent to ask pardon for any offence she might unwittingly have given her husband: "She ask my pardon, poor woman!" said Charles; "I ask hers with all my heart."[5] "Thus he passed Thursday night with greate difficulty, when complaining of a pain in the side, they drew 12 ounces more of blood from him; this was by six in the morning on Friday, and it gave him reliefe, but it did not continue, for being now in much paine, and strugling for breath, he lay dozing."[6] At intervals during the last hours the King bade the attendants draw back the curtains, that he might have one more look at the day. He also said that it was time to wind up a clock that stood near his bed; and finally: "He had been a most unconscionable time a-dying, but he hoped

[1] Cunningham, p. 182. Evelyn, ij. 444. Cf. Burnet, who says that Ken commended the Duke of Richmond to the King. He also remarks on the "calm and constancy" of the King in his last hours (ij. 459).

[2] James II.

[3] Burnet, ij. 460.

[4] Evelyn, ij. 444.

[5] Burnet, ij. 457, n. 1. Ellis, *Original Letters*, iij. 337. Cunningham, p. 195.

[6] Evelyn, ij. 442.

CHARLES II

FROM THE MINIATURE BY SAMUEL COOPER IN THE WALLACE COLLECTION

they would excuse it."[1] Soon after, his senses began to fail him, and he lay unconscious and breathing stertorously; and "just at high water and full moon at noon he expired, and though I bore, and according to my duty, all high duty and respect towards his royal successor, I must say that thus ended my happy days at a Court, and to this hour I bewail my loss, that of the three kingdoms. God's will be done on earth as in heaven!"[2] So Sir John Reresby speaks of his "great and good master—who is gone";[3] and North says of the time: "We walked about like ghosts, generally to and from Whitehall. We met few persons without passion in their eyes, as we also had. We thought of no concerns, public or private, but were contented to live and breathe as if we had nought else to do but to expect the issue of this grand crisis.[4]" There was a *post-mortem* examination of the King's body, and general suspicion at the time inclined towards poison as the cause of his death. His funeral was quiet and ordinary, owing to the King's dying in the Catholic religion, but all the Privy Council, all the household, and all the Lords about town attended at the funeral, the great officers breaking their staves over the grave, which was in a vault under Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster, on the night of 14 February, 1685.[5]

[1] Cunningham p. 125. Macaulay, i.
[2] Ailesbury, pp. 87–91.
[3] Reresby.
[4] North, *Autobiography*.
[5] James II, ij. 6, and Evelyn, ij. 449.

CHAPTER IX

THE COURT

"A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time."
DRYDEN, *Secular Masque*, ll. 39-40.

A week in a courtier's life—The great men at Court—James, Duke of York—Henry, Duke of Gloucester—The Duke of Buckingham—The Duke of Lauderdale—The Earl of Rochester and Sir Charles Sedley—Earl of Dorset—"Mob of Gentlemen"—Prince Rupert—Duke and Duchess of Newcastle—Two Duchesses of York—Barbara Palmer—Anne Fitzroy—Duchess Mazarin—Louise de Keroüalle—Nell Gwyn—Character of Charles II.

BEFORE considering the separate persons of the Court, a week in a courtier's life may be an interesting study. "This morning we awake about 8 o'clock and have a cup of chocolate before rising at 9. We are then attended by our valet and barber, and after the duties of the toilet, read and answer some *billet-doux*. After this pleasant task, we stroll out to Whitehall Gardens, and meet our friends in idle gossip about the great sun-dial; as we stand here, a dark and formal man, wearing a black lozenge of plaster across his nose, walks by, bowing distantly to some of our group. This is Henry Bennet, Lord Arlington, whom we have seen before in Cöln and Spain, and his grandeeship has in truth the right Spanish air of gravity, concealing, as some say, but little brains. The first newcomer to join our company is my Lord Duke of Buckingham, hot and flushed from his elaboratory, where he seeks the *elixir vitæ* and the *aurum potabile*. His

head is full of a new scheme for fixing mercury, a new amour, and a new way of burning muscadel, all of which he pours forth to us at once. Presently, most of us turn towards S. James' Park, when we see the King sauntering along to meet us, accompanied by a train of little dogs, and wearing a coat much behind the fashion. After our first respectful greeting, he begins a conversation with Sedley and Buckingham, in which he soon manages to include us all, and it is a merry company that enters the Park. His Majesty proposes a game of Pall-Mall, so we all proceed to the Mall, not altogether willingly, for the morning is warm still, when we gain the smoothly-gravelled walk, we have the pleasure of seeing some very good play by the King, Buckingham, and Bab May.

"Bab ventures to suggest to His Majesty that we should go to the water-fowl, as in his capacity of keeper, he is a little anxious about the health of some new arrivals, a fine goose and gander from the River Gambo in the East Indies. So we stroll along by the canal where we skated last winter,—those of us at least who learnt the art during our exile in Holland,—and approach the home of the King's animals and birds. By the first pool we see Mr. Evelyn, watching the pelican, a melancholy water-fowl, brought from Astracan by the Russian Ambassador, and even more greedy than the solan-geese. A white raven flutters up croaking, and close behind him some red-billed jackdaws, or choughs as our Cornish neighbours call them, a present from my Lord Hatton: most of us, however, are chiefly interested in the Balearian crane, who has had a broken leg cut off above the knee, and a boxwood leg and thigh substituted, with a joint so accurately made, that the bird uses it as if it were natural. As one or two of the company inspect the deer, the elks, stags, antelopes, roe-bucks, Guinea goats and Arabian sheep, the King is pointing out the new device upon which he and Bab May have fallen, of having withy-pots as nests, just above the surface of the water, for the water-fowl to lay in. As

we walk out of the park, we notice that the orange-trees are coming on very well.

"The King dismisses us with a gracious smile, and walks to his own apartments; some of us remain in the shady park, others take boat at Whitehall stairs and go dine with friends. Immediately after dinner, we make visits to ladies of our acquaintance, some going to Miss Stuart's, and finding there Lord Rochester and Sir George Etheredge, building card-houses against each other. At 3 o'clock, we go to the King's Theatre to see Hart and Mohun act. We pay money for our boxes,—contrary to the custom of some habitués, who are engaging in a warfare of words with the doorkeepers as to whether they will pay then or later,—and enter the theatre, finding already many ladies and gentlemen seated in the boxes and on the forms, listening to the French music, which has been playing some time to the early arrivals. The ground-floor is now boarded and the boxes carpeted, though we can remember the time, before Tom Killigrew came to the front, when rushes, rushes, were your only strewing. Now, too, the theatre has a glass roof and a cupola, though these are so thin that heavy rain or hail comes through,—and a storm was threatening as we entered. The play is a new one, and the King and the Duke of York have given some old state-robes to the actors, and the Duke of Buckingham has with usual display and generosity, capped the King's £500 with a gift of £700; so we expect to see a very finely presented play.

"Meanwhile, we look round to see whom we know in the audience, recognizing with no particular joy some unpleasantly familiar citizens' faces in the 18*d.* or 12*d.* seats, and thank our stars that we can detain Orange Moll and her assistant wenches longer, and with less chance of being cheated for our pains, than the bourgeoisie. Orange Moll stands with her back to the stage, and cracks a few smart jests with us, while another girl near us sells a gallant twelve oranges at 6*d.* each, which on buying he

distributes to the ladies nearest him, and then settles himself to loll in the girl's lap, till the curtain shall go up. But the play will not begin yet, for their Majesties are still to come, and they must be stayed for. Some are still employed in combing their periwigs, and in side-glassing the ladies, especially one who is languishingly lolling her head against the side of her box. The theatre attendants and a few link-boys light the wax candles, and the ten fiddlers of the orchestra burst into a fresh tune, as my Lord Duke of Buckingham and a crowd of courtiers enter. His Grace takes a box near Harry Killegrew, who leans over and jests with him, becoming at length somewhat severe and impertinent, and finally striking my Lord Duke on the head with his sheathed sword, whereat the Duke leaps out of his box and gives chase to the now fleeing Harry; the Duke's wig flies off, but he does not stop till he has caught, cuffed, and kicked out Killegrew. Just as things are settling down, their Majesties, with a brilliant train, enter the theatre, the curtain rises, a saucy actress bounds on to the stage in a sheperdess' costume, and speaks a witty prologue, so full of *doubles entendres*, that many ladies in the pit put on their black masks at once, to hide their blushes. After the first act, we are amused by the tricks of a Fop, *bien ganté et très éveillé*, who has left his noisy *côterie* in Fop-Corner opposite to us, to sit next a fascinating vizard-mask in the pit, just below us: he is, to amuse himself and the lady, rapping people on the back, twirling their hats, and the like, and then looking demurely, as if he did not do it. During the second act, Sedley and a lady near him talk so loud that we hardly know whether to be angry because we are losing the dialogue on the stage, or amused at the wittiness of theirs. Some idle fellows come in late in the middle of this act, and speak to a few friends, and after asking 'What play do they play?' and being told by another of like nature with themselves, 'Some confounded play or other,' they go out, probably to hasten to the Duke's Theatre, and do the like there.

To an orchestral piece played in a long wait between two acts, the King beats time with his feet, and talks animatedly to the Queen. My lady Duchess of Cleveland is in attendance on the Queen, and looking most stormy; nor is the reason far to seek, for Nell Gwyn, with Buckhurst and a French Marquis are present in a side-box, and the glances which pass between her and His Majesty are many. Soon the expected storm outside breaks, and in a few minutes the unhappy people in the centre of the pit are drenched, and have to fly for standing-room at the back. At five o'clock the play ends, and as we go out we comment on Killegrew's new Italian scenery, so well-painted, and apparently so easy to move. We retire behind the scenes to talk with Mrs. Knipp, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Roxellana, and other favourites; some even discuss acting and literature with Hart and the men.

"After an hour or so's flirtation, and a pint of wine at a tavern, we drive, ride, or walk, to Hyde Park, and take our place in the stream of carriages, or stroll afoot to the Ring: in either case we leave our lackeys and attendants outside the Park Gates, lest they should inconveniently crowd the place. We meet the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess of York, and bow low, though if we meet them ever so often again this evening, we need not repeat this; so to a lady whom we know, we bow on first passing, but afterwards make no congé, or we offend her. We may, however, side-glass her, for that is the new word: and to let it down suddenly on passing, is very passionate. Nevertheless, His Majesty and the Duchess of Cleveland lolling in her coach, salute each other at every turn. The King is afoot, the Queen in a glass coach, and the Duke and Duchess in a more old-fashioned *calèche*. Presently we hear a sound of crashing glass, and looking round see that my Lady Peterborough in her haste to speak to Lady Mordaunt, has thrust her head through the glass of her new coach; and a lady near us is heard congratulating herself on possessing only the old-fashioned tin lattices to her equipage.

"A few stay after nine o'clock in the Park, talking to masked ladies, whom they know, or wish to know; but most of us retire earlier to Whitehall, to the Queen's cabinet. Here, in a chamber hung with blue damask with divisions of gold lace, and lit by chandeliers, we find her Majesty, sitting in front of the door, talking to a circle of ladies, of whom the wife of Habreu, the Portuguese envoy, is one. The King and his brother are both here, pacing up and down, talking cheerfully to any of the gentlemen on indifferent subjects; all politics and business are strictly forbidden at this hour. The Queen at last signifies her wish to break up the assembly, and many of us go down to the Groom-Porter's, and lose our money against my Lord St. Alban's at basset. Others leave Whitehall for our lodgings, a tavern, or a street frolic.

"The next day, Sunday, we attend service in his Majesty's private chapel, where the King's gravity relaxes at a furiously false note in the anthem, and disappears when the fiddlers play a new tune execrably; while the Duke has spent much of his time in laughing with the Duchess of Cleveland through the hangings parting his closet from that of the ladies. To-night some of us begin our turn of bedchamber duty; and the King rouses us at five in the morning for tennis; he plays a good set in the Whitehall Courts, weighing himself before and after play, and finding that he has lost $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. during the game. His Majesty and Bab May play Prince Rupert and Captain Cooke, just winning. During the game the Prince falls, whereat the King merrily remarks 'It is well the court is new-built.' After tennis, his Majesty takes us all for a grievously fast walk, until we are all ready to drop, and then informs us that the Court will go to Newmarket to-morrow, at which we are all somewhat aghast, as there is a Court Ball to-night; but still, we must put a cheerful face on these serious matters. The morning we spend as far as possible in complete idleness,—for the King requires not our services, as being in the Privy

Council till dinner; yet a few are stirring enough for a game of bowls, while the rest look on, smoke, drink cider, and bet freely on the sets. In the afternoon, a cock-fight and an opera at the Duke's Theatre, occupy us; and later we all meet again in Hyde Park, but finding it very dusty and hot, in spite of the trees round the Ring, we go to the Stairs and take a short row on the river before the Ball.

"The Ballroom is filled with a throng of all the Court dignitaries, and almost immediately the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth enter, and all take seats. The King leads out the Duchess of York, as the Queen does not feel well; the Duke of York takes the Duchess of Buckingham; the Duke of Monmouth the Duchess of Cleveland; and other lords other ladies, to dance the *Bransle*, or French Brawl, where hands are taken in turn. After this, his Majesty takes out a lady for a single coranto, a swift and lively dance, which the King dances to perfection; and then the lords lead out the ladies, a very noble and pleasing sight. Presently the Comte de Gramont enters in a neat but scarcely brilliant enough suit; but he makes such admirable excuses, and tells such a laughable tale to account for it, that all stop dancing to listen. The King next calls for the country dances, and *Cuckolds all arow* for the first, which he says is the ancient dance of England. When the King dances, all the ladies, even the Queen, stand up. His Majesty always arouses our admiration, as the best dancer at Court; next come the Dukes of Buckingham and Monmouth, and the Earls of Arran and Feversham. The best ladies are the Duchess of Monmouth, the Duchess of Cleveland, and Sir Henry de Vic's daughter. We break up about midnight, and those of us who are to go to Newmarket to-morrow go to bed at once, except such as are of the bedchamber; however, luckily for them, his Majesty himself retires at half after twelve.

"The next day, we ride to Newmarket and take up our

respective lodgings in the town. On the morrow we rise early and go out a country walk with the King, all wearing plain suits, his Majesty only distinguished by his George and ribbon. After breakfast, we course the hare over the Plain; and after dinner come the horse-races: the course is marked out all the way by white posts, of which the last pair are topped with flags. The King rides up, and stays about the middle of the course; and while waiting, watches Lords Blandford and Jermyn play bowls. As the horses come up, His Majesty and we gallop after them to the winning post. The colours are the green taffeta of Sir Thos. Eliot, and the white of Mr. Bernard Howard. Sir Thomas's horse wins, and is greeted at the post with a flourish of trumpets and drums. At half after five his Majesty goes to his lodging, rests a little, and then goes for a short walk through Newmarket, and out the other side. In the evening we all go to a very poor play; then to supper, then to one of the ladies' lodgings, then to bed. For the next few days the King only varies this by fox-hunting in the morning; playing tennis in the afternoon with Prince Rupert, while we hunt dotterel; going to the cock-pit at six, and the like: and at length we leave Newmarket for London again, stopping on our way at Euston, my Lord Arlington's house. But on our return to London we find serious matters, for once, must perforce occupy the attention of our Master, for there is a war at home among the mistresses, and rumours of another abroad."

Such was perhaps a typical week in the life of a courtier not holding any great office of State. Certain of the greater courtiers require some individual attention. Next to the King himself in importance, though by no means in popularity, is James, Duke of York. Of greater gravity and steadiness than the King, he has not such understanding or wit: "he would see things if he could, the King could if he would." He is fond of women, and while it is improbable that they offer themselves to him, as they do to the King, he can find, as the heir to the throne, many wherewith to

amuse himself, if he so pleases. Yet his choice and taste are deplorable, insomuch that his Majesty says that his brother's mistresses are given him as penances by the priests. It is always perfectly easy to see whom he delighteth, or desireth to honour, by his open and unpleasant ogling; which sometimes succeeds, though not in the case of little Jennings, who takes his notes, and drops them openly before the whole court, out of her muff, and the like. The Duke is even fonder of hawking than the King, and plays golf and tennis well. His zeal for the navy is great, and in St. James' Palace he has many models of ships in glass cases. He is brave and honourable, careful of his word to suitors, but not so gracious as his brother. Under the influence of religious zeal, he becomes the "eternal foe of common sense" and even a harsh and cruel judge. Between the King and the Duke there is little love, especially when, through obstinacy or stupidity, the Duke incommodes his Majesty. Sometimes in his cups the King expresses himself very indecently on the subject, though one day in a set debauch at Sir George Carteret's house at Cranbourne, Sir Nicholas Armourer says to him: "By God, Sir, you are not so kind to the Duke of York of late as you used to be." "Not I?" says the King, "why so?" "Why," says he, "if you are, let us drink his health." "Why, let us," says the King, and Armourer falls on his knees and drinks it, and having done, the King rises to drink it, "Nay, Sir," says Armourer, "by God, you must do it on your knees!" So he does, and then all the company; and having done it, all fall a-crying for joy, being all maudlin, and kissing one another, the King the Duke of York, and the Duke of York the King, and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were: and so passed the day. But the King hath this good luck, that the next day he hates to have anybody mention what he has done the day before nor will suffer anybody to gain upon him that way; which is a good quality. To conclude, the Duke is a firm friend, but a heavy

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER
BY SAMUEL COOPER

KING CHARLES II
BY SAMUEL COOPER

enemy; he generally judges well when things are laid before him, except when the violence of his spirit gives him a bias, which it does too often. He abhors drunkenness, and he never swears nor talks irreligiously; and this is the more worthy of remark, in that this age hath more profane swearing among both sexes, all classes and ages, than any before, as Mr. Butler says very prettily:

> "How copious is our language lately grown,
> To make blaspheming, wit, and a jargon?
> And yet how expressive and significant,
> In *Damme* at once to curse, and swear, and rant?
> As if no way express'd men's souls so well,
> As damming of them to the pit of hell;
> Nor any asseveration were so civil,
> As mortgaging salvation to the devil."

Henry of Oatlands, Duke of Gloucester, was a prince of the greatest hopes, undaunted courage, admirable parts, and a clear understanding; he understood the Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Low Dutch; he was of a temper different from both his brothers, though fond of women; but he was active and loved business, apt to have particular friendships, had an insinuating temper, generally very acceptable. The King loved him much better than the Duke of York. But the Duke was uneasy when he saw there was no place left for him, since Monk was general. So he spoke to the Earl of Clarendon, that he might be made Lord Treasurer; but he told him it was a post below his dignity. He would not be put off with that, for he could not bear an idle life, nor to see his brother at the head of the fleet, when he had neither business nor dependence. But the mirth and entertainments of the time raised his blood so high that he took the small-pox, of which he died in September, 1660, much lamented by all, but most by the King, who was never in his whole life seen so much troubled as he was upon that occasion. Some put it about that he died by treachery and poison,

but it was not so, though rather by carelessness of his physicians.

The Duke of Buckingham, though two years older than Charles, was brought up with the royal children, and seems to have then conceived, and always kept, in his own strange and flighty way, an affection for the King, though he frequently slandered and traduced him at home and abroad. He was one of the most brilliant, if least fixed, stars of the Court. His character was eminently composed of contradictions, in which the bad preponderated; his person was graceful, his face handsome, and his address and manners excellent, insomuch that Sir John Reresby thought him the finest gentleman at Court, and Louis XIV called him the only English gentleman he had ever seen. He knew how to act all parts with so much grace and pleasantry that it was difficult to do without him, when he had a mind to make himself agreeable; and he made himself so necessary to Miss Stewart that she sent all over the town for him, when he did not attend the King, to her apartments. He had no sort of literature, and, in spite of this, and of the fact that he was one of the most "deboshed fishes" at the Court, his play of *The Rehearsal*, which ridicules the heroic plays of Dryden and others, is free from anything offensive, and is one of the few humorous pieces of the age.

"A Duke of Bucks is one that has studied the whole body of vice. His parts are disproportionate to the whole, and, like a monster, he has more of some, and less of others, than he should have. He has pulled down all that nature raised in him, and built himself up again after a model of his own. He has dammed up all those lights that nature made into the noblest prospects of the world, and opened other little blind loopholes, backward, by turning day into night, and night into day. His appetite to his pleasures is diseased and crazy . . . continual wine, women, and music, put false value upon things, which, by custom, become habitual, and debauch his understanding

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR PETER LELY IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

so, that he retains no right notion, no sense of things. . . . He rises, eats, and goes to bed by the Julian account, long after all others that go by the new style, and keeps the same hours with owls and the antipodes. He is a great observer of the Tartar customs,[1] and never eats till the great cham, having dined, makes proclamation that all the world may go to dinner. He does not dwell in his house, but haunts it like an evil spirit, that walks all night, to disturb the family, and never appears by day. He lives perpetually benighted, runs out of his life, and loses his time as men do their ways in the dark; and as blind men are led by their dogs, so is he governed by some mean servant or other, that relates to his pleasures. He is as inconstant as the moon which he lives under, and altho' he does nothing but advise with his pillow all day, he is as great a stranger to himself as he is to the rest of the world. His mind entertains very freely all things that come and go, but, like guests and strangers, they are not welcome if they stay long. . . . Thus, with S. Paul, tho' in a different sense, he dies daily, and only lives in the night. . . . His ears are perpetually drilled with a fiddlestick. He endures pleasures with less patience than other men do their pains." [2]

Buckingham married in 1658 the daughter of Lord Fairfax, and for some time seems to have lived a happy and domestic life with her. But the Restoration was too much for him, and he became entangled with one of the worst women at the Court, Anna Maria Brudenel, Countess of Shrewsbury. For her he fought the famous duel with her husband, fatally wounding the Earl, while the lady, in page's costume, held his horse. He also took his mistress home, and when his patient wife declared that one house

[1] Like Nell Gwyn, when the Portsmouth went into mourning for her alleged relation, the Prince de Rohan. The Cham of Tartary had also died, and Nelly put on mourning for him; and on being asked what relation he was to her, replied, "Exactly the same relation that the Prince de Rohan was to Mlle. Keroüalle."

[2] Butler, *Characters*.

should not hold wife and mistress, Buckingham made the "devilish answer," "Why, Madam, I did think so, and therefore have ordered your coach to be ready to carry you to your father's." Of Buckingham's wit some specimens besides this are preserved,[1] and most of them satirical ebullitions of his flighty fancy, which rendered him unaccountable and untrustworthy to such a degree, that when Charles had repeatedly ordered him back from France in 1670, the Duke delayed so long that his master answered an inquiry as to when he expected to see the Duke, "in the Valley of Jehoshaphat at the Day of Judgment."

The Duke of Lauderdale, for most of the reign virtual viceroy of Scotland, was a great contrast to Buckingham in everything save morals; "he made a very ill-appearance; he was very big, his hair was red, hanging oddly about him; his tongue was too big for his mouth, which made him bedew all he talked to; and his whole manner was rough and boisterous, and very unfit for a Court. He was very learned, not only in Latin, in which he was a master, but also in Greek and Hebrew. . . . He was haughty beyond expression. . . . He was the coldest friend and violentest enemy" . . . he had a broad and brutal wit which recommended him to the King, into whose snuff-box he would always be dipping his fingers. He would sometimes bore the King by thrusting into his company at all times, and on one occasion, at a supper, a double sillabub-glass was prepared, the one-half of a goodly liquor, the other of filth unspeakable; the King drank half and passed the glass to the tipsy Lauderdale, who drank the other half with vast approval, but was soon removed extremely ill. This checked his constant visits to the King for some time.

The Earl of Rochester and Sir Charles Sedley, both *alumni* of a Puritan Oxford College, were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and not divided therein, though Sedley survived the Earl many years. They were both

[1] Cf. p. 218.

"noble authors" and both rakes, like Buckingham, Dorset, and Etheredge. Rochester was the son of the Lord Wilmot who fled from Worcester with the King. He came to Court at the age of seventeen, and was quickly corrupted, the more easily from the quickness of his parts and adaptability of his temper. The King allowed more latitude, perhaps, to him, than to any other courtier, in shameless actions, and impudent words. He was the author of the famous lines:

> "Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
> Whose word no man relies on;
> Who never said a foolish thing,
> And never did a wise one."

to which Charles replied: "That is easily explained; my words are my own, but my actions are my ministers'!" Rochester wrote such scurrilous libels on the King ("a merry monarch, scandalous and poor," is the mildest thing he says), that he was often banished the Court; during one of these exiles he set up as an astrologer in Tower Street, and was resorted to by all the Court ladies and ladies'-maids, whom he astonished by the accuracy of his diagnoses and prophecies: on another occasion he and Buckingham kept the "Green Mare" inn near Newmarket, and while there debauched the wife of a countryman, thus causing her husband to hang himself, and then coolly dismissed the woman to London, to make her fortune there. This freak, or, rather, the racy relation of it, restored him to favour at Court. The following conversation between him and the King well illustrates their relations: "Last night I supt at Lord Rochester's, with a select company; on such occasions he is not ambitious of shining; he is rather pleasant than arch; he is comparatively reserved, but you find something in that restraint that is more agreeable than the utmost exertion of talent in others. . . . The most perfect good humour was supported through the whole evening, nor was it in the least disturbed when,

unexpectedly, towards the end of it, the King came in: 'Something has vext him,' said Rochester; 'he never does me this honour but when he is in an ill humour.' 'How the devil have I got here? The knaves have sold every cloak in the wardrobe.' 'Those knaves are fools. That is a part of dress, which, for their own sakes, your Majesty ought never to be without.' 'Pshaw! I'm vext.' 'I hate still life—I am glad of it. Your Majesty is never so entertaining as when——' Ridiculous! I believe the English are the most intractable people upon earth.' 'I must humbly beg your Majesty's pardon, if I presume in that respect.' 'You would find them so, were you in my place, and obliged to govern.' 'Were I in your Majesty's place, I would not govern at all.' 'How then?' 'I would send for my good Lord Rochester, and command him to govern.' 'But the singular modesty of that nobleman?' 'He would certainly conform himself to your Majesty's bright example. How gloriously would the two grand social virtues flourish under his auspices!' '*O prisca fides!* what can these be?' 'The love of wine and women, God bless your Majesty, these attachments keep the world in good humour, and therefore I say they are social virtues. Let the Bishop of Salisbury deny it if he can.' 'He died last night. Have you a mind to succeed him?' 'On condition that I shall neither be called upon to preach on 30 January or 29 May.' 'Those conditions are curious. You object to the first, I suppose, because it would be a melancholy subject; but the other——' 'Would be a melancholy subject too.' 'That is too much.' 'Nay, I only mean that the business would be a little too grave for the day. Nothing but the indulgence of the grand social virtues could be a testimony for my joy upon that occasion.' 'Thou art the happiest fellow in my dominions. Let me perish if I do not envy thee thy impudence.'"

Rochester was of a handsome but peevish, weary-looking face, and graceful person; somewhat careful of his

dress. One of his most serious disgraces at Court was caused by his abduction of the heiress Elizabeth Malet, who, however, afterwards married him. He did not agree perfectly with his wife, and his letters to her show something of his feelings towards her and the country life: "Run away like a rascal without taking leave, dear wife, it is an impolite way of proceeding which a modest man ought to be ashamed of. I have left you a prey to your own imaginations amongst my relations,—the worst of damnations; but there will come an hour of deliverance, till when, may my mother be merciful to you; so I commit you to what shall ensue, woman to woman, wife to mother, in hopes of a future appearance in glory." . . . "You must, I think, obey my mother in her commands to wait on her at Aylesbury, as I told you in my last letter—I will only desire you not to be too much amazed at the thoughts my mother has of you, since being mere imaginations, they will as easily vanish, as they were groundlessly erected; for my own part, I will make it my endeavour they may." . . . "My Wife, . . . The difficulties of pleasing your ladyship do increase so fast upon me, and are grown so numerous, that to a man less resolved than myself never to give it over, it would appear a madness ever to attempt it more; but through your frailties mine ought not to multiply; you may, therefore, secure yourself that it will not be easy for you to put me out of my constant resolutions to satisfy you in all I can. I confess there is nothing will so much contribute to my assistance in this as your dealing freely with me; for since you have thought it a wise thing to trust me less and have reserves, it has been out of my power to make the best of my proceedings effectual to what I intended them. At a distance I am likeliest to learn your mind, for you have not a very obliging way of delivering it by word of mouth; if, therefore, you will let me know the particulars in which I may be useful to you, I will show my readiness as to my own part; and if I fail of the success I wish, it shall not be the

fault of your humble servant Rochester." To his little son he writes: "Avoid idleness, scorn lying, and God will bless you. . . . Dear child, learn your book, and be obedient, and you shall see what a father I will be to you." Lady Rochester seems to have preferred the country to the town, and Rochester himself only used the country as a retirement in exile, wherein to write satires and libels. "Lady Rochester kept my brother's birthday with great solemnity, causing the bells to be rung, and making a great dinner. We concluded it by dancing 16 dances after supper, and because the weather was hot, we danced some of them in the fore-court, some in the garden, and the rest in the hall." For a mercurial courtier like Rochester, country life appeared terribly dull; a round of hawking, hunting, and formal visits, and entertainments of neighbouring squires, and occasional tenants' dinners. Rochester is said to have distinguished himself in the second Dutch war, but afterwards lost his reputation for courage through an obscure affair with John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave. Gilbert Burnet wrote Rochester's biography, and says of him in that and in the "History": "His wit had a peculiar brightness; he seemed to affect something singular and paradoxical in his impieties, as well as in his writings, above the reach and thought of other men. . . . He was for some years always drunk, and was ever doing some mischief. The King loved his company for the diversion it afforded, better than his person, and there was no love lost between them. . . . Sedley had a more sudden and copious wit, which furnished a perpetual run of discourse, but it was not so correct as Lord Dorset's, nor so sparkling as Lord Rochester's." Rochester died in 1680, and two of his last letters show an admirable contrast between the styles of a man writing to a friend, and to his priest when at the point of death. "It is a miraculous thing (as the wise have it), when a man half in the grave, cannot leave off playing the fool and the buffoon; but so it falls out in my comfort. For this

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM WESSING IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

moment I am in a damned relapse, brought by a fever, the stone, and some other ten diseases more, which have deprived me of the power of crawling, which I happily enjoyed some days ago; and now I fear I must fall, that it may be fulfilled which was long since written in the good old ballad—

> 'But he who lives not wise and sober,
> Falls with the leaf still in October.'

About which time, in all probability, there may be a period added to the ridiculous being of your humble servant, Rochester." "Woodstock Park, Oxfordshire. My most honoured Dr. Burnet, My spirits and body decay so equally together, that I shall write you a letter, as weak as I am in person. I begin to value Churchmen above all men in the world, &c. If God be yet pleased to spare me longer in this world, I hope in your conversation to be exalted to that degree of piety that the world may see how much I abhor what I so long loved, and how much I glory in repentance and in God's service. Bestow your prayers upon me, that God would spare me, if it be His good will, to shew a true repentance and amendment of life for the time to come; or else, if the Lord pleaseth to put an end to my worldly being now, that He would mercifully accept of my death-bed repentance, and perform that promise that He hath been pleased to make, that, at what time soever a sinner doth repent, He would receive him. Put up these prayers, most dear Doctor, to Almighty God, for your Most obedient and languishing servant, Rochester, 25 June, 1680."

Sedley wrote several plays, of which the "Mulberry Garden" is the best; but his songs, set to exquisite music by Purcell, are better known: "Phillis is my only Joy, Faithless as the Wind and Seas"; "Phillis, without Frown or Smile, Sat and knotted all the while"; "Love still has something of the Sea From whence his Mother rose"; and finally:

"Not, Celia, that I juster am,
Or better than the rest,
For I would change each hour like them,
Were not my heart at rest.
But I am tied to very thee
By every Thought I have,
Thy Face I only care to see,
Thy Heart I only crave.
All that in woman is ador'd
In thy dear Self I find,
For the whole Sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.
Why then should I seek farther Store,
And still make Love anew?
When Change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true."

One or two of his witty remarks have come down to us: when his play "Bellamira; or the Mistress" was being acted, the theatre roof fell in, injuring Sedley and others; Sir Fleetwood Shepherd said the play was so full of fire that it blew up the poet, theatre, and audience. "No," replied Sedley, "it was so heavy that it brought down the house and buried the poet in his own rubbish." When Sedley had voted for William of Orange, he said, "James made my daughter a Countess, and I have made his daughter a Queen." Rochester said of his verses:

"Sedley has that prevailing, gentle art,
That can with a resistless charm impart
The basest wishes to the chastest heart."

Rochester's best-known pieces are perhaps his "Allusion to Horace" and "On Nothing"; but though the majority of his poems are either silly or bestial, some verses of great beauty deserve reprinting:

"Absent from thee I languish still,
Then ask me not, when I return?
The straying Fool 'twill plainly kill
To wish all Day, all Night to mourn.

"Dear, from thine Arms then let me fly,
That my fantastic Mind may prove
The Torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fixed Heart from my Love.

"When wearied with a World of Woe,
To thy safe Bosom I retire,
Where Love, and Peace, and Honour flow,
May I, contented, there expire.

"Lest once more wandering from that Heaven,
I fall on some base Heart unblest,
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
And lose my everlasting Rest."

Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, is remembered as the first keeper of Nell Gwyn, for a brief July in 1667 at Epsom, as the dedicatee of Dryden's "Essay on Dramatic Poesy" (wherein he figures as Eugenius), as the companion of Sedley in one or two drunken extravagances at the "Cock" in Bow Street, and as author of the song from the fleet in 1665—"To all you ladies now on land." He was reputed the best-bred man in England, and Rochester calls him "the best-natured man with the worst-natured muse," in allusion to his real kindness and affability, and his stinging tongue and pen, when occasion for satire appeared. Among the "mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," were Sir George Etheredge, Lord Orrery, Sir Robert Howard, the Earl of Roscommon, and a host of others.

But it is time to turn to the few statesmen or respectable persons among the men whom we have not hitherto considered. Clarendon, Ormond, Arlington, and Newcastle we know; but Prince Rupert is at Court, and claims our notice. He employs his time in naval matters, in tennis, and mezzotint engraving; on one occasion he heads a deputation of petitioners; and has, it is said, lost much of the King's love, which was all his, during the Civil War. He seems woefully out of place in the circle of water-flies at Court, and most of the courtiers fear and

dislike him. "He was brave and courageous, even to rashness, but cross-grained and incorrigibly obstinate: his genius was fertile in mathematical experiments, and he possessed some knowledge of Chemistry; he was polite, even to excess, unreasonably; but haughty, and even brutal, when he ought to have been gentle and courteous; he was tall and his manners were ungracious: he had a dry, hard-favoured visage, and a stern look, even when he wisht to please; but, when he was out of humour, his countenance was forbidding. . . . He loved not debate; liked what was proposed as he liked the persons who proposed it. . . . He died in 1682 and the Court went to see a play on the night of his burial." The Duke of Newcastle retired from Court life after the Restoration, and devoted himself to encouraging horse-racing in his own district, and writing plays; while his wife wrote in her curious but often charming style, about her adored husband, about literary criticism, philosophy, mechanics, religion, and everything else, being a very female Sir Positive At-All. She caused her maids to arise at any hour of the night to transcribe her thoughts, and was no less fantastic in her dress than in her style. "The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic; her coach is always followed by children and citizens of all ages, even by the courtiers, who desire to look upon this lady in her antique dress; with velvet cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches because of pimples about her mouth; naked-necked, without anything about it, and a black *just-au-corps;* dark, with good little eyes; sings well, and hath been a good comely woman; her footmen all in velvet, her coach black and silver, with white curtains."

The two Duchesses of York were vastly different both in character and popularity. Anne Hyde was a clever, wasteful, but good-natured woman, addicted to the pleasures of the table, and, according to well-supported Court scandal, not averse to one or two of the Court gallants. She began to write her husband's memoirs, and always

ruled him, save in the matter of religion, wherein she was converted to Catholicism. Maria of Modena, "the princess with the golden locks," came over young and fresh from a convent, but won all hearts, however prejudiced against her by reason of her religion, by her sweetness and courtesy; while her predecessor had alienated many by her extreme haughtiness. "The Duchess is much delighted with making and throwing of snowballs, and pelted the Duke soundly with one the other day and ran away quick into her closet and he after her, but she durst not open the doors. She hath also great pleasure in one of those sledges which they call Trainias, and is pulled up and down the ponds in them every day, as also the King, which are counted dangerous things, and none can drive the horse which draws them about, but the Duke of Monmouth, Mr. Griffin, and Mr. Godolphin, and a fourth whose name I have forgott." Lady Vaughan says of Maria d'Este that "she had more wit and as much beauty as ever woman had before." "She was very thin, with a long face, bright eyes, large white teeth, and a pale complexion which shewed all the more because she never used rouge. She had an agreeable presence, and was very clean. . . . She was good to the poor, and never spoke unkindly to any one. She had great fineness of character, and truly royal qualities, much generosity, courtesy, and judgement. Her only failing was her extreme piety." She knew Latin and French well, and learnt English very quickly.

Barbara, daughter of Viscount Grandison, was born in 1640 and died in 1709, and her long life was sufficiently varied in its experiences. In 1666 Harry Killegrew was banished for saying that she had been "a little lecherous girl," a very plausible statement. From 1655 she carried on a hot amour with Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield, and many of their love-letters survive, of which it is enough to quote the following example: "My Lord, the joy I had of being with you the last night, has made me doe nothing but dream of you; yet the

discourses of the world must make me a little more circumspect; therefore I desire you not to come to-night, but to stay till the party be come to town. I will not faile to meete you on Sathurday morning till when I remaine your humble servant." The intrigue was conducted by Mistress Barbara with perfect ease and *abandon*, and was continued after her marriage to Roger Palmer in 1659, in spite of what she calls "the *mounser's* ill humour." In this year, Palmer and his wife joined the Court in Holland, and the King at once fell to the lady's charms. A month after the Restoration Pepys mentions the King and Duke being in a house in King Street, Westminster, with "Madame Palmer, a pretty woman that they have a fancy to, to make her husband a cuckold." Pepys later came under Mrs. Palmer's charm himself, and showed strong symptoms of erotic fetichism. "In the Privy Garden saw the finest smocks and linnen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's laced with rich lace at the bottom, that ever I saw; and did me good to look upon them." Petticoats and smocks played great parts at court then, and later we find Nell Gwyn carefully showing the French Ambassador and several others, all the petticoats she was then wearing; and it is said that by contriving to steal and wear a fine laced smock of the Duchess of Portsmouth, she stole the King from that lady also, for the night. Always before the Queen's arrival, and frequently afterwards, the King dined and supped with Barbara; and the day of the Queen's arrival, when bonfires burnt at every door, there was none at hers, where the King was. She was never popular with the people, and in the absence of the King, was slighted at the Play; once she was met by three masked gentlemen, who told her Jane Shore rotted on a dunghill, and sent her home in a fainting condition; Charles' angry endeavours to secure the men were vain. Till about the middle of 1663, Lady Castlemaine kept undisputed sway over Charles, even receiving the Christmas presents made by the Peers to the King. But in 1663

Charles fell in love with Frances Stewart, and refused to visit the Castlemaine unless "la belle Stuard" were with her; and Barbara had herself to thank, in part, for this, as she had frequently allowed the King to see her and Frances abed together in the mornings. Nevertheless, Charles still supped with her, and so forth, and not till 1666 did he bid her leave Court, the immediate cause being that the King heard his wife say to the Countess, "she was afraid the King caught cold by staying abroad so late at her house," to which the mistress replied that his Majesty did not stay late with her, "but must stay somewhere else."

When she sent to ask if she might remove her goods, the King bade her come and inspect them, and a reconciliation was effected, and he paid her debts up to £30,000. In return for the King's infatuation for Frances Stewart and others, Lady Castlemaine accepted the love of Sir Charles Berkeley, Colonel James Hamilton, Lord Sandwich, Harry Jermyn, Jack Churchill, Wycherley the dramatist, Charles Hart the actor, and Jacob Hill the rope-dancer, to say nothing of her footmen. In 1670 she was created Baroness Nonsuch, Countess of Southampton, and Duchess of Cleveland; in 1674, she resigned her position as Lady of the Bedchamber, in compliance with the Test Act; for she had become a Catholic in 1663, as Nell Gwyn did in 1686. The Comte d'Estrades, writing to Louis XIV in 1663, tells of Barbara's conversion. "Le mariage du Chevalier de Gramont et la conversion de Mme. de Castlemaine se sont publiez le même jour; et le Roy d'Angleterre estant tant prié par les parents de la Dame d'apporter quelque obstacle à cette action, répondit galamment que, pour l'âme des Dames, il ne s'en mêloit point." Shortly after 1674, she went to Paris, where Ralph Montagu and the Marquis de Chastillon became rivals for her favours. However she soon returned and continued to have money lavished on her. In 1705, on her husband's death, she married Beau Fielding; and Goodman the actor was one of the last of her lovers. She died at Walpole House, the Mall, Chiswick,

in 1709. From first to last she showed all the traits of a born courtesan, for besides her amours, she was at once rapacious and profuse, loved splendid entertainments, and had a passion for gaming, where she sometimes staked £1500 at a throw, and once lost £25,000 in a night. She had few brains and no self-control, but splendid physical beauty and vigour: her furious and reckless temper was one of the chief sources of her ascendency over the peace-loving King. She never troubled to conceal her jealousy of rivals, and once threatened the King that she would take their youngest child and dash out its brains before him, if he did not kneel and beg her pardon. Charles, however, never suffered Barbara to influence him in serious politics, unless his own previous inclination had tended in the same direction, as in the disgrace of Clarendon.

Her eldest child, Anne FitzRoy, Countess of Sussex, was acknowledged by the King and by Palmer, and was thought to be most like Chesterfield. In after years this young lady had lodgings at Whitehall, above the King's rooms, being a favourite of her father's; and at Court she played many pranks with her friend the Duchesse Mazarin. On one occasion the ladies, who had learnt fencing, appeared in the Park in the evening in their dressing-gowns, and gave a fencing display to admiring gallants. Her husband objected to her friendship with the Mazarin, and they separated; the Countess going to the Monastery of Conflans, where her behaviour, sanctioned, however, by Charles, disturbed her mother so much as to cause her to write several letters on the subject. Charles had ceased to care for the mother, saying, "Madam, all I ask of you for your own sake is, live so for the future as to make the least noise you can, and I care not who you love;" but he was very glad to get the daughter back to England as soon as possible. The Countess of Lichfield, her younger daughter, was frequently visited by her father at Ditchley Park, and had a special armchair made for him there. The following is a letter from Charles to her: "Whitehall, 2 October.

I have had so much business since I came hither that I hope you will not thinke that I have neglected writing to you out of want of kindness to my deare Charlotte. I am going to Newmarket to-morrow, and have a great deal of businesse to dispatch to-night. Therefore I will only tell you now that I have 500 guniyes for you w^ch^ shall be ether delivered to yourself, or any who you shall appointe to receave it, and so, my dear Charlotte, be assured that I love you with all my harte, being your kinde father, C. R."

We have said that the Duchess Mazarin was the chief friend of Charles' daughter. She was also for a short time the reigning favourite of Charles himself. The niece of Cardinal Mazarin, and asked in marriage of her uncle by the King of England in 1659, she eventually married a French nobleman wholly unsuited to her, and after many wild escapades came to England in 1675, landed at Torbay, and rode to London in man's attire. Here St.-Evremond managed her affairs, while she lived at St. James', with her friend and relative, Mary of Modena. She was always a reckless gambler, both at the card-table and in the world, but she contrived to keep up appearances and a basset-table, almost to her death in 1699, when her body was seized by her creditors. In 1676 she began to attract the King's especial regard, and Courtin writes in July to Pomponne that Charles is always meeting her in the Countess of Sussex's rooms in Whitehall. In July also, Nell Gwyn went into mourning for the Duchess of Portsmouth's dead hopes. The three letters, two of Courtin, the third of Barillon, which chiefly concern Mme. Mazarin, are these: "27 déc, 1676: A l'égard de Mme. Mazarin, la seule chose que je sçais, c'est que le Roi découche fort souvent, et qu'il ne revient qu'à cinq heures du matin se remettre dans son lit. Les courtisans les plus éclairés ne croient pas qu'il passe ses nuits chez Mme. de P. Il lui donne toutes les apparences pendant le jour, mais il se réserve la liberté de passer la nuit avec qui bon lui semble." (Courtin à Louvois.)

"4 Mars, 1677: Mme. Mazarin a esté depuis trois heures jusqú'à sept avec le Roy; il y a deux appartemens qui tiennent au sien où l'on entre par plusieurs portes différentes, dont il n'y a que lui et un valet de chambre de confiance qui aient le clef." (Courtin à Pomponne.)

"La passion du jeu qui l'envahit peu à peu tout, entière ne donnait pas moins de dépit à St.-Evremond. Il fait remonter à 1682, année de la prepondérance définitive de la Duchesse de Portsmouth, la passion de sa rivale pour la bassette. Elle passe les nuits à tailler la banque, elle oublie son bouffon Maurice, son chien Chop, son chat Pussy, et son perroquet Pretty. Le jour, elle va en bateau sur la Tamise acheter des curiosités aux vaisseaux qui reviennent des Indes. Les journées passées aux courses de Newmarket sont moins monotones: on est à cheval dès cinq heures du matin, on entend le soir les drames de Shakespeare; mais, au goût de St.-Evremond, toutes les pièces de ces temps là sont fort ennuyeuses; la nuit, souper aux huîtres. Mme. Mazarin est toujours entourée d'un cercle d'adoratrices; outre Mme. Harvey, elle tient sous son charme mlle. de Beverweert-Nassau, qu'elle nomme Lottee et qui est chargée de la servir à sa toilette. Elle a encore parmi ses suivantes mlle. de Bragelone, la Brenier, et mlle. de la Roche-Guilhem, qui écrit des romans. Toute lutte a cessé contre la triomphante Portsmouth." (Barillon.)

Mme. Mazarin would seem to have possessed certain masculine qualities which appealed strongly to her own sex; for this is only one of many references to her *entourage* of women.

Charles' vagrant fancy rested upon such other ladies as Catherine Peg, wife of Sir Edward Green, Bt., by whom he had Charles Fitzcharles, otherwise called Don Carlos, mentioned in 1672 as "a finely bred youth, with a great deal of witt." Moll Davies the actress reigned for a short time. But the only other important mistresses are the Duchess of Portsmouth and Nell Gwyn. The King was

attracted by Louise de Keroüalle, his sister's Breton maid-of-honour, in 1669, but Henrietta refused to allow the girl to stay in England. In 1670, however, Louise came over again, this time as a secret agent of Louis XIV, nominally as maid-of-honour to the English Queen. In September, Charles is said to be always finding opportunities to talk with her in the Queen's room, but not yet to have chatted in her own. In November, 1670, Evelyn describes her as "of a childish, simple, and baby face." Yet this childish and simple-looking beauty ruled King Charles for a longer time, and with a more extensive jurisdiction, than any other of his mistresses, though he tired of her physical charms towards the end of his life. She was clever, an apt pupil of French intrigue, and one of the few gentle-women, both by birth and nature, among Charles' favourites. In October, 1671, Colbert says that the King shows great passion for her, and has given her a finely furnished set of lodgings in Whitehall. "His Majesty goes to her rooms at nine o'clock every evening," staying till ten or eleven. "He returns after dinner, and shares in all her stakes and losses at cards, never letting her want for anything. I believe I can assure you that she has so got round King Charles as to be of the greatest service to our sovereign and master, if she only does her duty." Later in the same month, Colbert notes the King's careful and lover-like behaviour to Louise at Newmarket. It was in this month also that she probably became an actual mistress of the King's, at Euston, "and stocking flung after the manner of a married bride." In January, 1672, "Md^lle. Keerwell is infinitely in favour, and to say truth, she seems as well to deserve it, for she is wondrous handsome, and they say, as much witt and addresse as ever anybody had." In 1673, she was created Duchess of Portsmouth, and in 1675 her son by Charles was made Duke of Richmond. She died in 1734, aged eighty-five.

The Breton mistress always figured more often and more significantly in Court life than the Cleveland or Nell

Gwyn, and really did have some slight influence in political matters. She possessed manners and discretion, besides personal charm, and her sway as *maîtresse des maîtresses* was only questioned for a short time in 1676 by the Duchess Mazarin. Lastly, in this procession of *filles de joie* comes the one who alone of them all, has won the esteem and the affection of Englishmen, both in her life and ever since her death—Nell Gwyn, "Sweet Nell of old Drury." There is no need or possibility to discuss here the moral aspect of the question; but there is no doubt that Nelly's popularity had a true and firm foundation first because she was a Protestant Englishwoman, in contrast to Madam Carwell, but afterwards, as she became better known, because of certain qualities of honesty, faithfulness, and warm-hearted merriment, that appealed to all. She was born in February, 1651, either in Hereford or London. Her mother, always among the dregs of the people, died in 1679 by drowning herself while drunk. Nelly was brought up in a brothel, to fill strong waters to the gentlemen, and later became an orange-girl at the theatre, and later still an actress. She first appeared at Drury Lane in 1665, as Cydaria in Dryden's "Indian Emperor," a serious part, and therefore unsuited for her. As Florimel in Dryden's "Secret Love," in March, 1667, she won much more approval. In July, 1667, she became the mistress of Lord Buckhurst, and went with him to Epsom, with an allowance of £100 a year, but in August she was back at the King's theatre, and in January, 1668, "the King did send several times for Nelly, and she was with him"; though she may have completed his enslavement by her delivery of the Epilogue to Dryden's "Tyrannic Love" in 1668–69.[1] It is probable

[1] Spoken by Mrs. Ellen when she was to be carried off dead by the bearers.

To the Bearer.

"Hold, are you mad, you damn'd confounded dog?
I am to rise, and speak the epilogue."

that she permanently retired from the stage in 1670. She lived in Drury Lane, where Pepys saw her standing at her door, and thought her "a mighty pretty creature in her smock-sleeves and bodice." Afterwards she lived in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, where her first son by the King was born; then on the north side of Pall Mall, and finally, till her death in 1687, at No. 79 (now the Eagle Insurance Office); where her second son, James Lord Beauclerc, was born, 25 December, 1671. Her impudence and unfailing good humour recommended her to the King, and she endeared herself to him by the real honesty of her nature and her love for him as a man, which was perhaps not shared by any other of the mistresses. Almost as many of her witty or sharp retorts survive, as of the King's. The Oxford mob once began to stone her carriage, believing it to be Carwell's: Nell only put out her head, saying, "Don't hurt me, good people! I am the Protestant whore." When the King visited her on one occasion, she called her boy to her, saying, "Come hither, bastard," and when the King expostulated, said she had no better name to call him by, whereupon the King created him Earl of Burford. To a courtier soliciting her favours she remarked that "she was not so poor a sportsman as to lay the dog where the deer had lain." She was an admirable mimic of the King and others, and utterly fearless of rivals or of great men, being annihilatingly quick in retort. She called Monmouth "Prince Perkin," and on his calling her "ill-bred," said, "Was Mrs. Barlow any better bred than I?" When the Duchess of Portsmouth went into mourning for her alleged cousin, the Prince de Rohan, Nell did the same for the Cham of Tartary, and when asked what relation he was to her, answered: "Exactly the same relation that the Prince de Rohan was to the Duchess of Portsmouth." She retained her fluency of epithet and invective and the Carwell once said of her, "Any one can tell she has been an orange-wench, by her swearing." Some of her letters are fortunately preserved: (August, 1678) "Pray deare

Mr. Hide [Lawrence H.] forgive me for not writing to you before now, for the reason is I have bin sick thre months, and sinse I recovered I have had nothing to intertaine you withall, nor have nothing now worth writing, but that I can holde no longer to let you know I never have ben in any companie wethout drinking your health, for I love you with all my soule. The pel mel is now to me a dismale place since I have utterly lost Sr. Car Scrope never to be recoverd agane, for he tould me he could not live alwayes at this rate, and so begune to be a littel uncivil, which I could not sufer from an uglye *baux garscon.* Mrs. Knight's lady mother's dead, and she has put up a scutchin no beiger then my Lady Orin's scunchis. My lord Rochester is gone in the cuntrei. Mr. Savil has got a misfortune, but is upon recovery and is to mary an hairess, who I think wont wont [*sic*] have an ill time ont if he holds up his thumb. My lord of Dorscit apiers worze in thre months for he drinkes aile with Shadwell and Mr. Haris at the Duke's home [house?] all day long. My lord Burford remimbers his sarvis to you. My Lord Bauclaire is is [*sic*] goeing into france. We are agoeing to supe with the King at Whithall and my lady Harvie. The King remembers his sarvis to you. Now lets talk of state affairs, for we never caried things so cunningly as now, for we don't know whether we shall have peace or war, but I am for war, and for no other reason but that you may come home. I have a thousand merry conseets, but I can't make her write me, and therefore you must take the will for the deed. God bye. Your most loveing obedient faithfull and humbel sarvant, E. G." Again: "These for Madam Jennings over against the Tub Tavern in Jermyn St., London. Windsor, Burford House, April 14, 1684: Madam, I have received y^{r} Letter, and I desire y^{u} would speake to my Ladie Williams to send me the Gold Stuffe, and a Note with it, because I must sign it, then she shall have her money y^{e} next Day of M^{r}. Trant; pray tell her Ladieship that I will send her a Note of what Quantity of

Things I'le have bought, if her Ladieship will put herselfe to y^e^ trouble to buy them; when they are bought I will sign a Note for her to be payd. Pray Madam, let y^e^ Man goe on with my Sedan, and send Potvin and Mr. Coxer down to me, for I want them both. The Bill is very dear to boyle the Plate, but necessity hath noe Law. I am afraid M^m^, you have forgott my Mantle, which you were to line with Musk Colour Sattin, and all my other Things, for you send me noe Patterns nor Answer. Monsieur Lainey is going away. Pray send me word about your son Criffin, for his Majestie is mighty well pleased that he will goe along with my Lord Duke. I am afraid you are so much taken up with your owne House, that you forget my Business. My service to dear Lord Kildare, and tell him I love him with all my heart. Pray M . see that Potvin brings now all my Things with him; My Lord Duke's bed, &c., if he hath not made them all up, he may doe that there, for if I doe not get my Things out of his Hands now, I shall not have them until this time twelve-month. The Duke brought me down with him my Crochet of Diamonds; and I love it the better because he brought it. Mr. Lumley and everie body else will tell you that it is the finest Thing that ever was seen. Good M^m^ speake to Mr. Beaver to come down too, that I may bespeake a Ring for the Duke of Grafton before he goes into France. I have continued extreme ill ever since you left me, and I am soe still. I have sent to London for a Dr. I believe I shall die. My service to the Duchess of Norfolk, and tell her, I am as *sick* as her Grace, but do not know what I ayle, although shee does. . . . Pray tell my Ladie Williams that the King's Mistresses are accounted ill paymasters, but shee shall have her Money the next Day after I have the stuffe. Here is a sad slaughter at Windsor, the young mens taking y^r^ Leaves and going to France, and, although they are none of my Lovers, yet I am loath to part with the men. Mrs. Jennings, I love you with all my Heart and soe good bye. E. G. Let me have an Answer to this

Letter." The next two letters are addressed to James II, and have an honester ring than most letters similar in subject: "Had I sufered for my God as I have don for y^r^ brother and y^u^, I shuld not have needed ether of y^r^ kindnes or justis to me. I beseech you not to doe anything to the settling of buisines till I speake w^th^ you, and apoynt me by Mr. Grahams when I may speake with you privetly. God make you as happy as my soule prayes you may be, y^rs^." "S^r^, this world is not capable of giving me a greater joy and happynes then y^r^ Ma^ties^ favour, not as you are King and soe have it y^r^ power to doe me good, having never loved y brother and y selfe upon that acount, but as to y^r^ persons. Had hee lived, hee tould me before hee dyed, that the world shuld see by what hee did for me that hee had both love and value for me, and that hee did not doe for me as my mad Lady Woster. Hee was my frind[1] and allowed me to tell him all my grifes, and did like a frind[1] advise me and tould me who was my frind[1] and who was not. S^r^, the honour y^r^ Ma^tie^ has don me by Mr. Grahams has given me great comfort, not by the present you sent me to releeve me out of the last extremety, but by the kind expressions hee made me from you of y^r^ kindnes to me, w^ch^ to me is above al things in this world, having, God knows, never loved y brother or yr selfe interestedly. All you doe for me shall be yours, it being my resolution never to have any interest but y^rs^, and as long as I live to serve you, and when I dye to dye for y^u^." In November, 1687, "pretty witty Nelly" died, aged 36; and the only popular mistress of the King, and the only one unchanged and unspoilt by her sudden rise in the world; even her clothes "she continued to hang on . . . with her usual negligence when she was the King's mistress, but whatever she did became her." We cannot do better than conclude this necessarily brief and arid account of Nell Gwyn by quoting, first the words of Wheatley, "that there is little to be said of her character, for the public has made up its

[1] Charles' own characteristic spelling.

mind on this point," and the sonnet of Swinburne which here follows.

"Sweet heart, that no taint of a throne or the stage
Could touch with unclean transformation, or alter
To the likeness of courtiers whose consciences falter
At the smile or the frown, at the mirth or the rage,
Of a master whom chance could inflame or assuage,
Our Lady of Laughter, invoked in no psalter,
Adored of no faithful that cringe and that palter,
Praise be with thee yet, from a hag-ridden age.
Our Lady of Pity thou wast: and to thee
All England, whose sons are the sons of the sea,
Gives thanks, and will hear not if history snarls
When the name of the friend of her sailors is spoken;
And thy lover she cannot but love—by the token
That thy name was the last on the lips of King Charles."[1]

More nonsense has been written on the subject of Charles II, and especially on Charles as King and Politician, than, perhaps, on any other subject in English history. The causes whereof, or some of them, are not far to seek. First, ignorance; second, prejudice; third, inability or refusal to take a view of the man and his doings as a whole. No one has ever written of the Stuarts with moderation and balance, any more than I write of them now with temperate and unbiassed mind. It is impossible to do so; for whatever a writer's opinions of them may be, they are necessarily forcible and decisive. "Never mind if they 'ates yer, sir; but it's mortal bad if they despises yer," was said to a notable nineteenth-century Churchman, in the anxious early days of a pet scheme; and the Stuarts have certainly never been despised: nor has Charles II ever been really contemned: many writers, especially, be it noted, the historians, affect to despise him; but the very volume and venom of the words in which they do it, prove only hatred and fear, not contempt: he is taken as the example of certain political vices which they assume to have been the basis and root of his nature and policy, and they

[1] *Collected Works*, iij. 259.

construct a creature for whom the Merry Monarch himself could not have found a laugh or an excuse. The fact remains, that he was one of the astutest and most successful politicians who ever sat on the English Throne ; and who had our interests at heart, though thwarted at every turn by a selfish House of Commons ; one of the earliest of our Kings with an Imperialist ideal. It is absurd to suppose that a man who, from indisputable evidence was a lover of the English and the Navy, and who was proud to a degree, should have taken the gold of Louis, except when all means of getting a fair and legitimate allowance from the English Parliament, had failed. We must remember, too, the phrase of Tennyson now general through repetition, but still true : "that fierce light that beats upon a throne" ; rendered doubly fierce, in comparison with that which beat upon his predecessors, by the vast number of chatty and scandalous memoirs which became the fashion about the middle of the seventeenth century. Again nearly all those who have written of Charles II persist in judging his political actions by the nominal moral standard of our day, which was not that of his. One writer at least praises Louis XIV for some of the very qualities for which he curses Charles II, such as state-craft, power of dissimulation, and the like : in other words, *Le Grand Mònarque* has been able to impose his figure upon us, (though outwitted by Charles on more than one occasion), and is praised, because backed by all France, he succeeded ; while Charles, alone, *Carolus contra mundum* in politics, is attacked because certain people think he failed. Yet he gained the main object of his reign—absolutism. In many cases, I have no doubt that the prejudice against Charles is due to his private morals, which have also been represented as much blacker and more sordid than they were ; into a moral question, I will not enter ; yet, I would say that Charles was one of the best men at his Court, bad as he was. Mr. Chesterton has pointed out that Charles II, however, like most men, he fell and swerved from his ideals, had certain

definite principles, and taught Englishmen the practice and the love of those semi-virtues, included under the head of being "a gentleman" in the best modern sense; which, moreover, play such a large part in the happiness or misery of everyday life. Charles was no doubt tainted by the great vice of the time, affectation: and this made him, as it makes many Englishmen to-day, pretend and appear to be worse than he really was; and though this is a poor plea, especially for a man in an influential position, it serves to remind us that we must not neglect the deeper side of his nature, which appeared in his relations with all those who loved Charles Stuart, and not Charles, King of Great Britain and the rest. Some have excused his subsequent life, because of his unfortunate education at home and abroad, till 1660: but they also assume too much need for excuse. Let us remember his comparatively early death and zealous attempts to reign better in his later years. No King has ever had fair play from posterity, and I suspect that Charles II has had rather less than most English monarchs. Let us study not only politics but also private life, and not each separately, and there may be some possibility of arriving at a fair estimate of a man. Charles was more closely and intimately in contact with all grades and kinds of his subjects than any previous King, and more of his acts and careless words have therefore been reported; and for every careless word he spoke he has been called in judgment here, by posterity. I acknowledge that I am a partisan, and have always been so, but I have endeavoured to divest myself of all prejudice in writing this essay, and I would ask others to do the same in judging of its subject. To conclude, why is King Charles still, in spite of his "treachery," "cowardice," "immorality," and "blackguardism," one of the most popular figures among our past monarchs, and the one of whom most traits and anecdotes have become household words? Concerning him also, the public has made up its mind that he was a very pleasant fellow.

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APPENDIX

Note A, p. 55.

We see from the following letter, supposed to have been written by Waller, the poet, to St. Evremond, that Charles was not wholly without relaxation or amusement during his stay with the Penderels: "I was much pleased with a conversation which I overheard a few days ago between the King and an honest Worcestershire baronet, who was lately elected for a borough in that county. The good-natured man came up to take his seat among us, and, as he lived in the neighbourhood of the Royal Oak, he supposed that he could not pay a better compliment to his Majesty than by bringing a branch of his old asylum. 'Who is that antique,' said the King, 'with a withered branch in his hand?' 'It is Sir Thomas ——, member for ——.'

King: "'Sir Thomas, I am glad to see you. I hope you can give a good account of our friends in Worcestershire.'

Sir T.: "'I wish I could, please your Majesty, but there is a blacksmith's wife.'

K.: "'No matter for her. I enquired only after the health of your family.'

Sir T.: "'Thank God, in good health. But this woman, please your Majesty.'

K.: "'What of her?'

Sir T.: "'Has sworn a child to your Majesty.'

K.: "'I am glad of it. I do remember that I met a woman when I went a wood-cutting with Farmer Penderel.'

Sir T.: "'A rosy complexion, please your Majesty.'

K.: "'No matter. What is become of the woman and her child?'

Sir T.: "'She is very well taken care of, please your Majesty.

The churchwardens are my tenants, and I ordered them to allow her an upper sheet.'

K.: "'Fie! fie!'

Sir T.: "'Please your Majesty, I was near losing my election by it. Some of that parish were free men, and they said that I, as a magistrate, ought to have sent a warrant to your Majesty, and give a bond to the parish to pay ten pounds.'

K.: "'Why did you not do your duty?'

Sir T.: "'Because, please your Majesty, I thought it my duty not to do it. Your Majesty has been at a great expense of late.'

K.: "'True, very true, Sir Thomas. What is that branch in your hand? Some token, I suppose, by which you hold your lands.'

Sir T.: "'No, 'tis something by which your Majesty holds your lands. 'Tis a branch of that blessed oak which preserved your Majesty's precious life.'

K.: "'This is a wooden compliment; but it is honest, and I thank you for it. You have wit, Sir Thomas; why do not we see you oftener at Court?'

Sir T.: "'I can do your Majesty much more service in the country by keeping up a spirit of loyalty and goodwill towards you amongst my neighbours.'

K.: "'And how do you manage that point?'

Sir T.: "'I give them beef, and bid them fall to without the long grace of the Roundheads. Then I give 'em strong beer, and they cry, "God bless your Majesty."'

K.: "'If that is the toast, Sir Thomas, you are the King; and, in truth, I think you govern them with profound policy. Could I adopt the same measures, I should have much less trouble; but there is no finding beef enough for the hungry circle which you see there.'

Sir T.: "'God bless your Majesty, I have ten fat oxen in Worcestershire, and nine of them are very heartily at your Majesty's service.'

"This bountiful offer of the honest baronet's made the King laugh so violently that it put an end to the conversation. His Majesty told us, with great good-humour, what we had to expect, and added that he hoped every member of the House would be as ready to give as Sir Thomas ——, that he might be able to find wine for the feast. This is a measure which I will promote with all my power, for the King's necessities are truly deplorable.

Considering his extreme poverty, his good-humour is astonishing; I believe there never was a prince at the same time so pleasant and so poor."[1]

Note B, p. 148.

Pal-Maile, or Pall-Mall, was a game played in a rolled gravel-walk, its object being to strike a ball with a boxwood mallet through a ring hung about six feet from the ground. The King was good at the game, and spent much time and care over the proper preparation of the Mall's surface with fine gravel and shells. Waller celebrates the King's prowess at the game:

On His Majesty's Improvements in St. James' Park.

"Here a well-polish'd Mall give us the joy,
To see our Prince his matchless force employ;
He does but touch the flying ball,
And 'tis already more than half the Mall;
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As if from smoking culverin 'twere shot."[2]

By general consent, the King was one of the four best tennis-players in England; and though Pepys objects to the extravagant praise given by spectators to his play, he acknowledges that it is good.

Compare a News-letter of June, 1660: "His Majesty's only recreation as yet is at tennis by five o'clock in the morning for an hour or two." Again: "5 October [1660? Council-Note of King to Chancellor]. 8 in the morning. I am going to take my vsuall Phisique at tennis, I sende you heere the letters which my Lord Aubigny desires me to write, looke them over, and if there be no exceptions to them, returne them by twelve a clock for I would willingly dispatch them this afternoone."

Note C, p. 170.

Charles was extremely interested in clocks and watches, and had seven clocks in his bedroom, while on the floor of the ante-chamber stood a clock which told the hour and the way of the

[1] *Letters supposed to have passed between M. de St. Evremond and Mr. Waller*, ij. 33; Hore, *History of Newmarket*, ij. 249 *sqq.*; Allan Fea, *After Worcester Fight*, xli.-xliv.

[2] 166 *sqq.*

wind. Hooke's balance-spring action was tried before him at Court; and in the Secret Service Expenses are many items relating to clocks and watches. The King himself took Evelyn to see his collection of these objects. One of his last acts was to order the clocks in his room to be wound up. Curiously enough, the King usually set his watch by the great sun-dial in Whitehall Garden.

Note D, p. 181.

Cf. Pepys, 10 July, 1663: "I met Pierce the Chirurgeon, who tells me that for certaine the King is grown colder to my Lady Castlemaine than ordinary, and that he believes he begins to love the Queene, and do make much of her, more than he used to do." On the 4th Pepys had said that the Countess had left Court, and had mentioned "a wipe" given her by the Queen: "she come in and found the Queene under the dresser's hands, and had been so long: 'I wonder your Majesty,' says she, 'can have the patience to sit so long a-dressing.' 'I have so much reason to use patience,' says the Queen, 'that I can very well bear with it' . . . it may be the Queene hath commanded her to retire, though that is not likely."

Note E, p. 187.

(Advertisement in the "Mercurius Publicus," 30 September, 1658.) "That excellent and by all physicians approved China drink, called by the Chineans, *Tcha*, by other Nations *Tay*, alias *Tee*, is sold at the *Sultaness Head* coffee-house, in Sweeting's Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London."[1] Coffee was first drunk in England much earlier than this, though it was in this reign that the coffee-houses became "*tellement répandues*." Evelyn mentions coffee being drunk in Oxford about 1643. The following advertisement is interesting to the student of prices: ("Mercurius Publicus" 12–19 March, 1662): "At the Coffee-house in Exchange Alley is sold by retail the right Coffee-powder from 4/- to 6/- per lb., as in goodness: that pounded in a mortar at 3/- per lb.; also that termed the right Turkie Berry, well garbled, at 3/- per lb.: the ungarbled for less; that termed the East India Berry at 20d. per lb., with directions gratis how to

[1] Chambers' *Book of Days*, ij. 666; Sampson, *History of Advertising*, p. 67.

make and use the same. Likewise, there you may have Tobacco, Verinas and Virginia, Chocolatta—the ordinary lb.-boxes at 2/- per lb.; also Sherbets (made in Turkie) of Lemons, Roses, and Violets perfumed; and Tea, according to its goodness, from 6/- to 60/- per lb. For all of which if any Gentleman shall write or send, they shall be sure of the best as they shall order; and to avoid deceit, warranted under the House Seal—viz., *Morat the Great*,[1]" &c. Pepys speaks of his taking "*tee*," 28 Sept., 1660; and on 28 June, 1667: "find my wife making of tea; a drink which Mr. Pelling, the Pothicary, tells her is good for her cold." All kinds of virtues were attributed to Coffee, especially by one of its earliest vendors, Pasqua Rosee, as follows: "The Vertue of the Coffee Drink, First made and Publickly sold in England by Pasqua Rosee. The grain or berry called coffee, groweth upon little trees only in the deserts of Arabia. It is brought from thence, and drunk generally throughout all the Grand Seignour's dominions. It is a simple, innocent thing, composed into a drink, by being dried in an oven, and ground to powder, and boiled up with spring-water, and about half a pint of it to be drunk fasting an hour before, and not eating an hour after, and to be taken as hot as possibly can be endured; the which will never fetch the skin off the mouth, or raise any blisters by reason of that heat. The Turks drink at meals and other times is usually water, and their diet consists much of fruit; the crudities whereof are very much corrected by this drink. The quality of this drink is cold and dry; and though it be a drier, yet it never heats, nor inflames more than hot posset. It so incloseth the orifice of the stomach, and fortifieth the heat within, that it is a very good help to digestion; and therefore of great use to be taken about 3 or 4 o'clock after noon, as well as in the morning. It much quickens the spirits, and makes the heart lightsome; it is good against sore eyes, and the better if you hold your head over it, and take in the steam that way. It suppresseth fumes exceedingly, and therefore is good against the headache, and will very much stop any defluxion of rheums, that distil from the head upon the stomach, and so prevent and help consumptions and the cough of the lungs. It is excellent to prevent and cure the dropsy, gout, and scurvy. It is known by experience to be better than any other drying drink for people in years, or children that have any running

[1] *I.e.* Sultan Amurath the Great of Turkey. Larwood & Hotten, *History of Signboards*, p. 51.

humours upon them, as the king's evil, etc. It is a most excellent remedy against the spleen, hypochondriac winds, and the like. It will prevent drowsiness, and make one fit for business, if one have occasion to watch, and therefore you are not to drink of it after supper, unless you intend to be watchful, for it will hinder sleep for 3 or 4 hours. It is observed that in Turkey, where this is generally drunk, that they are not troubled with the stone, gout, dropsy or scurvy, and that their skins are exceeding clear and white. It is neither laxative nor restringent. Made and sold in St. Michael's Alley in Cornhill, Pasqua Rosee, at the sign of his own head."[1] Peacham, in the 1664 edition of his "Worth of 1d," says, "for 1d, you may buy a dish of coffee, to quicken your stomach and refresh your spirits."

Note F, pp. 195 and 283.

Sedans were often very costly: here follows a bill for Nell Gwyn's sedan-chair:

"June 17, 1675.

The body of the chaire	3	10	0
The bestneats leather to cover the outside	3	10	0
600 inside nailes, coulerd and burnishd	0	11	0
600 guilt with water gold at 5*s.* per cent.	1	10	0
1200 outside nailes, the same gold, at 8*s.* per cent.	4	16	0
300 studds, the same gold	1	16	0
2000 halfe roofe nailes, the same gold	1	14	0
200 toppit nailes, same gold	3	14	0
5 sprigs for the top, rich guilt	4	0	0
a haspe for the doore, rich guilt	1	10	0
ffor change of 4 glasses	2	0	0
2 pound 5*s.* for one new glasse, to be abated out of that ffor a broken glasse 15*s.*	1	10	0
ffor guilding windows and irons	1	5	0
Serge ffor the bottom	0	2	0
canuisse to put vnder the leather	0	8	0
all sorts of iron nailes	0	5	0
workmanshipe, the chaire inside and outside	2	10	0
	34	11	0

Reict. dated July 1675 for "30£ in full discharge."

[1] Chambers' *Book of Days*, i. 170–171; cf. Luttrell's *Brief Relation*, &c., i. 378. "The 28th May [1686] 5 men of those lately condemned at the sessions, were executed at Tyburn; one of them was one Pascha Rose, the new hangman, so that now Ketch is restored to his place."

Here is another bill of Nelly's for hired sedan-chairs:

For careing you to Mrs. Knights and to Madam Younges, and to Madam Churchfillds, and waiting four oures .	0	5	0
For careing you the next day, and wateing seven oures .	0	7	6
For careing you to Mrs. Knights, and to Mrs. Cassells [Nell's sister], and to Mrs. Churchills, and to Mrs. Knights.	0	4	0
For careing one Lady Sanes to y^e^ play at White Hall, and wayting	0	3	6
For careing you yesterday, and wayting eleven oures .	0	11	6
Ye some is . . .	1	11	6

13 October 75.

Recd. them of Tho. Groundes in full of these Bills and all other demands from Madam Gwin, 32£ by me William Calow.[1]

Note G, p. 196.

The signboards became so serious a nuisance, not only by blocking out air and light, but also by weakening the fronts of houses to which they were attached, and sometimes by falling off and crushing passers-by; that after the Fire, a statute was made that "no sign-board shall hang across, but the sign shall be fixed against the balconies, or some convenient part of the house." Though this law was largely evaded in practice, yet many houses did adopt carved stone signs, painted or gilt, let into their fronts below the first floor windows. The signs gave endless amusement to countrymen up in London.

Note H, p. 199.

Various quotations on dress-subjects are here given: "I have also sent 2 paire of Roman gloves which cost 3 shillings a pair, and 2 paire of tanned leather gloves; those with lined topps cost 2*s.* 6*d.*, y^e^ other 18d." (Chas. Hatton to Chr. Hatton, 18 May, 1676.) Cf. De Gramont, p. 133, and Etheredge's "Sir Fopling Flutter" (1676), iij. 2.

> "His various modes from fathers follow;
> One taught the toss, and one the new French wallow;
> His sword-knot this, his cravat that designed;
> And this the yard-long snake he hoists behind;

[1] Cunningham, pp. 165-6; H. MSS. Com. Rep. iij. App. p. 266.

From one the sacred, periwig he gained,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profaned.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a shog casts all the hair before,
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And rises with a water-spaniel shake."
(Dryden's "Epilogue to Sir Fopling Flutter.")

"'The suit?' 'Barroy.' 'The garniture?' 'Le Gras. 'The shoes?' 'Piceat.' 'The periwig?' 'Chedreux.' 'The Gloves?' 'Orangerie; you know the smell, ladies." (Etheredge's "Sir Fopling Flutter" (1676), iij. 1.)

"What unlucky accident puts you out of humour?
. . . hair shaded awry? . . . " ("Sir Fopling," iij. 1.)

"Up starts a Monsieur, new come o'er, and warm
In the French stoop and pull back of the arm;
'*Morbleu*,' *dit-il*, and cocks, 'I am a rogue,'" &c.
(Dryden's "Epilogue to An Evening's Love.")

"'Your breech though is a handful too high, in my eye, Sir Fopling.' 'Peace, Medley, I have wished it lower a thousand times." ("Sir F. F.," iij. 5.)

"Whitehall, 14 September, 1668. At my return from Portsmouth I found two of yours, one by the post, and the other by Mr. Lambert, with the gloves, for which I thanke you extreamely. They are as good as is possible to smell. . . ."

"14 December, 1668. I beg your pardon for forgetting, in my last, to thanke you for the petticote you sent me, 'tis the fairest I ever saw, and thanke you a thousand times for it."
(Charles II to Madame).

NOTE I, p. 202.

Trick-track was a popular game, almost the same as back-gammon. Chess was also played; but both these games were too long and intellectually wearisome for that headlong and volatile age; and were consequently rather to be found in country houses than at Whitehall. Yet for a long time, a chair was kept in the "Three Mariners" tavern, Vauxhall, in which, tradition said, the King used to sit and play chess, on some of his river excursions. It was certainly a splendid chair, with high elbows, tall legs, covered with purple cloth, and studded with gilt nails.

Roger North, in his "Autobiography," says, "the game I most liked was the Spanish game of l'hombre . . . after twenty sets of picquet or backgammon the public hath nothing to shew for the loss of such person's time." Cotton, in his "Compleat Gamester" (1st ed., 1674), mentions as card games: "Ruff and Honours, or Slam; Whist; French Ruff; Gleek; *Ombre; Lanterloo;* Bankafelet; *Beast; Basset;* Bragg; *Picquet;* Primero; Cribbage; All Fours; Five-Cards; Bone-Ace; Costly Colours; Putt; Wit and Reason; Art of Memory; Plain Dealing; Queen Nazareen; Penneech; Post and Pair." (The games most often mentioned in contemporary literature are in italics. Gleek, Post and Pair, and Primero were probably old-fashioned by 1660. We may add to this list *Crimp*.)

Crambo was a rhyme-tagging game.

For battledore and shuttlecock we may compare this letter of Courtin to Lionne, 23 November, 1676: "Mme. Mazarin qui disna hier chez moi, après y avoir entendu la messe fort dévotement, et qui joua toute l'après-disnée au volant dans ma salle avec mme. de Sussex."

Note J, p. 202.

(Inventory of Household Goods which Mr. Serjt. N. left with his son in March, 1666.) ". . . In the Great Chamber. The antechamber hung with 5 pieces of Landskipp hangings, a very large Bedstead with embroidered curtains and valence of broad cloth, lined with carnation-coloured sarcenet, and seven plumes of feathers on the bed tester, 2 embroidered carpets, 2 armed chairs, 4 stools embroidered, suitable to the bed, a Down bed and bolster with striped ticks, a feather bolster at the head, and a wool bolster at the foot, a holland quilt, 3 down pillows and carnation-coloured quilt, a red rug, 3 white blankets, and a yellow blanket under the bed. A looking-glass embroidered with gold, and another looking-glass, 6 flower-pots, 2 stands and a hanging shelf all gilt, a pair of brass andirons, a pair of creepers with brass knobs, brass and fire-shovel and tongs, a picture over the chimney. Carpets round the bed, 5 sweet bags, snuffers, 2 branches, &c." ("Cavalier and Puritan," p. 13.) Carpets were also used as table-cloths; cf. Etheredge's "She Would if She Could."

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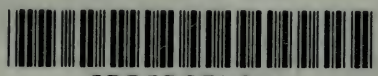

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